FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

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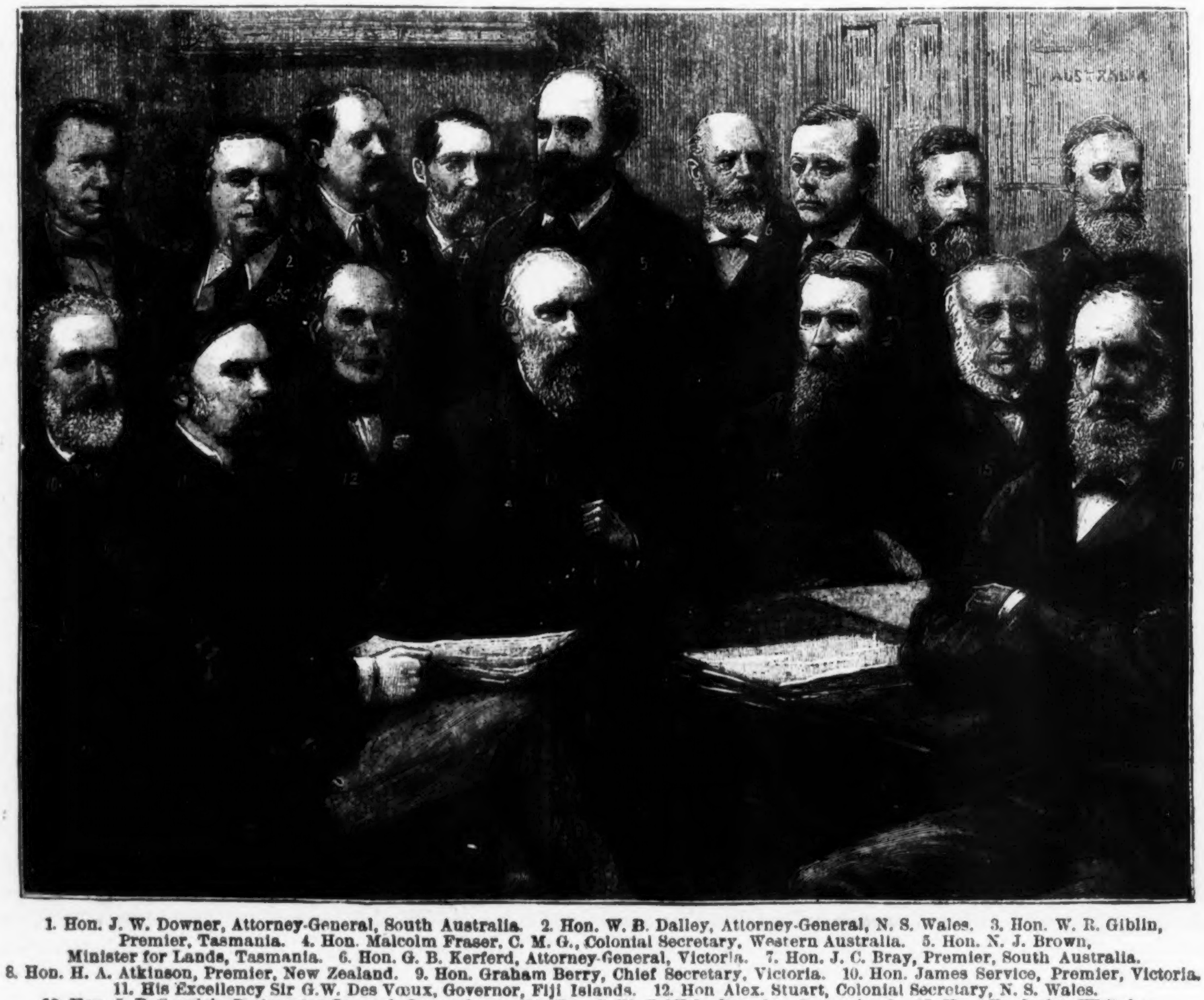
AUSTRALIA, AND ITS COLONIAL CONFEDERATION.

AUSTRALIA is growing into nationhood. Scattered provinces scarcely noticed by the busy world a generation ago are now gathering close the bonds that unite them, and feel that they must soon be a nation with destinies and a future of their own. With a territory equal to that of the United States, with a population derived almost exclusively from one country, inheriting one language, one set of governmental ideas, great commercial, agricultural and mechanical tendencies, Australia has elements for greatness which make it worth while to study somewhat this powerful English-speaking state, destined to wield a powerful influence on the Pacific.

The fertile lands in Australia soon attracted the pastoral population in the Old Country, and a steady current of emigration was directed to its coasts. The verdant plains were speedily converted into grazing-fields, and flocks and herds soon roamed over the aborigines' hunting ground. The miserable brush huts of the native blacks were replaced by the statelier mansions of the English herder and agriculturalist. Thousands of convicts



1. Hon. J. W. Downer, Attorney-General, South Australia. 2. Hon. W. B. Dalley, Attorney-General, N. S. Wales. 3. Hon. W. R. Giblin, Premier, Tasmania. 4. Hon. Malcolm Fraser, C. M. G., Colonial Secretary, Western Australia. 5. Hon. N. J. Brown, Minister for Lands, Tasmania. 6. Hon. G. B. Kerferd, Attorney-General, Victoria. 7. Hon. J. C. Bray, Premier, South Australia. 8. Hon. H. A. Atkinson, Premier, New Zealand. 9. Hon. Graham Berry, Chief Secretary, Victoria. 10. Hon. James Service, Premier, Victoria. 11. His Excellency Sir G.W. Des Vœux, Governor, Fiji Islands. 12. Hon Alex. Stuart, Colonial Secretary, N. S. Wales. 13. Hon. J. F. Garrick, Postmaster-General, Queensland. 14. Hon. S. W. Griffith, Premier, Queensland. 15. Hon. Frederick Whitaker, New Zealand. 16. Hon. G. R. Dibbs, Colonial Treasurer, N. S. Wales.

THE AUSTRALIAN FEDERAL CONVENTION AT SYDNEY.

were leased out as slaves to the Australian squatters. Labor was cheap and plentiful. Population increased, farms multiplied, vineyards covered the hillsides, villages grew up on the plains, settlements extended on the border, the blacks were crowded back on the frontiers; the white man claimed Australia as his own, and took possession of its virgin soil as the heritage of civilization.

The discovery of gold on the western plains stimulated the tide of emigration into Australia, and a rush of colonists flocked to its shores. A city (Sydney) sprang up at Port Jackson, near Botany Bay.

The English Crown formed the Colony of New South Wales, and over it appointed a Colonial Government. Sydney was made the colonial capital and the residence of the Governor. The city is situated on the wooded shores of a beautiful bay. Twenty-eight days' sail from San Francisco landed me at its wharves.

The harbor is one of the finest and most picturesque in the world. It is rivaled only by the Port of Rio Janeiro, and the Bay of Naples. Coves and inlets indent the shores, dwellings crown the hill-tops, and shrub-covered yards extend down to the water-side. Embrazured forts and mounted batteries command the ocean entrance. Ships from half the world lie along the piers. The convict-barracks have been removed, and a family of municipalities, containing 70,000 people, erected.

The streets are narrow, and many of them crooked as the alleys of a Mexican Pueblo. Pitt and George Streets, the main commercial arteries, stretch their shop-walled pavements for two miles through the city.

The architecture is the early English style. The mercantile buildings are large and clumsy, and of heavy masonry. The public edifices are of brown-stone. The Post Office is a shapely granite structure, of convenient design. The new City Hall is of modern edificial beauty. The Public Library is of commendable dimensions and reasonable seating capacity. The City Museum holds a large wealth of fossils. The Opera House and theatres are plain, and of no external pretensions. The Parliament House is stately, but of unattractive outline. The Government House, residence of his Excellency, is a castle-like structure, topped with towers and mounted with an observatory, situated on the bay side, surrounded with groves and turfy grounds.

The churches are numerous, and of various style and size. The different denominations have huge sanctuaries, which generally crown the hill-tops, so that a forest of spires rise over the city.

The Law Courts are a conspicuous building, tall and turreted, with expansive length of frontage.

The hotels are of the English family boarding-house style. Some of them are comfortable, but of ancient structure, and inconvenient design.

The railway depots are in advance of all colonial improvements in the tidiness of their arrangements. The cars are of the English box-pattern. A few American coaches run on some of the railways.

Cabs and omnibuses monopolize the street traffic. Carriages and buggies are seldom seen on the thoroughfares. The city has magnificent parks and gardens. Hyde Park covers a plaza of forty acres with groves of evergreen. Rows of gas-jets and wooden seats extend along the shaded walks. The park has a commanding elevation, and enjoys the full breeze of the sea, and a fine view over the bay. At all hours may be found crowds of Australians sniffing the cool air from the ocean, and lolling under the branches of the trees. Nursemaids and babies romp on the sward, and lines of cabs front gateways. Groups of statuary tower amongst the groves, and a fine statue of Captain Cook stands on a sunny hill-slope, midway in the park.

The Botanical Gardens contain the greatest profusion of floral beauty found at the antipodes. Sydney is proud of her Botanical Gardens, and surpasses all the Australian cities in the extent of her collections, the variety of her flowers, and the plenitude of her plants. The Gardens front the bay-shore, and extend in rolling undulations over the surrounding hill-sides. The grounds are spacious, and green as emerald. The turf is of redundant growth. Norfolk Island pines tower like cedars of Lebanon. Trees from all the climes of the world are here congregated. Vines and shrubs, and blossoms from the various zones of the earth, and from the different mountain chains across its continents, and from the many islands studding its oceans, bloom and breathe and grow around the limpid lakes beneath showery fountains. Birds of gorgeous plumage and many colors carol in the aviaries. Fowls of rare species stalk the cages. Animals from the four corners of the globe saunter in wired pens.

Sanded drives lead along the bay, and rustic seats and viney bowers dot the water-side. Lady Macquarie's Chair, from a cluster of rocky boulders, commands a splendid outlook over the sea, and is the favorite resort.

From the arbors the loiterer looks out on the spot where Prince Arthur, in 1868, was shot by a Fenian.

A music pavilion sits on a hill-slope, and on Saturday evenings pours out its melodies to the ten thousand Sydneyites gathered in the Garden-grounds.

The most happy feature of colonial life is seen and enjoyed at the Garden concerts. Shops and offices are closed at Saturday noon. Youth and beauty, age and childhood, are then given up to outdoor recreation. The fine color, the healthy complexions, the shapely forms, bright eyes, and pleasing countenances, show that their pastimes have their reward.

The Australians have preserved and expanded the English love of holiday enjoyment and rural sports. Anniversaries and gala-days crowd each other in healthful succession. Business is suspended, and factories and stores are shut up by official proclamation on the more noted anniversaries of the births, etc., of the royal scions, and the population turn out to amuse themselves. Boats loaded with all ages and sexes ply the bay waters. Picnics gather on the harbor coves. The shores of Pearl and Manly Beach—Sydney's Coney Island—and the sands of Botany Bay, are made the scenes of dancing, feasting, beer-drinking, and general jollification.

Trains loaded with excursionists from the interior villages and the distant plains bring in the rural population and swell the city's festivities. Hundreds betake themselves to the mountains to "brace up" on the pure air of the ranges, and climb the peaks capping the timbered chains. Every stage line has its steeds in motion; every pike is a procession of rolling wheels and passing vehicles; and riotous mirth sounds in every nook and valley, by sea and mountain. The average Colonial has more holidays in one year than many Americans get in a lifetime. The Australians have also nurtured the British delight in racing, regattas, and athletic sports.

English customs prevail in Sydney with faithful reflex of the Old Country. The traveler may easily conceive that he is in an English town of 300 years ago. The city presents as complete a picture of British character as could have been found centuries since in the interior of England. No feature is wanting to make the Englishman at home; no innovations have encroached on its home life; no new departures changed its commercial operations, and few foreign inventions invaded its industrial activities.

The people of Sydney are slow and backward. They are loyal to the institutions of the home land, and look with disdain upon the introduction of newfangled implements, and hold in disfavor the intrusion of modern and foreign mechanism upon the age-honored English relics of olden times. The mechanical notions and inventive feats of America are held in special distrust.

The goods, wares and people are almost entirely British. But few foreigners are seen. I have stood on the street-corners for an hour without noticing a foreign face to break the monotony of red English beards passing by.

The diversity of America's cosmopolitân population is not known. Though the city is slow, it is sure. It tries no experiments, takes no chances, runs no risks, and suffers but few losses. Financial crashes and bankruptcies are seldom heard of, and are chiefly the handiwork of newcomers, with modern ideas about commercial strategy.

Sydney merchants are usually honest in their dealings. Business is conducted on a safe basis, and its ebb and flow can be depended on. A great deal of wealth has been accumulated here.. It is the richest and most solid mercantile city in the Australias. An extensive and productive colony absorbs its trade, and commerce has been opened with the Fiji, Tonga and Samoan Islands, New Caledonia and the South Sea Archipelagos. Many people have risen from poverty to affluence, and ape those to the manner born. From obscurity men have gained positions of prominence. Conditions and combinations of circumstances have made and unmade fortunes. Some are the creations of accidents, others are the product of their own energies.

The equable temperature of Sydney makes outdoor life pleasant nearly all the year. The climate is the most delightful in Australia. Strong seawinds prevail throughout the Summer. Excessive heat is unknown. The Winters are mild, and snow is never seen, only on the mountain ranges. The hot winds are limited to a two or three days' blow.

The colony is the largest and wealthiest on the continent. It is called the mother colony.

Coal-beds of prodigious deposits underlie the eastern coast. New Castle, a coastal mining town of several thousand people, ships coals to the ports of half the Australias, and supplies the steamers to America and the Old Country. New South Wales is a free-trade colony, and admits English goods free of duty.

The colony has made large expenditures in constructing railroads to its frontier settlements, in harbor, fortial and building improvements, but the colonial treasury carries a large surplus fund in its boxes.

Delicious fruits and oranges of great size grow on the coast groves.

A timbered chain — the Blue Mountains — extends through the colony, fronting the sea, for many miles. The range is cloven into valleys, and from their gorges streams course their way out to the ocean. Vineyards spread along many of the winding torrents, and wine of superior quality is largely manufactured. The Australian wines are preferred to those of California, and often excel the French vintages in purity and flavor. A great body of this wine annually finds its way to the English markets.

The Blue Mountains are scaled by a railway, in a zigzag that is a marvel of engineering skill. (The Colonial Government owns and operates both its telegraph and railroad lines.) Beyond the mountains lie the great plains, stretching away toward sunset, until lost on the borderline of the interior. Wheat-fields cover its broad acres, and farmhouses and villages dot its level bosom. Grass of prolific growth mantles the plains. Herds of cattle, flocks of sheep by the hundred thousand, graze on the turf-clad prairies. Ranches and herders' cots speck the landscape far out on the frontiers, to the very confines of the Great Desert that covers the Australian interior in a winding shroud of sands, on whose arid desolation no squatter cares to camp, but on whose naked barrens and waterless wilds many thirsty travelers and parched cattle have lain down and died.

The firmament's open vaults only brood over the blinking sands. No wing flutters through the air nor life moves on the ground. Eternity's palsied tongue has stricken dead the motion of both earth and sky. On the dreary wastes death's stilling mandate has set the seal of silence.

This blistering desert is the breeding-place of the hot winds whose enervating breath scorches up the Australias, and its blazing solitudes are the torrid furnaces that afflict the plains with burning droughts.

Dry seasons often prevail on the frontiers, and sheep and cattle die by the million. Many wealthy ranchers are reduced to poverty in a single year. Droughts are the greatest enemy of the squatter, and water is his most valued treasure. Nothwithstanding the dry years, New South Wales ships vast cargoes of wool to the looms of the Old Country; and her supply of beef and hides is enormous.

River barges and stern-wheel steamers, on the Darling and Murray, convey the woolly clips to coast ports.

The Australian plains are roved over by thousands of sheep-shearers, and "swag men," who wander on foot—as tramping vagrants—from year to year, sleeping in haystacks and foraging on the frontier settler for meals.

The Bathurst gold-fields drew a miscellaneous collection of rare specimens of humanity to these plains. Since the exhaustion of the mines, the more daring diggers have periodically taken to the highway as bushrangers. Marauding road-agents have frequently plagued the colony with exploits of pillage. Harry Powers headed the most notorious gang of outlaws, and long preyed on the squatters, and carried terror to the border villages.

Our American visitors—grasshoppers—sometimes make excursions across the prairies, like cyclones, and divest the fields of every blade of green, cutting a strip of nakedness over the plains, and are as objectionable a class of robbers as the highwaymen.

When the colony became embarked on a tide of prosperity, its Parliament made an annual appropriation for the importation of immigration from the Old Country. Agencies were established at the English centres of population, and immigration-ships conveyed, passage free, many thousand colonists to New South Wales. For years the over-crowded Britons of the Old World were diverted into Australia. Population rapidly accumulated; colonial resources were steadily developed; settlement expanded its boundaries on the frontiers; the cities enlarged their dimensions, and new towns rose on the prairies.

Many of the early convicts—sent out for trivial offenses—at the expiration of their penalties engaged in industrial pursuits, acquired great wealth in flocks, herds and lands, and have attained prominent positions in the Colonial Government, and rank as leading citizens of the colony.

A large penal element permeates the colonial population, but the great body of colonists are of England's best people. Many of the enterprising and propertied exiles are sensitive on their "early citizenship," and

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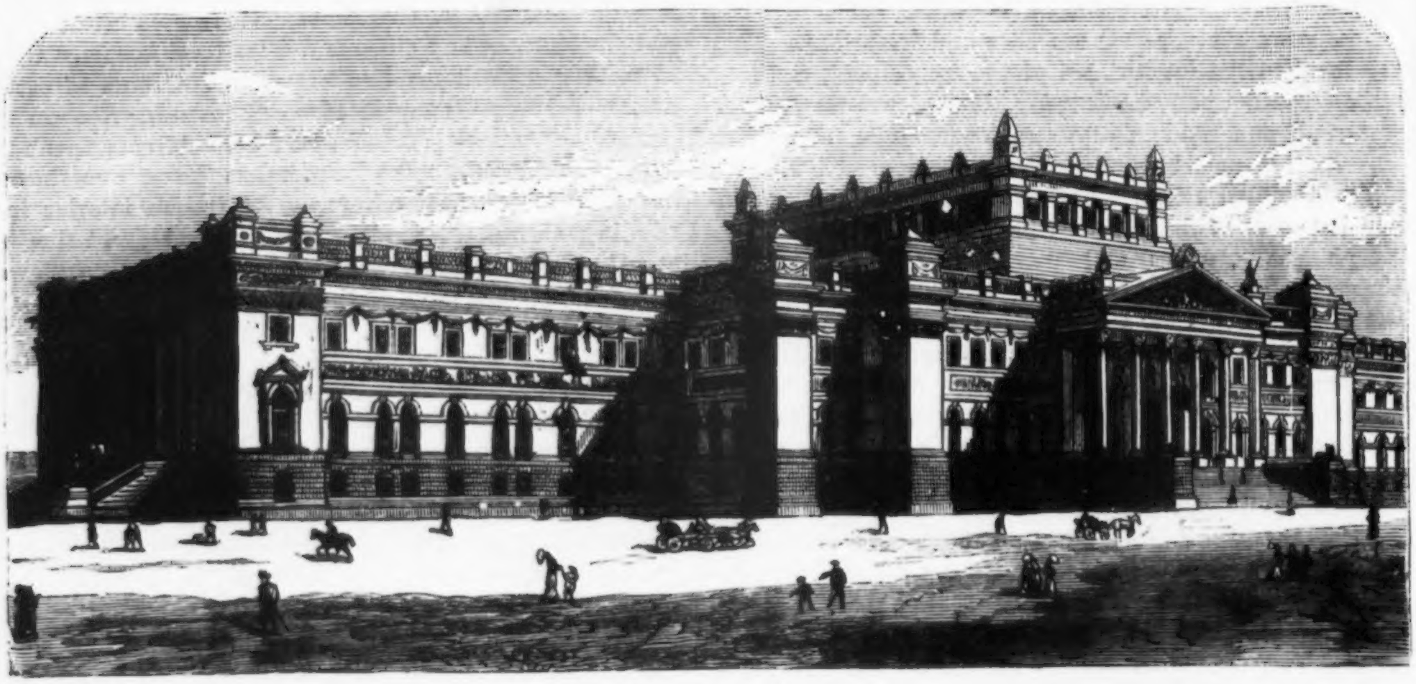
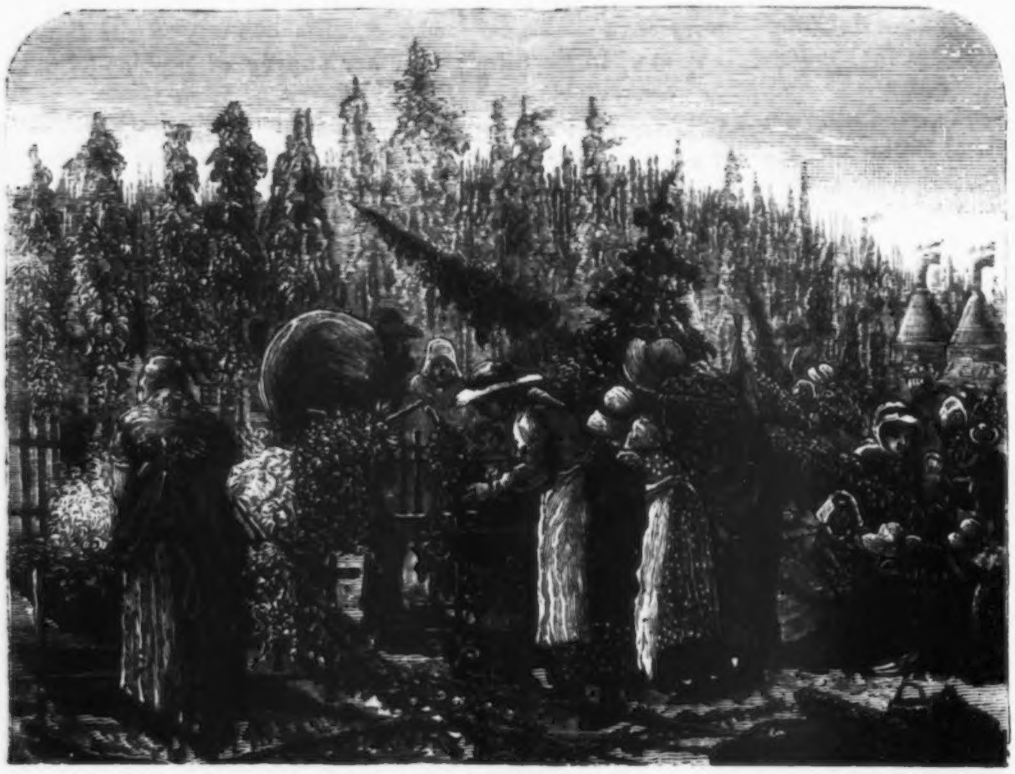


THE LAW COURTS, SYDNEY.

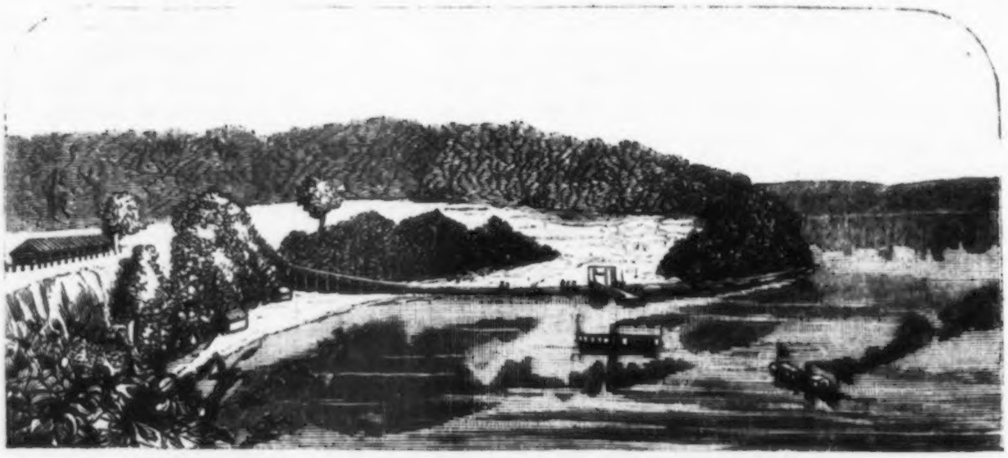


HOP-PICKING IN AUSTRALIA.

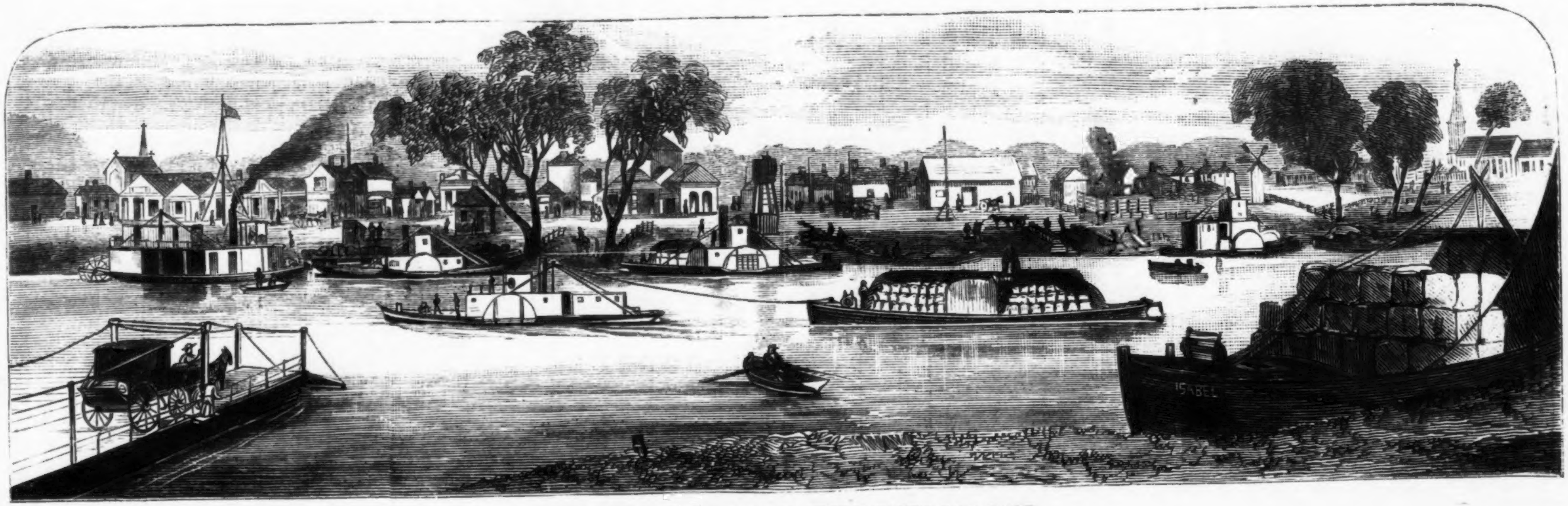
"newcomers" gain nothing by raking in the ashes of the "first settler's" pedigree.

In 1851 gold was discovered south of the River Murray. Fields of fabulous richness were uncovered. Reefs of precious metals were traced into the hills. Miners from the old country poured into Australia. Ships brought immigrants by tens of thousands from beyond the seas. California sent many from her overcrowded diggings to the antipodes. The countries of all the world were laid under contribution for miners to Australia.

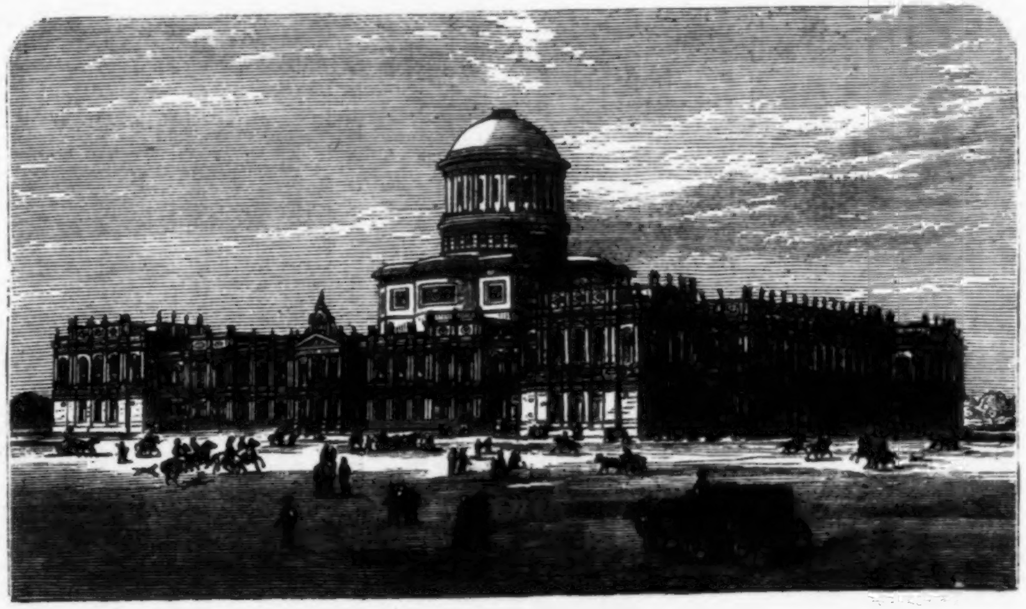
The Colonies of Tasmania and New South Wales emptied their colonists into the new gold land. Shepherds forsook their flocks, herders abandoned their cattle, ranchers left their plows in unfinished furrows, and gathered to the gold-diggings. Mining camps sprang up over many hillsides; streams were whitened with canvas tents; fires blazed in forest depths; gulches swarmed with diggers; the rattle of spades and clink of picks were heard in the mountain torrents; red mounds and naked scars torn on the earth marked the onward march of the prospector's shovel; trails were cut through the jungles and roads opened through the wilderness; mining towns appeared



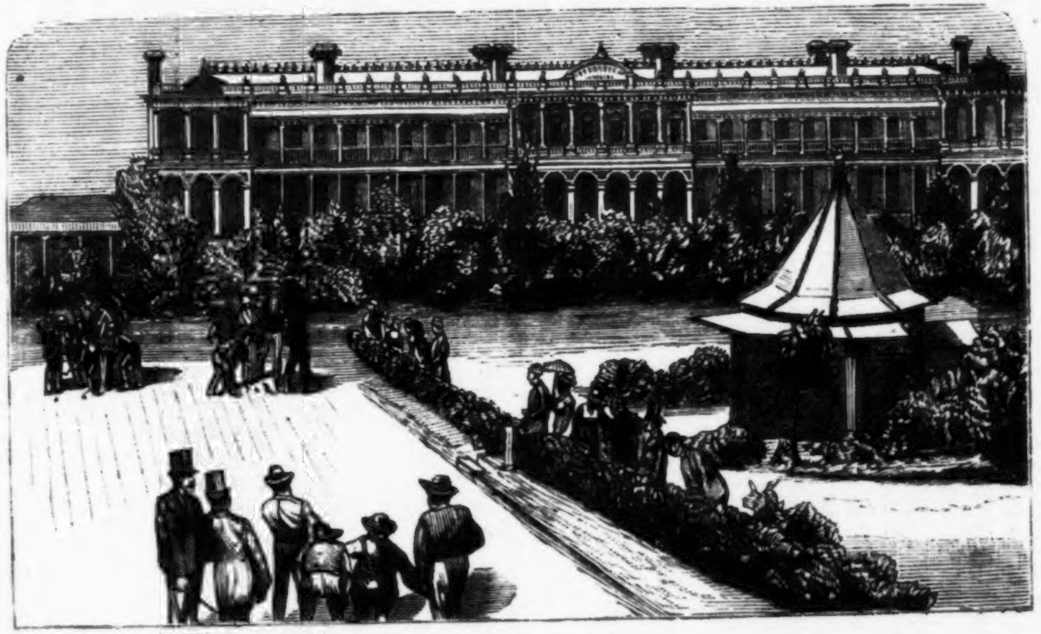
PEARL BAY, SUMMER RESORT OF THE PEOPLE OF SYDNEY.



WENTWORTH, NEW SOUTH WALES, CENTRE OF THE WOOL TRADE.



LAW COURTS. MELBOURNE.



SOUTH MELBOURNE.

and disappeared; cities came up almost in a night. The people moved like avalanches over the hills—drawn by gold's powerful magnet. Every fresh discovery attracted a rush to its glittering ores. Camps were unexpectedly deserted, and untenanted ravines suddenly teemed with life. The richest digging absorbed the bulk of vitality. Half-prospected ledges were forsaken for others more promising.

The gold-fields proved of unprecedented richness, and created a *furore* through the habitable globe, and gold-hunters continued to seek antipodal shores. While many sons of toil were crossing the American plains, scaling the Rocky Mountains, and invading alkaline deserts, to search for the Golden Fleece on the Pacific Coast, other brawny-armed yeomanry were crossing the oceans for Australia.

The gold-fields soon numbered a dense population.

A new colony was formed south of the Murray River. The colonial infant was called Victoria—after Her Majesty the Queen—and Melbourne was made its capital. The young city bounded into life, enlarged its proportions and multiplied its population. Houses rose by hundreds on the hill-tops; substantial blocks speedily walled thronged thoroughfares, and warehouses confronted busy streets; ships filled the harbor, and the port became a bustle of activity; goods, of weighty stocks, were put on sale, and commerce set in vigorous motion; drones decamped to quieter precincts; vagrants and loafers were hustled out of the way; men were for making hay while the sun shone, and they struck while the iron was hot. Wagons and ox-teams were headed for the gold-fields, and hourly bore out from Melbourne loads of mining supplies. Every roadway conducted returning teams with bags of dust and chests of nuggets, to change hands over the Melbourne counters. The city grew opulent, vain and arrogant. It indulged in satire at its less enterprising and less prosperous competitors, and called them names. The "slow coach" Sydney became a special object of ridicule.

The mines poured into the lap of Melbourne a steady stream of golden treasure, inflated her banks, filled her mints, crowned her knolls with mansions, decorated her squares with lawns, and fronted her pavements with palatial stores. Placer digging was exhausted, and quartz mining introduced. The reefs held greater wealth than the surface ores, and their precious tide ebbed into Melbourne.

Victoria's capital became the largest and most attractive city in the Australias. The residences top the hill-slopes on both sides of the River Yarra. The site of the city is quite hilly and rolling. The northern bottoms of the river are, however, flat and miasmatic. The commercial streets parallel the Yarra, and the wholesale houses face the river. Ships of light tonnage come up to the city wharves, but vessels of heavy draught anchor at the piers of Sandridge, six miles down the Yarra, at the head of Hobson's Bay.

A railroad connects the port of Sandridge with the depots of Melbourne.

Forests of masts continually rock on the bay, and steamers daily pass up and down the tortuous river.

The bay shores are low, and often treeless, and lack the water views and sylvan beeches on Sydney's beautiful haven.

The mercantile houses of Melbourne are compactly built. Buildings of massive mold and lofty front rise in stately rows.

Bourke Street is the most noted commercial avenue, and many handsome blocks, of fancy ornamentation, flank its thoroughfare. The streets are straight, and run at right angles, and faintly resemble Philadelphia in symmetry.

Narrow alleys—close as dangerous—infest the city and breed foul air—rank enough to choke a mule or knock down an ox.

The drainage is overground, and cannot be too severely condemned. The swill, slops and garbage coursing along the sluggish gutters collect in pools, and fester in the sun-rays, and in hot summer-days emit a deadly aroma.

In public buildings Melbourne is seen at her best. Her City Hall is a beautiful piece of architecture; the finest organ on the continent occupies its platform. A music concert is weekly given, of great popularity and large attendance. The Postal edifice is an elegant building, and a credit to the city. The new Parliament House is airy and tasteful in design, and commodious in proportions, shaded by wooded grounds. The most famous institution of Melbourne is her Public Library. The building is a colossal structure, long and tall, and fronted with a stone-columned portico. The grounds are ample, and covered with turf. A wide range of steps sweep up to the pillared entrance. The halls are crowded with volumes; flights of shelves loaded with books face the walls from floor to dome. The reading-rooms are numerous, roomy and comfortable.

The Picture Gallery is an elaborate collection of the gems of art. Some heavily framed and mammoth paintings ornament its halls.

The Museum is an extensive repository of curiosities, of almost countless variety and nameless shape—from the hideous to the beautiful.

Government House is an imposing pile, capping a hill cone by the riverside, overlooking a broad stretch of the bay. Well-kept yards, with foliaged trees and graveled walks, beautify the grounds. Exotic shrubs and gaudy flowers perfume the drives.

The University buildings are of accommodative size, with verdured squares and convenient museums. The law courts are of unique design and attractive form.

Melbourne's parks are her pride. Carleton Gardens embellish many square acres in the residential suburbs. Grass of luxuriant growth carpet the lawns. Roses of many tints and shades glorify the walks. Flowers of sunset colors blossom on the sward. The wealth of the tropics permeates the groves, and floral pomp and bowery beauty charm the eye.

The Exhibition building added a prominent feature to the grounds. Fitzroy Gardens have a denser growth and taller groves than its Carleton sister. Statuary gleam amongst the trees. Fountains play in falling showers and streams gurgle along fern-clad banks. Willows throw down their long, sweeping boughs, and passageways open blue ribbons of sky through the leaves. The shade is cool, and the nooks form inviting retreats from the dusty streets.

The Botanical Gardens are large, and dotted with lakes. Swans swim on the waters, and willow-trees rain down their threadlike branches around the shores. Flowers of bewitching loveliness bedeck the vases with red-tipped bouquets. Hedges are gay with blooming creepers, and fragrant buds fascinate the senses.

The gardens can never rival Sydney's Botanical floral-land. Nature has done more for the Sydney gardens in the beauteous setting with which they are enshrined, and the port views stretching away from their viny vistas.

The city has a family of suburban villages, but the prettiest residences and finest yards are found in East Melbourne. The buildings are more modern in architecture, the grounds more ornamental with decoration, and the avenues shaded with trees. Like all large cities, Melbourne has a bleak line of naked cottages, red walls, hovels, and treeless streets—the homes of the poor.

The climate cannot be called exemplary. Hot winds blow for two or three weeks at a stretch, and wilt the life almost out of the human frame, and prostrate the strongest systems with debilitating heat. The sky radiates with an equatorial glare, and the air pulsates with blistering torridity till the desert gales cease to blow.

Sandstorms periodically envelop Melbourne in a suffocating cloud of dust, and drive frantic the eyes and pores of both men and animals. The sandbars at Sandridge furnish exhaustless fountains of dust to the winds, and when a blow "gets its work in," distance is blotted out, and the firmament charged with powdered atoms. Lungs suffer, throats ache, lips crack, and catarrh comes to the front till the winds veer or lull.

The water of the city can't be bragged on. Many people prefer beer. The Yarra is a beautiful creek, but for imbibing purposes does not give satisfaction.

Geelong, a few miles up the west coast, claimed to have better water, but not enough of it. Saidtown also asserted that it had a better and healthier location for the colonial capital, but had not enough room for the expansion of a large city.

Melbourne gained the seat of government, and relegated its ambitious competitor and its healthful waters to the honors of a distant suburb.

Like all Australians, the Melbournites are fond of outdoor amusements. Many English games, almost out of recognition in America, are enjoyed with great zest by the colonists. Boating, cricket, and foot-racing, are favorite entertainments. The Victorian takes care of his dogs, and is given to chasing whatever there is to chase. Kangaroos are the most numerous game for the hounds, and are driven by hundreds into pens on the colonial plains. Horse-racing is a fashionable recreation. Youthful beauty does there most congregate. Ladies lend the charm of their presence. The greatest assemblage of female loveliness ever seen in the colonies are found on the racing-stands. Personal decoration is studiously and lavishly displayed. For bodily ornament extravagant sums are expended. The jewelers are crowded with orders, and the milliners busied with work, before the races come on. Competition in the art of dress is carried on with spirited rivalry, regardless of cost. The prettiest and best dressed lady is sure to be the happiest, and the object of a thousand envies.

All grades of society, from the highest aristocrats to the lowliest artisans, attend the races. Those whom the mines have made into nabobs are present with their millions, the digger comes with his sovereigns, and large moneys change pockets.

A sail up the Yarra is an enjoyable holiday excursion. Steamers, like port-tugs, decorated with ribbons, flags, and evergreens, ply up and down the little stream. Flowers clothe the banks and mirror their flushed faces in the water. Vines swing from the trees and drape the bends with emerald hangings. Willows border the river and rear their bunchy heads along the channel. The merry voices on the water, the pealing laughter from passing boats, make the moonlight voyage a scene of delightsome adventure.

Tours to Gippsland lakes furnish invigorating Summer ruralizing. Wooded hills and sylvan glens—like the Highlands on the Hudson—skirt the lake-shore, and the water-views recall the Thousand Islands down the St. Lawrence.

The congregation of nationalities drawn to Melbourne by gold's seductive wand assembled a cosmopolitan population that resemble an American city with its variety of races. I have stood on the steps of Melbourne's Custom House and seen the different shades and colors of people from nearly all the nations and islands of the world on promenade. The characteristics of two-thirds of the earth are represented. Such a motley aggregation of races, diversified customs, broadened sentiment, associated energy, enriched thought, advanced knowledge, and excited progression!

The genius of the human family was in competition. The nationalities borrowed inventions from each other, exchanged ideas, absorbed theories, benefited by intellectual friction, and Victoria became the most enterprising colony at the antipodes. Wares from the looms and factories of the globe are kept on sale. The Arcades are novelty emporiums. No adhesion clings to commodities, forsooth they are English. Do they pay? is the inquiry. No "genealogy" of the origin and nativity of merchandise is wanted, if profit or convenience follows their use. Iconoclasm, industrial, commercial and governmental, prevail.

Advanced policies of local and colonial legislation have been introduced, and Victoria is taunted by Sydneyites with being the "Yankee Colony."

Melbourne once contained 300,000 people. Since the decline of the gold-fields the city is undergoing a shrinkage. Factories have been erected to replace the mining industries. Protection is enforced in Victoria, and high tariff shelters home manufactures. The colony is small, and has a shallow depth of soil. Its surface is covered with rolling hills bristling with timber, and undulating plains overgrown with sward. The grass is of a stunted growth, and does not attain the luxuriance seen in the northern colonies. Trees in some districts grow to a gigantic size, and rival the Sierra Nevadian prodigies; but the body of Victorian forests are of inferior height.

Wheat is raised in some of the provinces, but sheep and cattle monopolize most of the open plains.

Around Melbourne English grasses have been sown, and fine pasturage produced. Herds of cows roam the green slopes, and furnish milk to the city dairies.

Many villages are scattered over the interior settlements. Stage-coaches formerly connected the rural towns with Melbourne, but railroads now traverse the colony to its borders, and one through line reaches from Hobson's Bay to Sydney. Hot tornadoes are rampant all over Victoria, and are the settlers' scourge.

Rabbits infest some of the northern districts—like mosquitoes on the Mississippi, for multitude—and often strip the earth of vegetation. Crops are destroyed and ranchers starved out and compelled to move by the devastating pests.

Fruitful vineyards clothe the valleys along the Murray River. The red wine of Victoria I prefer to any of the Australian vintages.

The mining camps along the Murray are almost deserted. The diggers have gone to herding and grape-culture; many have emigrated to other colonies.

Sandhurst, in Western Victoria, is still a flourishing mining town. Several rich quartz reefs are profitably worked. The surrounding hills once contained the most famous surface diggings in the colony. The naked face of the earth and the dismantled gulches show the ravages of the gold-hunter's spade for many miles around.

Many of the old rendezvous are now silent as graveyards. Cabins and tottering chimneys have fallen down, and forlorn foundations are the remaining vestiges of

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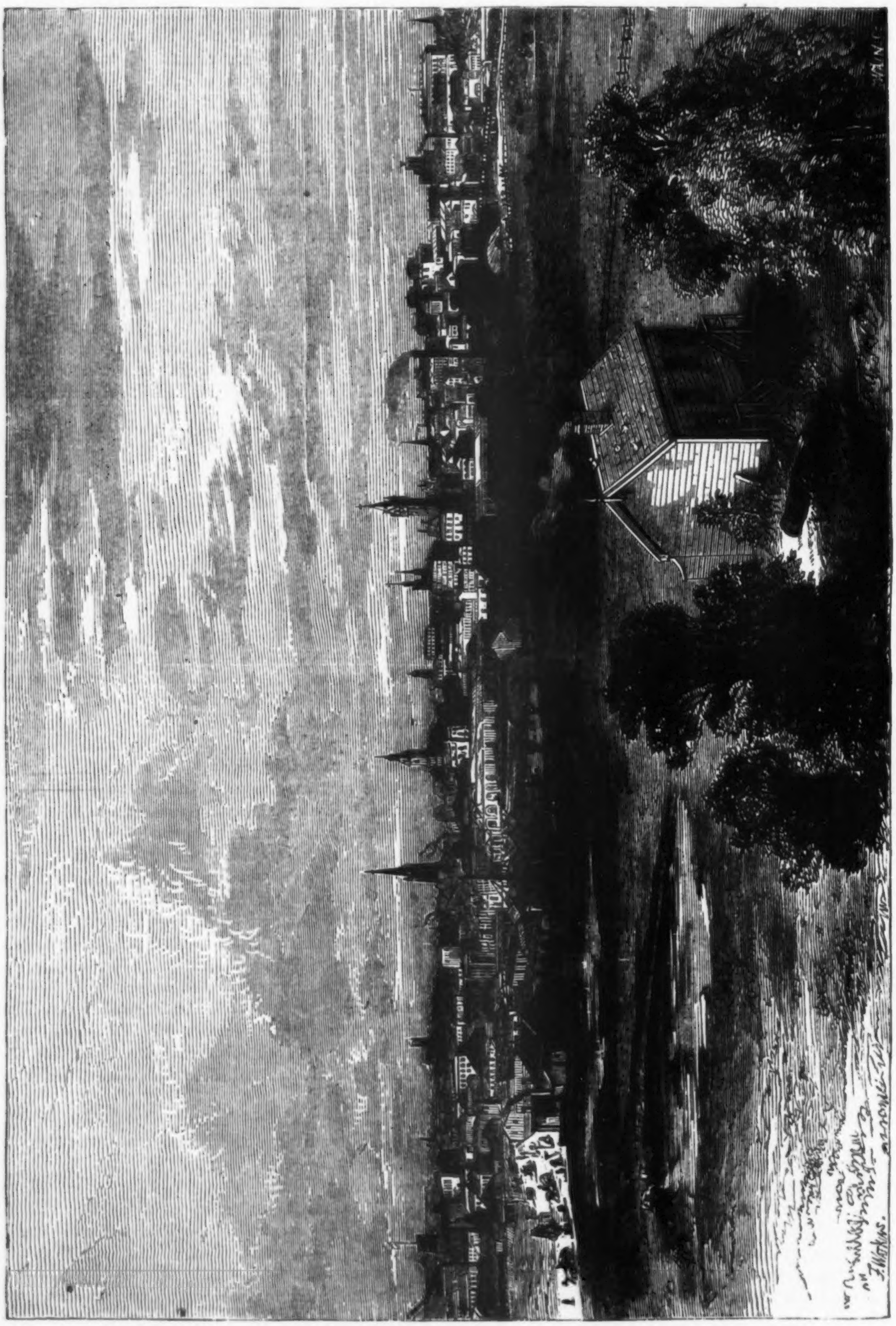
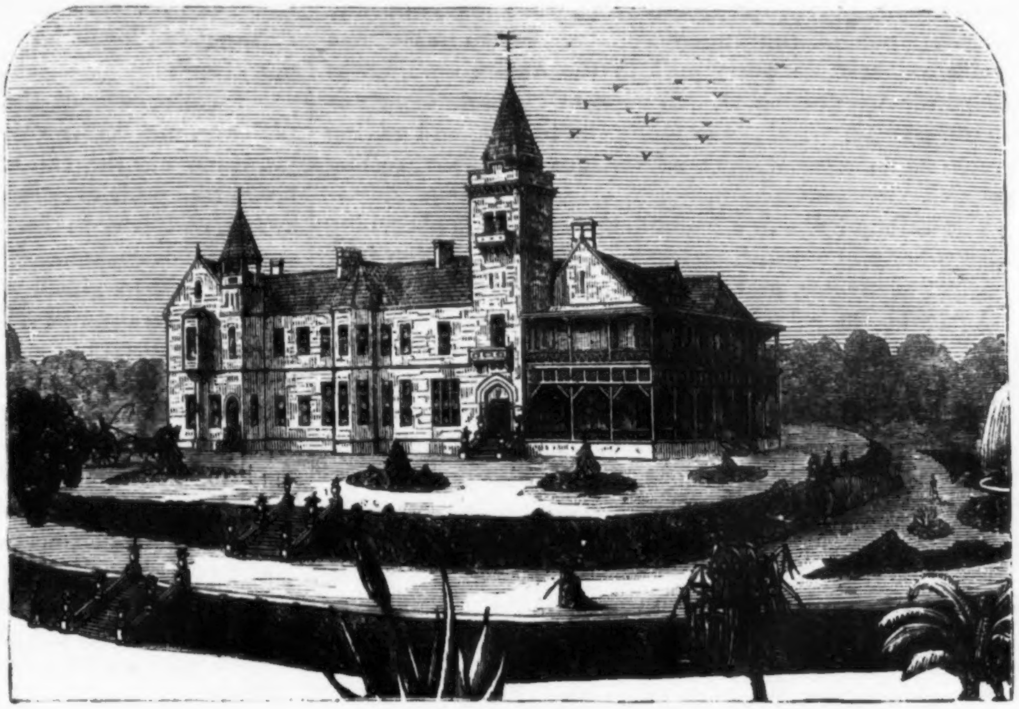
what was. Tents have been furled, and the roving miners have gone to other lands. Streets once crowded with toilers, walled with shops, and noisy with Saturday carousals, are now in ruins, and like the relics of Herculaneum, keep watch over departed greatness.



GENERAL VIEW OF MELBOURNE.

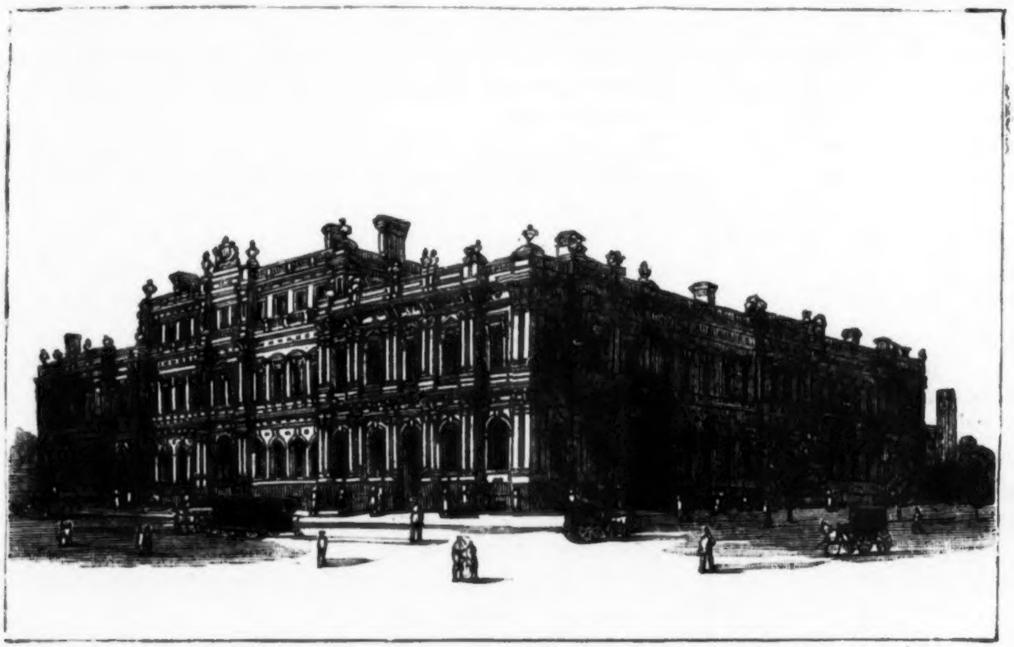
Closed shafts, moldy pits and leaky tunnels scar the hillsides. Crushing-mills and hoisting-works have gone into decay, and sit motionless over many exhausted ledges.

Ballarat, south of Sandhurst, is the largest and prettiest mining city in Australia. It contains 13,000 people. The streets are wide and bordered with trees. A long avenue extends through the city. The yards are embellished with shrubbery. Fine residences have been erected. The commercial buildings are large and dense. A blue lake nestles in the suburban hills, and on Saturday afternoon hundreds of pleasure-seekers boat on the waters. Low, flat shores spread around the lake like the level coasts of Pontchartrain, above New Orleans.

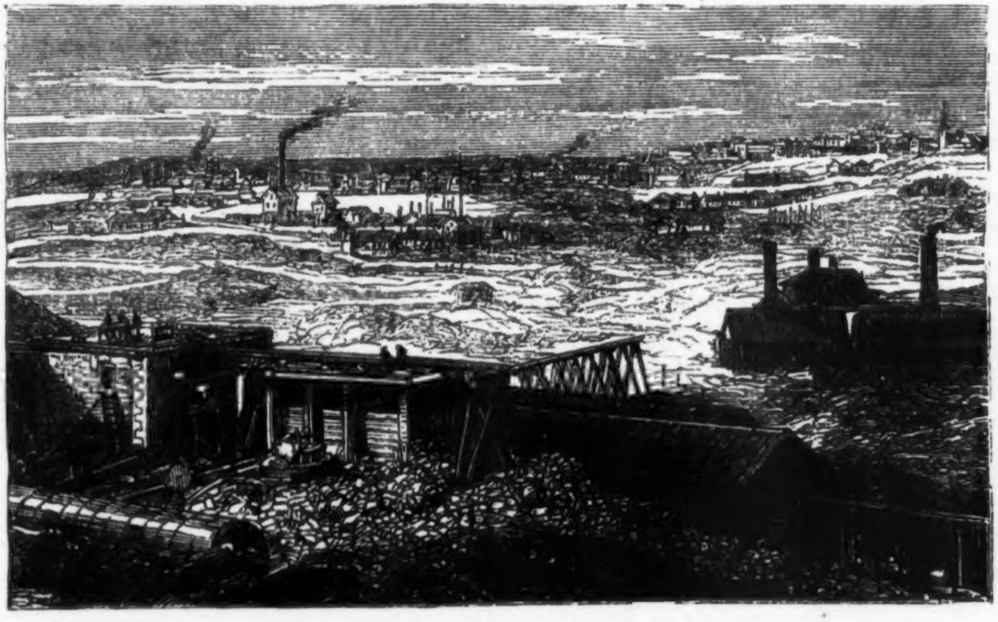

VICEREGAL RESIDENCE, ADELAIDE.

The city gave an Art Exhibition some years since, with a creditable display of colonial productions.

English population predominates, but the foreign element is sufficient to make a concourse of all nations. The intermarriage of races has produced an attractive type of female beauty. The young ladies have model forms, and a complexion tinted with Nature's own color—the mountain atmosphere imparting a glow to their cheeks, a sparkle to their eyes, and vivacity to their manners.


NEW GOVERNMENT OFFICES AT ADELAIDE.

A few of the mines are yet in operation, and are rich in bullion. Many of the early veins are worked out. Windlasses stand idle over the prospect-holes; waterless trenches and broken sluice-boxes are neglected. Wrecks of villages mark the streams, and awaken memories of the deserts in Nevada and the ranges of Northern California.


KAPUNDA MINES, NEAR ADELAIDE.

West of Victoria lies the Colony of South Australia. Its depth and fertility of soil and great stretch of plains have attracted an increasing pastoral population, and made it a noted grain-producing colony.

Wheat is shipped throughout the Australias, and exported in large quantities to England.

The grain is of the best body, and its flour the finest quality produced on the continent, and is the favorite brand in both local and foreign markets.

Sheep are herded in vast numbers, and wool is a chief staple of export. Cattle of bulky size roam the plains, and blooded stock is largely raised.

Fruit of fine flavor and splendid size is profusely grown. Grapes of Sonoma proportions, peaches of golden hue, luscious pears and plums, ripen in the sunny valleys. South Australian fruits are sold in every port in the Australias. Large vineyards are cultivated, and wine of enviable repute is manufactured. Hops grow along the brooks, and waving grain-fields spread seas of verdure over the rolling prairies.

The colony has a fine future before it, and is absorbing a large body of English emigration. The population is of a select character, and of enterprising spirit.

Adelaide, the colonial capital, is a beautiful city. It is handsomely built, and has lofty blocks of stores. It is situated on a level valley, along the Torrens River, near the Gulf of St. Vincent. A mountain range extends along the plains, but a wide view is commanded toward the sea.

The Governor's or Vice-Regal Residence is an ornament to Adelaide, and its grounds are pictures of botanic decoration. The new Government offices are of columnar frontage, tasteful construction and large dimensions. The City Gardens are renowned for their pretty arbors and floral profusion.

The port is six miles—on the Gulf—distant from the city, and is a busy shipping mart. Business rests on a sound foundation, and commerce encounters but few reverses.

Droughts sometimes visit the colony, and entail a temporary suspension of its prosperity. But dry years are less frequent than in adjoining colonies.

Hot winds blow in the Summer season, but are not so prostrating, nor of such duration, as in Victoria.

Mines have contributed to the wealth of the colonists, but the principal source of revenue is found in their grain, wool, cattle, stock, fruits and wines.

North of New South Wales stretches the Colony of Queensland. It is one of the largest and richest colonies in Australia.

Its boundaries lie between 10° 41' and 28° 8' South Latitude, extending into the warm embrace of the tropics. The coast is wooded, and mountain chains cross the eastern provinces. The western territory is a vast spread of plains, overgrown with tall herbage, and resembles Texas with its level prairies, great herds of cattle, flocks of sheep and droves of horses pasturing on the plains.

Small grain is extensively grown, canefields rustle in many valleys, and sugar is largely made. Cotton also grows luxuriantly.

The farms are often worked and the herds tended by South Sea Islanders, brought by "Labor schooners" from the Polynesian archipelagoes.

Oranges, lemons and pineapples of excellent quality flourish in the coastal districts, and semi-tropic vegetation pleases the eye with leafy exuberance.

The climate is temperate in Winter and warm in Summer, but the plains are swept by strong sea-breezes throughout the hot season. Malaria lurks on some of the streams, and chills and quinine and refractory livers are not out of style. On the mountain slopes and elevated tablelands a model climate is found.

Droughts sometimes burn up the great prairies, and hundreds of thousands of sheep perish from thirst. Cattle die on waterless river-beds, herds crowd into marshy bogs and mire down, and starve for food and drink. Artesian wells are now bored, and—if they prove a success—will be the industrial salvation of Queensland.

Railroads have been constructed from the seaports to the interior villages, and telegraph lines reach the colony's remotest frontiers.

A great expanse of the northern plains are vast solitudes of greenery, untouched by the hand of man. Many of the silent levels have never been trodden by the colonist's foot.

No cottages spot their surface, no fields mark their plateaus, no flocks rove their wilds. The voice of the plowman nor the call of the herder is ever heard. The ocean-like prairies spread off in the distance in perpetual sward, and rest in Nature's eternal sleep. The tropic sun soars over the treeless swells and leaves no shadows behind. Stars gleam out on the clear blue skies, and wink on no human face, and day dreams itself away. Flowers bud and bloom, but cheer no eye. Birds carol their melodies to space's vacant ear. It is lone land.

Over these broad areas kangaroos roam in thousands, moving like black clouds over the plains, undisturbed by the hunter's bullet, and safe from aboriginal spear.

Within civilization's border-line the squatter's rude hut may be found, and out in the dreary void an isolated telegraph station occasionally seen.

These unoccupied lands will furnish homes for England's children for ages to come, and many Britons, now unborn, will tenant these unpopulated reservations.

Brisbane—the Queensland capital—is an active city, near the mouth of the Brisbane River, within twenty-five miles of the ocean's breaking rollers. It is the centre of a large trade with the coast towns, interior villages, cattle ranches, sheep "runs," cane mills, and grain farms of the plains, and from it emanate railroads into the distant settlements.

The port has an outlet into the Oceanic islands, and tropic fruits and sugars are exported throughout the Australias. The warm climate makes shade a luxury.

These sunny plains of the antipodes have reared a population strikingly like the people in the Western States of America—strong in limb, tall in stature, muscular in frame, and ruddy in complexion. The English type of countenance is preserved, but the Australias are gradually developing a nationality of their own.

Conditions have formed customs, surroundings have molded characteristics, and occupation has influenced impulses.

The colonial-reared population have a distinct type of character that "savors of the soil," and are also a noticeable physical departure from the physique of their kinsmen in the British Isles.

The English colonists from the Old Country retain their allegiance to the Crown, when that allegiance does not conflict with their personal interests.

But the young Colonials, who have grown up in Australia, have developed a spirit of local independence and a pride of nativity that regards their home continent as their rightful sovereignty.

Australian nationality has been steadily growing in the people. The neglect of the English Government to recognize Australia as an equal part of the British Empire, and its scorn of colonial claims to peerage promotion, have chilled the breasts of many of Australia's ambitious aspirants to the honors and emoluments of advancement.

The elevation of British sons to positions of eminence and the relegation of Australia's patriots to the footstool of obscurity has not expanded colonial loyalty. The appointment of English favorites over the heads of Australian talent to colonial governorships has not strengthened Australian affection for the Crown.

Many colonists have wearied of British domination over colonial legislation, and yearned for freedom from English interference and direction. The failure of the British Government to provide adequate naval protection, when Australian ports were menaced by foreign fleets, forced the colonies into the fortification and protection of their own coasts, and created confidence in an ability for self-defense. The isolation of Australia from the English navy when hostile invasion threatens, and the inability of the colonies individually to repel aggression, stimulated a desire for a union as necessary to organize resistance against alien foes.

This sentiment has lately found expression in the assemblage of an Australian Convention at Sydney, New South Wales, for the consideration of the formation of an Australian Colonial Confederation.

Colonial tariff policies, free trade, and protection dogmas, local divisions, and jealousies, have long retarded the harmonious deliberation of such a conference. A touch of nature makes all the world kin. A perception of a common danger silences petty envies, and effaces many animosities.

The Australias recognized "In union there is strength," and that a consolidated house is not easily conquered.

The convention resolved upon confederative co-operation, and submitted their action to the people.

Their resolutions provide for the creation of a Federal "Australian Council," to consist of two members from each colony, to hold annual sessions successively at the respective colonial capitals, and to be empowered with legislative jurisdiction over extradition, coastal defenses, naturalization, criminal immigration, quarantine, patents, copyrights, and Polynesian relations.

The Colonial Parliament will petition the Imperial Government for recognition of the "Council," and the world will doubtless soon witness the political birth of an English-speaking nation of 3,000,000 souls in the Southern Hemisphere. Had England chosen to foster the English and aristocratic tendencies there by creating a colonial nobility, the new government would undoubtedly be one of King, Lords and Commons: but with the House of Lords menaced in England, the new state with its vast area may be a federal republic.

THE EFFECT OF AGE ON THE EYE.

It is found on an average of observations, that at ten years of age the crystalline lens in the eye may be rendered so convex as to give a clear image of an object three inches away. At twenty-one it will also accommodate itself to an object four and a-half inches from the eye. Anything nearer will be obscure, because the lens will not assume a form sufficiently convex to refract to a focus on the retina rays of light divergent as any nearer object will radiate. At forty years of age the "near point" has reached to a distance of nine inches, and at fifty, to thirteen inches.

At sixty years of age the lens has so far lost its flexibility, and therefore its power of responding to the muscle, that it cannot ordinarily give a clear image of any object less than twenty-six inches away. At seventy-five the power of accommodation is wholly lost; light still passes through the eye, and is focused on the retina, but only when it comes in parallel rays. Parallel rays it can converge on the retina, but divergent rays require that extra refractive power which the aged eye has lost by the hardening of the lens.

Not as a matter of disease, then, but in the ordinary course of years, and in every eye alike, is the bodily sight gradually weaned from the scrutiny of near objects around, and permitted to turn a clear vision only upon the things far off.

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

By Herman Merivale.

After the battle, the peace is dear,
After the toil, the rest;
After the storm, when the skies are clear,
Fair is the ocean's breast.
Out in the gold sunshine
Throw we the net and line;
The silvery chase to-day
Calls us to work away,
So throw the line, throw—Yo, heave ho!

Fishers must work when the treacherous sea,
Smiles with a face of light,
Though the deep bed, where their fortunes be,
May be their grave ere night.
Out in the gold sunshine
Throw we the net and line;
The silvery lives to-day
Flash in the silvery spray,
So throw the line, throw—Yo, heave ho!

PRETTY POLLY PITKIN.

By Spencer W. Cone.

A SUMMER or so ago two pleasant-faced matrons were seated on the shady side of the "West End" at Long Branch. They were agreeably engaged, as mothers often are, in exchanging confidences touching their children. It required both of them to arrive at the plural in that respect, for Mrs. Timmins was blessed with an only child, a son, and Mrs. Pitkin similarly with one—a daughter.

The rather pretentious name originally given to the former was Rudolph, and to the latter Maria Louise. From babyhood, however, until the date hereof, when she frankly owned to her twentieth year, she had never been known as anything but pretty Polly Pitkin.

She was luckier, however, than Rudolph, whose name had early dwindled into "'Dolph," and never grew again.

Both matrons were widows; both were well-to-do in the world, but Mrs. Timmins was *very* well-to-do. In fact, the defunct Timmins *père* having made his million in Wall Street, like a truly worthy and considerate husband and father, as he was, was sensible enough to die before he had time to lose it again.

Near these worthy women sat also Pretty Polly Pitkin. She was a young lady blessed with a neat figure, blonde hair, mischievous blue eyes and uncommonly fine and rather sharp-looking little teeth.

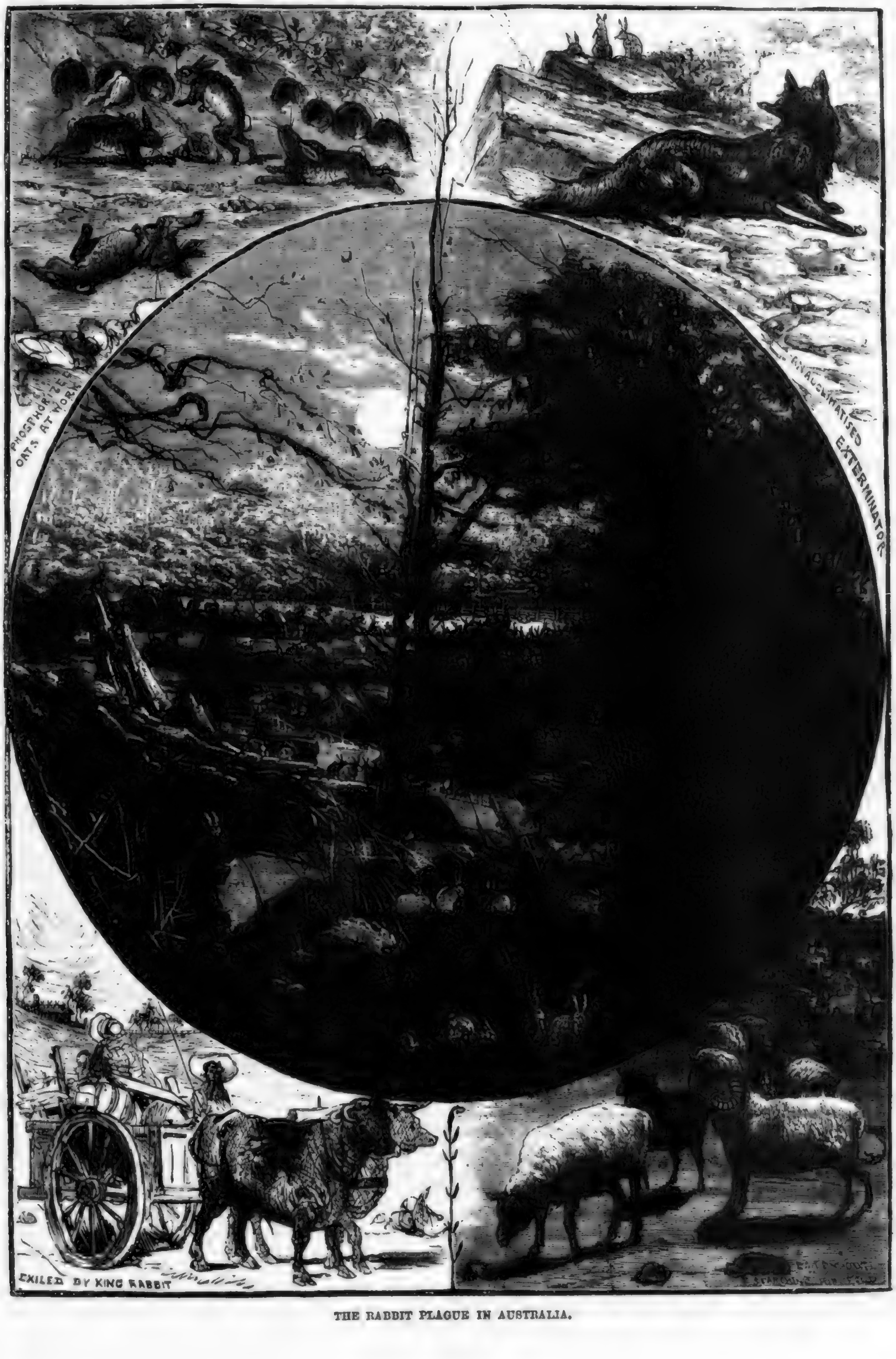
Pretty Polly played just then at crochet, or tatting, or some such transparent pretense of work, and apparently wholly deaf to the confidences of the worthy matrons.

"My dear," said Mrs. Pitkin, almost in a whisper, "I don't know what to make of Polly. She'll be an old maid, as sure as she lives. I have never seen her treat a man with even common politeness. She says they are such brazen-faced, conceited apes, she can't bear the sight of them."

"Ah, me," replied Mrs. Timmins, in the same tone, "she would never say so of my Dolph, if she could see him; but she can't. Poor fellow! he is so awfully modest, he's as afraid of a woman as if she was a crocodile or an anaconda, and he a lawyer, too!"

"You don't say so!" responded Mrs. Pitkin. "A modest lawyer—well, I never! Wonders will never cease, to be sure!"

AUSTRALIA, AND ITS COLONIAL CONFEDERATION.—1. NORTH AND SOUTH BRISBANE. 2. BRISBANE WHARF AND TERRACES. 3. PARLIAMENT HOUSE AND BOTANIC GARDENS.


PHOSPHORIZED OATS AT WORK
ACCLIMATISED EXTERMINATOR
EXILED BY KING RABBIT

THE RABBIT PLAGUE IN AUSTRALIA.

At this point in the conversation Pretty Polly rose and sauntered away, saying to herself in the strictest confidence:

"Young, rich, good-looking, and an only son—too modest, though, by half. Perhaps it would be an act of Christian charity to cure him—perhaps !"

Some few weeks after this the following appeared among the "personals" in the New York *Herald* :

> "A young lady, good-looking, accomplished, and of some means, desires to correspond with a young professional gentleman, with a view to matrimony. P. P."

For Rudolph Timmins, Esq., attorney-at-law, of No. — Nassau Street, as for all men cursed with *mauvaise honte*, the mysterious, the romantic—the slightly improper, in fact—possessed a supreme fascination. In imagination, he was the hero of no end of gallant actions and interesting adventures. In fact, he would no more have attempted one in which a woman was involved than a sheep would chase a tiger.

He never left his house of a morning but he imagined himself stopping a pair of runaway horses, or something of the kind, dragging a lovely young woman, half-dead, from the carriage, bearing her in his manly arms to the nearest drug store, and receiving her tender thanks as she awoke to consciousness. In fact, he would quite as soon have embraced a red-hot stove as any young woman in any condition whatever.

This contradiction between fact and fancy naturally led him to read the "personals," the first thing after he opened his paper of a morning. Of course the "personal" above mentioned struck him on the instant. He re-read, considered, smiled. It was a wonderful "personal." It suited him to a T. It came to him as a sweet boon.

"Here," said he to himself, "is the very chance I have been looking for. I will embrace it. I will open a correspondence with the lovely "P. P."; of course she is lovely. I will throw into the correspondence all the hidden poesy and disappointed heroism of my nature. I will write like Abelard, and she will answer like Heloise. I will shroud myself, however, in impenetrable mystery. Thus I shall expand like a tropic flower in the sunshine of love, without risking the horrid chill that actual contact with a young woman always sends to the marrow of my bones."

This was no vain resolve. Timmins did it. He opened the correspondence. He signed himself "William Fitz Clarence Smith."

He was a model correspondent. So was "P. P." What one dispatched one day, the other answered on the next.

Timmins was right. He had arrived at the perfection of knowledge. He knew himself. In the secure shade of an imaginary name and a post-office box, he expanded like a big sunflower.

He gushed; he overflowed. For months, with ever-increasing audacity; he made love on paper like Romeo and Lauzun rolled into one.

The correspondence became his real life—eating, drinking and sleeping a fictitious one. He was like the man who dreamed one dream every night, and went to bed early every night, to recommence it where he left off the night before.

Gathered in this cloud, with a confused idea that Timmins was Smith, or Smith Timmins, or that Smith was taking Timmins along with him to forcibly present him to "P. P.," and murder his romance for ever, he started to walk up Broadway

It required great resolution to do so. It was, in fact, a heroic act, since Broadway was thronged with women, and each had eyes—two eyes—which might be fixed upon him.

Through this terrible defile, occupied in force by a fierce and man-thirsty army of petticoats, and enfiladed by flying columns of female *trailleurs*, he came, however, in comparative safety, to the corner of Bleecker Street.

But there Fate sternly met him ; for there, suddenly, as if she had come up out of the coal-hole in the pavement on a vampire trap, a young woman rose before him.

True, she was a very quiet and well-behaved young person, and uncommonly innocent-looking.

She was, in fact, a blonde, plump as a partridge, and of a very active and self-posssessed appearance all over.

Timmins walked fast ; so did she. Timmins crawled along ; so did she.

Was it accident ? Was it design ?

Heaven forbid that we should hint the latter. Yet this young person kept just a trifle in advance of Timmins.

Modest as he was, and especially because he was modest, he could not help seeing that she was there all the time ; nor could he help thinking :

"If I were Smith, now, I should get in front of her, instead of dodging to keep behind. I should look at her ; I should stare at her, in fact. Stare ! Good heavens !"

And what a nice and particular young woman she was. She must have had a perfect horror of dust or mud. To have got a speck on the hem of her garment would probably have driven her out of her senses. Of course that was why, when she came to a street-crossing, she gathered her skirts so daintily and gave a little jump, graceful as Mistress Venus when she tripped before the pious Æneas, and she showed the goddess in her airy step.

To be sure, this permitted to be seen an uncommonly pretty foot and ankle, which, as Timmins walked with eyes modestly cast down and couldn't escape seeing them, came very near knocking him off his own feet at every gutter.

Timmins blushed — Timmins perspired. His ears burned. He longed for rest and retreat to some vast ambiguity of shade where female gaiter boots would never haunt him more.

But if horror could be accumulated on horror's head, that identical result came at the corner of Fourteenth Street, where many human tides meet and shopping females dash and mingle like waves upon the sea-shore. There this curious young woman turned, gave a little start, stopped, and, in the easiest and most self-possessed manner, accosted him :

"Mr. Timmins, I believe ?" she said.

"Yes, Mrs.—Madam——" stammered Timmins.

"Mr. Rudolph Timmins ?"

"Yes, Miss——" stuttered Timmins, with a sensation as if the Domestic Sewing Machine building had fallen on top of his head, and Wallack's Theatre and the Morton House were dancing a jig around him in frantic exultation over his early extinction.

"Of No. — Nassau Street ?" continued the lady. "I have been recommended to you as a lawyer of great ability, and am disposed to place in your hands a case of the greatest importance and delicacy. At what hour shall I call at your office to-morrow ?"

"Call at my office !" exclaimed Timmins. "Madam—Miss—I——"

"Let us say 11 A.M.," continued the imperturbable unknown. "And you may rely upon my punctuality. Good-afternoon, sir."

The young lady crossed Broadway; Timmins took the opposite direction, and staggered home in a state of mental paralysis.

Had he been master of himself, he would have shunned that office for a period of years. But like the murderer, whose buried victim draws him a thousand miles to revisit the scene of his crime, a fatal fascination dragged him to his doom. Ten o'clock found him shivering in his office.

By way of settling his nerves and screwing his courage to the sticking-point, he made desultory incursions into that pleasing title of the law which treats of "Baron and Feme," blushing in solitary and silent modesty at the mere idea of a state of "coverture."

Some one knocked at the door.

"Come in," faltered Timmins.

At that minute the clock struck eleven. The hour had come. So had the woman. She came in.

It was the young woman who had accosted him the day before at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Broadway. This startling result has been already foreseen by the intelligent reader. It was not, however, the less startling to Timmins.

He gasped for breath.

There she was—in his office—stick, stark, alone with him! She was between him and the door. He saw that, for he thought of flight. But flight was impossible, unless he knocked her down and walked over her. In fact, she was not only between him and the door, but she closed the door, walked composedly across the office, and seated herself within three feet of him.

Fearful position! Daniel in the lions' den had a cheerful thing of it compared to the beleaguered Timmins.

Her abundant hair—it was blonde; it was not a switch, it was real—was contrasted with and displayed by a three-inch wide shell of black lace, supposed to be a hat; but her face was covered with a vail.

Timmins fervently hoped she would keep it covered; but she didn't. She had no such intention. Coolly and slowly she raised it and laid it back.

If she had undertaken to knock him down with a feather, Timmins would have expired before the feather touched his innocent cheek.

He turned all the colors of a dying dolphin; his heart shrunk to the size of a hazel-nut.

"If the sheriff," said Timmins, mentally to himself—"if the sheriff would come through that door, which I can't get out of, and bring an order to consign me to State Prison for the term of my natural life, I should be unaffectedly grateful to him. But he won't; there's no such luck for me."

"Mr. Timmins," said the young lady, "I have, as you are aware from what I said yesterday, called to consult you."

"If I were a doctor, instead of an imaginary lawyer," said Timmins to himself, "one consultation would finish you. You should have arsenic enough to kill a mastodon."

"To consult you on a very delicate subject," she continued.

"Don't mention it," murmured Timmins.

"But I must, sir. I have been used very badly."

"I am not surprised at it," said Timmins, desperately.

"Of course not," she exclaimed. "No depth of human baseness can naturally surprise a cool and able lawyer like yourself."

"Cool!" thought Timmins. "Can't this awful creature see the sweat running down my face?"

"Yes, sir," she cried, hitching her chair a foot nearer, "I have been vilely used, and I mean to appeal to the law for redress—for vengeance!"

And Timmins dimly saw a small hand tightly clinched, and within an inch of his nose.

"Madam—Miss—I mean Mrs.——" he stammered, "I—that is you—somebody—hadn't you better go to Judge Beach, or William M. Evarts—or some rising young lawyer like that—I'm not prepared—great heavens!—and state your case, and——"

"No, sir!" she interrupted, decidedly. "I shall go to no one but you. I shall state my case to nobody but you. I know your chivalrous nature. I rely on it—all all my hopes are centred in it. You must help me—defend me—avenge me! My mind is fixed. You must!"

"If I do, I'll be—hanged!" said Timmins, mentally; but her eye was upon him, and he only said aloud, "Go on, proceed, commence—state your case."

"My name, sir, is Maria Louise Pitkin."

"Thank you," said Timmins, with a vague feeling of relief at finding it was not Medea, or Lucretia Borgia, or Mrs. Allen.

"And I am the innocent victim——"

"Of course you are," said Timmins. "So am I."

"Of a breach of promise," continued Maria Louise.

"Thank heaven!" ejaculated Timmins.

"Heartless man!" cried the lady, starting up with flashing eyes. "Have I been mistaken in you? Do you rejoice in my injuries?"

"No, ma'am—not at all, ma'am—nothing of the sort!" stammered Timmins. "Only I thought——"

"What did you think, sir?"

"I thought it might be worse!"

"Sir, do you mean to insult me?"

"Heaven forbid, ma'am!" cried Timmins. "Only it might have been bigamy, or murder, or——"

"No, no!" said Miss Pitkin. "My soul is free from crime. I am more sinned against than sinning. Yes, sir, after the most ardent vows on paper; after the fondest assurances in black and white; after, in point of fact, the very day of our marriage ought to have been fixed, William Fitz Clarence Smith——"

"Who?—who?" said Timmins, fairly bounding in his seat.

"William Fitz Clarence Smith."

"It can't; it isn't! There's no such man!" stammered Timmins.

"There is, there must, there shall be!" cried the lady.

"Did you ever see him?" gasped poor Timmins.

"No," replied the lady; "but when I do I shall know him among a million."

"The Lord forbid!" said Timmins, piously, to himself.

"I have a hundred of his letters," continued she. "They are here in my bag. I will read them to you."

"You needn't," said Timmins, with his eyes shut. "I know what they——"

"Are like, you would say," interrupted Maria Louise. "Yes, they are like a false, deceitful man; but in a dozen different ones he gives me his description, and I shall know him—oh, I shall know him! I will follow him in life; I will haunt him from my grave, and——"

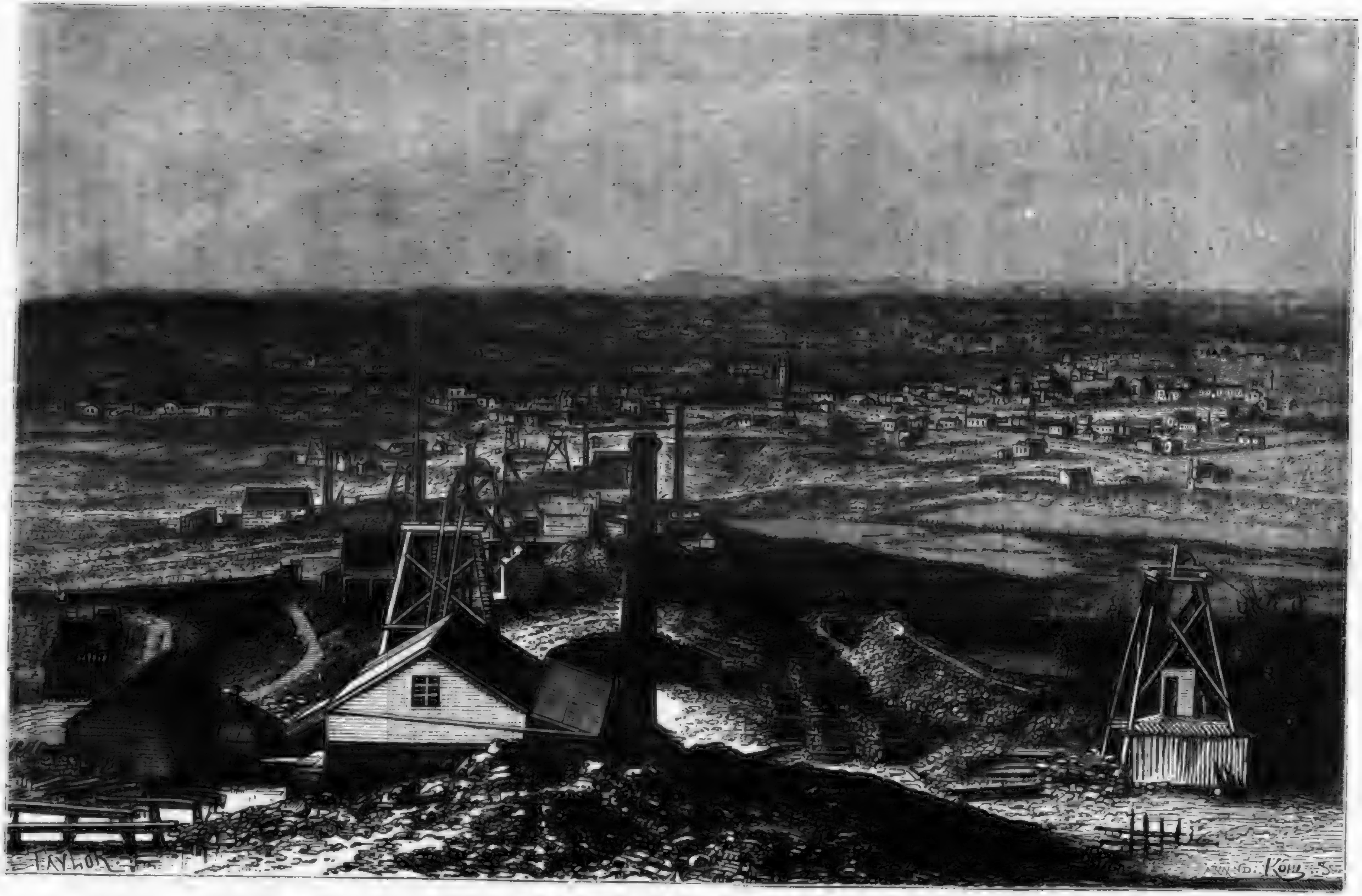
"Don't!" gasped Timmins. "Don't do it! Smith don't deserve it! Upon my word, he don't!"

"Ha! You know him?" exclaimed Maria Louise.

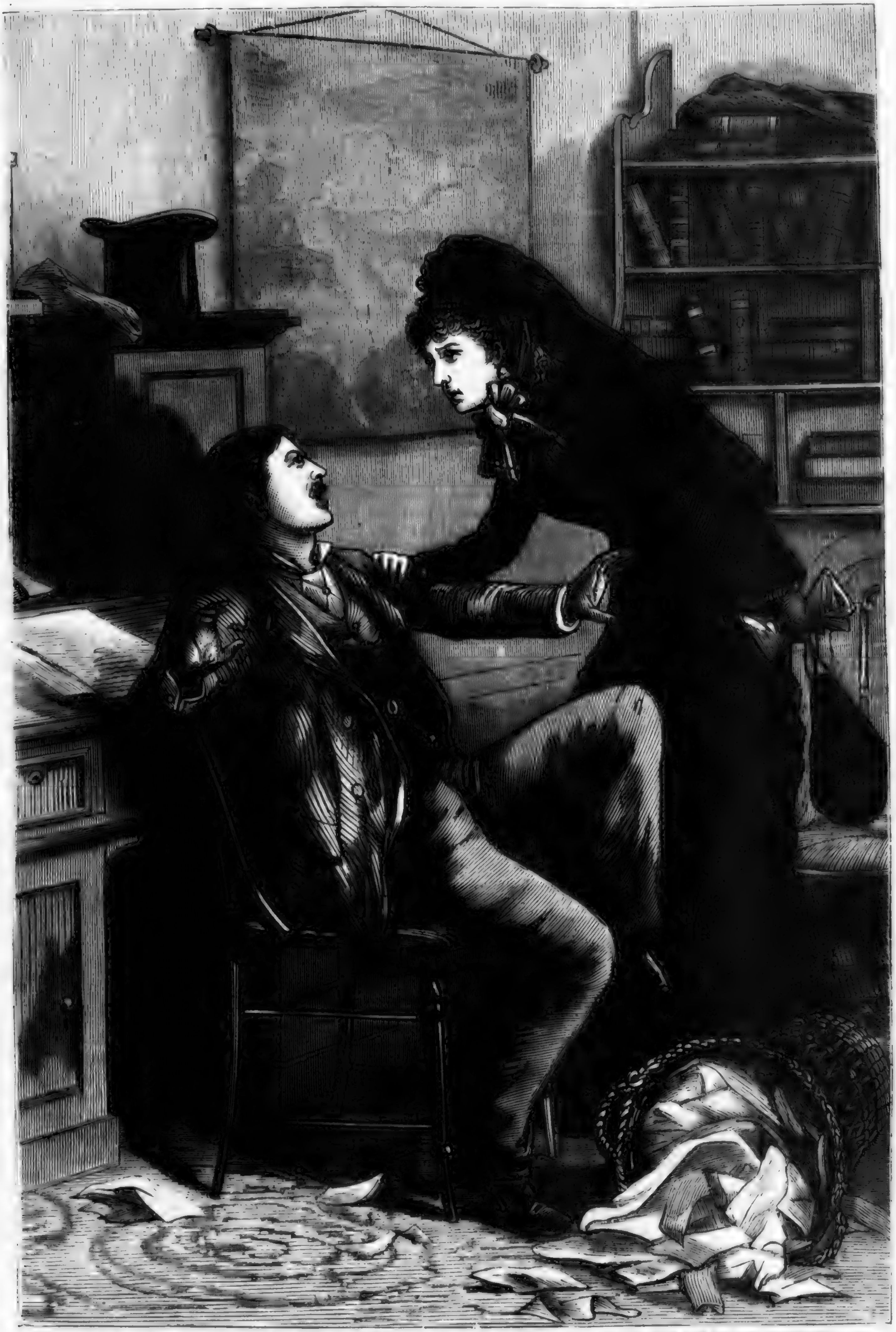
"No, no!—of course not! How should I?" cried Timmins. "But, on general principles, he can't, you know."

"He does, he does! Oh, Heaven!" cried Maria Louise, leaning back in her chair, sobbing hysterically, and playing a lively tattoo on the floor with the heels of her boots; "oh, I shall faint at the recollection!"

XUM



SANDHURST, AUSTRALIA.—SEE PAGE 1.



PRETTY POLLY PITKIN.—"'HOW! WHAT?' CRIED POLLY STARTING UP. 'YOU KNOW THE LETTER BY HEART. I SEE IT ALL. YOU ARE SMITH—THE FALSE, PERFIDIOUS SMITH!'"—SEE PAGE 11.

"For the Lord's sake, don't!" cried Timmins, frantically. "Some one might come in. You might have a fit, and there isn't a drop of water in the office. You'll particularly oblige me if you won't."

"I won't," said Maria Louise, rapidly recovering herself. "I will do anything to oblige you. I will not faint. I will be strong. I will tell you all. I will show you how, after wooing me in a hundred letters, each breathing the soul of passion, he has failed to answer my last letter, in which I urge him to end my fond suspense and to name the happy day."

"Couldn't you put it off until to-morrow, or next month, or a year or two? I'm pressed for time. You'd better," stuttered Timmins.

"No," cried the lady; "you shall hear it now. And she drew a letter from her bag. "Hear what he says: 'P. P.'—that's me——"

"'P.P,'" groaned Timmins. "That's you?"

"Of course it is. Maria Louise, otherwise Polly Pitkin. 'P. P.,' he writes, 'I know you are the loveliest of women.' Look at me, Mr.Timmins, and tell me was I wrong to believe him?"

Timmins hazarded a timid glance.

"It was rather strong," he said; "but, then, you're uncommonly good-looking."

"It was strong," said Polly, placidly, although the corners of her mouth twitched curiously. "But Smith meant it at the time, for he goes on, 'I know your face is fair and your figure is perfection.' Where had he seen me?"

"In his mind," said Timmins, dreamily, going away from his own individuality, and suffering a momentary metempsychosis into Fitz Clarence Smith. "In his mind's eye, Horatio, P. P."

"'I imagine to myself,'" continued Polly, reading slowly, and with well-considered emphasis, "'those rosy lips, those tender eyes swimming in liquid light——'"

"'That rounded form,'" broke in Timmins, like a man talking in his sleep, "'those glancing shoulders whiter than Parian marble. All, all, adored P. P., enchant, enchain, subdue me——'"

"How! what?" cried Polly, starting up and grasping him by the arm. "You know the letter by heart. I see it all. A light breaks on me. You are Smith—the false, perfidious Fitz Clarence Smith. You have attempted to trifle with a feeble girl, an unprotected maiden, under a false name!"

"I am lost!" groaned Timmins.

"No, you are found!" cried the inexorable Polly, "and if you have one spark of honor left, if every feeling of justice is not extinguished in your bosom, you will repeat after me the conclusion of that letter."

And Polly proceeded to read:

"'The moment, adored P. P.——' Stop, sir! Write Polly Pitkin instead."

Timmins being truly in bodily fear, obeyed, trembling, and she continued to read:

"'The moment, adored Polly Pitkin, when I may clasp you in my arms as my wife will be the happiest, the most blissful moment of my life.' Now, sir, what reparation can a man of honor make for such an anonymous insult?"

"Suppose I sign——"

"Your real name?" said Polly.

"As an apology, you know," said Timmins.

"That might do," said Polly. "It would be honest, at any rate, and look better."

"Thank you," said Timmins, much relieved, for, to tell the truth, he had read much of violent young women who righted their real or supposed wrongs with knife or pistol, and would not have been at all surprised if "P. P." had incontinently produced any number of those little things and dispatched him before he could say Jack Robinson. "Thank you," said he, meekly; "I'll do it."

And he did it in his best hand, and with an extra flourish under the signature.

"P. P.," with the gravity of a judge, replaced the letter in her bag, and said, as she rose to retire:

"Mr. Fitz Clarence Smith—I mean Mr. Rudolph Timmins—I shall not be under the necessity of consulting you professionally in this case, as you can readily understand. You probably desire also that this affair shall remain a profound secret between us?"

"Certainly—of course," stammered Timmins; "but the letters——"

"To the return of those letters," said P. P., severely, "a condition is attached. It will, perhaps, be a penalty. I shall require you to call twice a week on me at my own house, and each time repeat your apology, and each time I will return you a letter in exchange for one insidiously procured from me under your assumed name. Good-morning, sir."

What boots it to relate the rest of this awful tale? A child could see through it. Dreading discovery, fearful of exposure, sure that if his identity with William Fitz Clarence Smith ever became public, he would be a common laughing-stock, a lost monster, he obeyed. He called twice a week on Pretty Polly Pitkin. But he never recovered a quarter of his letters, for before he got to the twelfth she married him.

And it is as sure as two and two make four she meant to do it. She meant it from the first.

It is pleasant to relate that she cured him. If he have any modesty left, it is hard to find. Like Bottom, he is "translated," and stares in the most confident manner at every pretty woman he meets.

In point of fact, Mrs. Rudolph Timmins would have her hands full, if she should ever cease to be either less clear-headed and determined, or less good-looking as a wife, than she was as Pretty Polly Pitkin.

THE BROOK-TROUT.

By M. Seymour.

The brook-trout, the subject of the present article, is a member of the salmon family—quite an extensive family, by-the-way—and is to be met with from the Atlantic coast westward as far as Minnesota, and from Hudson's Bay to Virginia. The trout of the Rocky Mountains is another species, of which we may treat at another time.

The brook-trout (*Salmo fontinalis*) is a glorious, crimson-spotted, goldbrown-shadowed fish. The very name brings up associations of leafy quivering canopies over brawling brooks, chattering and gullying their noisy way through mossy rocks and ferny banks tangled with sumach, nut-bushes and alders; with cozy lakes nestling between hills of pine and birch and maple, to whose lily-padded shores the gray deer come down to drink and browse, and, startled by the loon's rude laughter, shrink back into the forest shades again. Oh! those lake-mirrors of storm and sunshine, how beautiful and peaceful they are! laying their magical calm on the feverish pulses of care, envy and all uncharitableness.

The brook-trout runs from a few ounces to twelve pounds; one instance records twenty-two pounds, caught in England, on the Thames, with a white fly, late in the evening. This royal fish was presented to the Queen, who had it painted, life size, by Rolfe, the eminent fish-painter. The general appearance, weight and flavor of the trout vary with the water it inhabits. Wherever it is possible it indulges, like the salmon, in an annual trip to the salt water for recuperation—like other exhausted beauties of a different type—and these are the most precious in the eyes of the sportsman and epicure. The trout spawns in November, and by March is fit for the table, although protected in some States by law until May. From that month until September he is the cause of much anxiety to anglers, and especially to mothers of small boys, who fail to respond to the supper-call.

As soon as the ice goes out and the trailing arbutus crimsons the lingering snow-patches in fresh shades, the trout come along the shores of ponds and rivers to feed greedily on submarine larvæ and worms washed from the banks, and then the largest are taken; later in the season they betake themselves to deeper water, and become more capricious in their appetite, and in the Summer heats they congregate around the spring-holes on the shallow borders of ponds.

The habits of the brook-trout proper remain unchanged, provided any are left after June, until the fall freshets enable them to go up to the outlet of the nearest pond.

It has been my good fortune to take trout from Maine to California, and from Upper St. Maurice to Virginia. When under every favorable circumstance I have expected a good day's sport, I have had none, and *vice versa*, in a broiling sun and windless water I have taken a big string; consequently, my angler friend, *nil desperandum*, stick to it, and some day they will stick to you.

Now, here's a glorious May day; the plum bushes are just whitening, the lilacs bursting into bloom, and the rich balsam odor fills yonder woods. Let us take a couple of handy Japanese rods, costing twenty-five cents each, a box of worms, a good supply of No. 8 Sproat hooks, a strip of tea-chest lead for sinkers, some home-made bread-and-butter, and a few slices of raw fat pork—you won't catch cold if you do get your feet wet—and now we'll strike across lots for an old logging-road through yonder woods that crosses a bully brook. Just hark! how the birds sing; hear that swamp-robin and his answer, and the golden robin's whistle, and the chirrup of the flying, glossy swallows. Here's the edge of the woods. Whirr! goes a partridge. Come along, scrambling through the cedar and maple scrub, treading the white anemones and violets at every step; and now a few moments will bring us to the brook we can hear.

Now, put up your rod and a short line, not more than two feet, and drop in. No, stand away back, remembering a trout has the eyes of a hawk. Where that tangle of brush chokes up the current, I bet there's some. Got him? That won't do. You must not "yank" him half a mile behind you, but strike him by a twist of the wrist, and draw him out. Don't get excited, and try again.

Ah! you hooked him, but not firmly. That's better. Now we'll divide the worms and hooks. You go down and I'll go up the brook, and when the sun gets overhead retrace your steps, and meet me here. Put only a light sinker on, or you'll get caught in brush and logs all the time.

Hullo! how many? You don't know? Well, count up—fifty-six and seventy-five. None more than one-quarter of a pound. Now, I'll get a fire going; then wrap up a lot in well-buttered paper, and bury in hot ashes. When cooked, split up the back and clean, and here's a dish, as dear old Walton says, "fit only for anglers, or very honest gentlemen."

Now you've had your initiation into trouting. Next time we will try for bigger fish, with more skill. You want a good fly-rod, forty yards of silk line, two six-feet sinew leaders, two dozen assorted flies, and landing net. Where this brook empties in the river is a wide, shallow pool, where we can practice casting a fly. Get in the canoe. I will paddle you out. Now you have two flies on, to begin with. Now try and hit that lily-pad twenty feet away. Hear that crack? One of your flies gone. How? By not allowing the line to straighten out before drawing it back, you cracked it like a whip. Make allowance, and try again. Hi! that was a pounder rose at the stretcher, or last fly. Try him again. Got him? Keep a tight line, and keep cool. Now the rod bends nearly double. What! gone? Don't look so blank: it was your fault; you failed to keep a tight line, and he broke away. This is very apt to happen. Go ahead, and try a few feet more line. Now you have one!—tight line, mind. Here's the net; there she is—a beauty! three-quarters of a pound. Just see the glorious color on him. Now you begin to see that this is an art—an inseparable gulf divides the fly-fisher from the brook-prowler. You begin to be interested, and appreciate the angler's art. All this time you are under the unconscious spell of Nature's teaching, and find—

"Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Now, experience alone can teach you, remembering to fish "fine and far off"; strike your fish at the furthest distance with most delicate tackle. Never use a larger fly-hook than No. 10, except for bass—the latter will test your skill and muscle more than any living fish of their size, not excepting the royal salmon.

The trout was one of the epicure's dainties in ancient Rome. To-day the artificial propagation of them is carried to great perfection, nearly all the States being interested in the problem of cheap fish-food. When spawning, trout, like salmon, will vault quite a high fall to attain the gravelly reaches of higher waters for this purpose. Their peculiar leap is well represented in the illustration on page 24. After being hatched out, the trout fry are placed in shallow pans, and finally distributed to wired-off spaces of running water, where, besides their natural diet of flies and larvæ, they are fed on chopped-up liver. See illustration.

The flavor of these fish is far inferior to that of their wild brethren, but, on the other hand, they are always obtainable and bring a fancy price. Trout are carefully sought after by otter, mink, and other animals besides man, in spite of which their fecundity would fill the waters but for the shameful practice of taking them on the spawning-beds, and the newer but equally disgraceful slaughter of them by pot-hunters with dynamite cartridges.

In order to be a successful trout-fisher, many years of observation and practice are required. The trout, as is generally conceded, feeds at early morning and evening, but this, like all other rules, has exceptions. I have made excursions into the "forest primeval" at the head-waters of the Connecticut River, and patiently tried fly after fly. The next day I devoted to worms, and sliver of trout-fin, a splendid bait sometimes; then I tried a bunch of deer's-tail hair with worm, another lure which they affect when they will not take anything else; then the caddis-grub; all without success. The latter you will notice has a shell of bark and tiny shells, etc., on the very edge of rivers and ponds. The grub turns to the famous may-fly. The green-drake variety of may-fly comes from a rich

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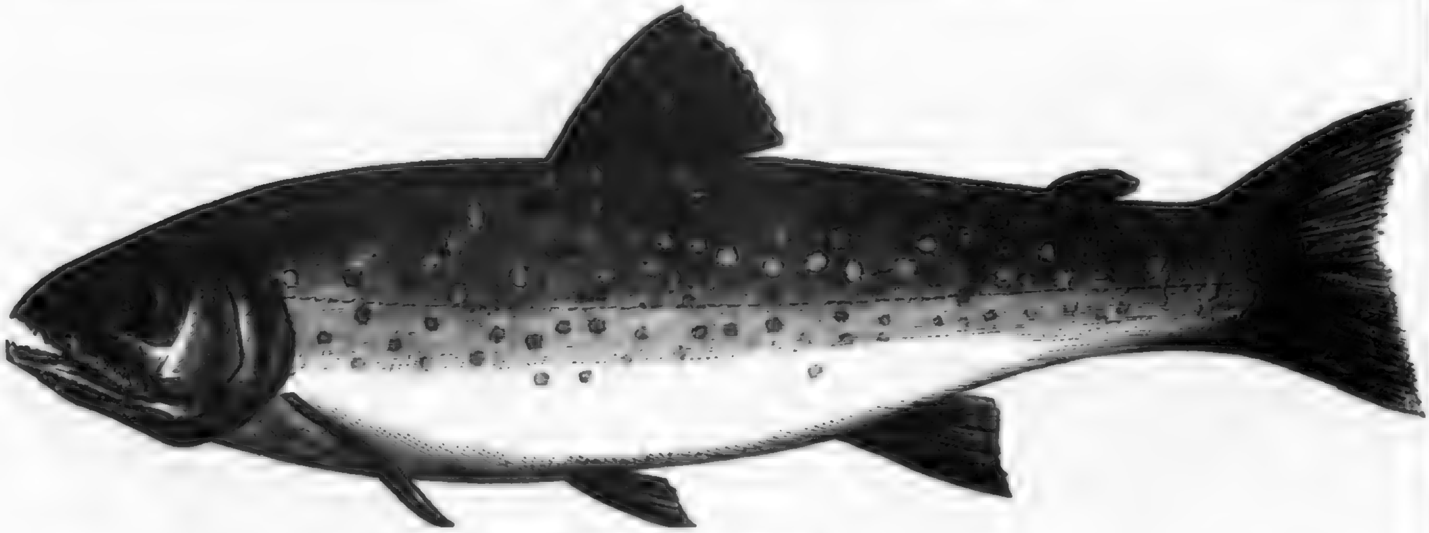
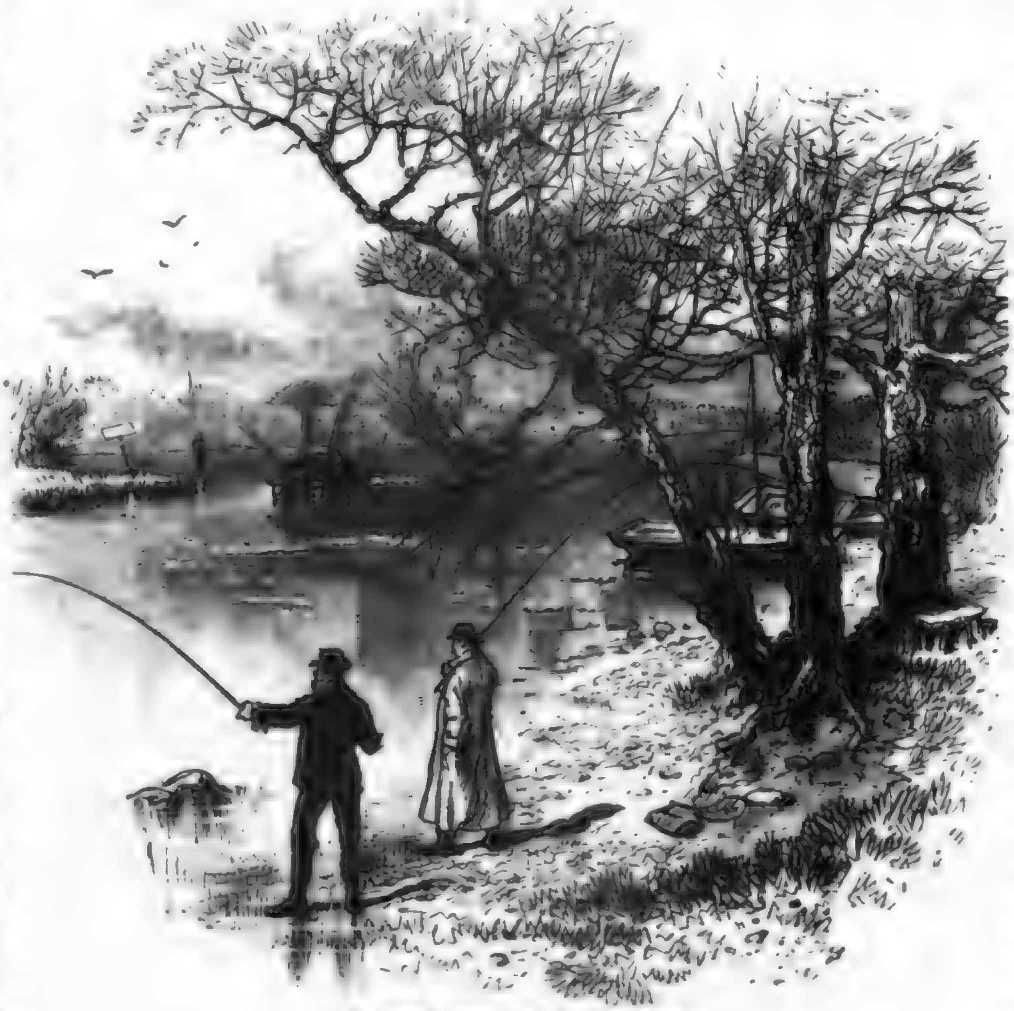


THE BROOK-TROUT.

golden-colored caddis, found only under rocks and stones in streams. These grubs in May are almost certain baits, always provided you show not yourself to the fish.

As I said, I have spent a week or more patiently essaying everything I could think of, even berries from overhanging bushes, and barely got enough for a meal—all this under favorable weather, and suddenly a feeding fit would seize the fish, and they would take anything greedily. Now, how is this? The above experience will be borne out by all trout-fishers, I am sure. Now for my humble explanation: I think the trout, after the first gorge when the ice goes out, feed at *irregular intervals*, extending over many days, and then, so to speak, fast for awhile. I remember one evening drifting in my canoe in a shallow bay of a lake. The setting sun coloring the wooded hills and distant mountains drew my attention, which was diverted by a sudden splash of fish near the canoe. I waited a moment, and another one broke water in my vicinity. I saw they were taking the may-fly, and threw one of Abbey & Imbrie's over them. A swirl at but no attempt to take it. In a few moments the bay was literally alive with trout breaking; some very large fish of five pounds leaping out of water. I caught the natural fly and tried it. I took a small trout, but not a fish of any size could I decoy.

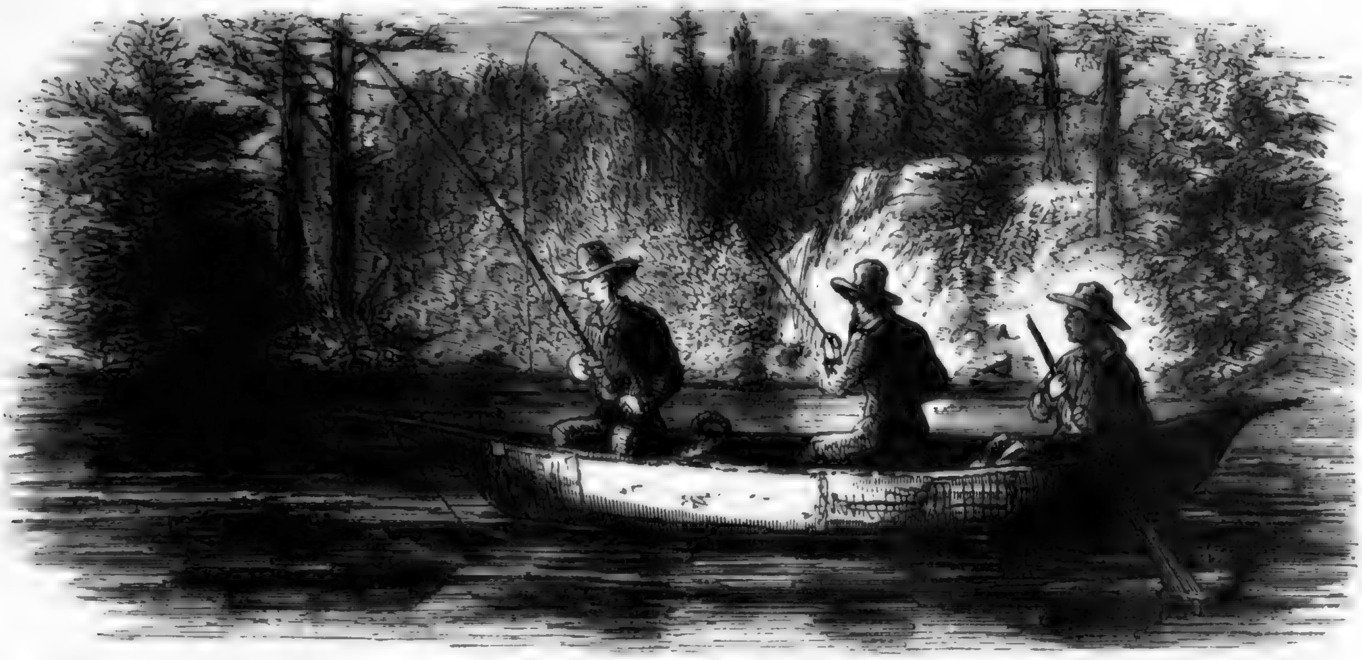


A TROUT PRESERVE, NEAR ISLIP.

Well, I was puzzled—and mad. My companion on shore was hoarse with yelling at me to let him into the canoe and share what he thought was my paradise, and I regret to say was rejoiced at my lack of luck. I pondered over the matter many a time, and one Winter's night a thought struck me, which I carried out next day, and waited patiently but feverishly to try it. It was a cork-bodied fly, and I found it successful beyond my expectations. My largest fish was nearly six pounds.

I see some one else has struck the same idea, and the may-flies, on this principle, are to be found at almost any tackle-store. Those wretched fish knew that a may-fly emerging from the chrysalis could not *sink*, and hence refused mine.

On another occasion I had a boy who was being initiated in trouting. We were crouching among some alders at the base of an old dam. Presently his pole was jerked down, and he yanked up a two-pound fish, which got hitched in the top of an alder. Notwithstanding all my advice to keep cool, he began a series of antics which landed him overhead in the pool, and drew down a portion of the clay bank with him. I got down the fish



TROUTERS IN CANADIAN WATERS.

and he scrambled out, and I was picking up the rods to adjourn to another spot; but no, he refused to move, and took another fish.

I observed that the bites occurred first in the line of muddy water; acting on this hint, we took a large string of fine fish.

This would show that they were attracted by what they supposed to be rainwater washing down grubs, etc., from the bank, and were not much alarmed by the noise of my friend's impromptu bath. On the other hand, I have been anchored at a spring-hole, and observed trout cooling off in the hole, and any slight movement of the feet at the bottom of the boat would start them off to deeper water.

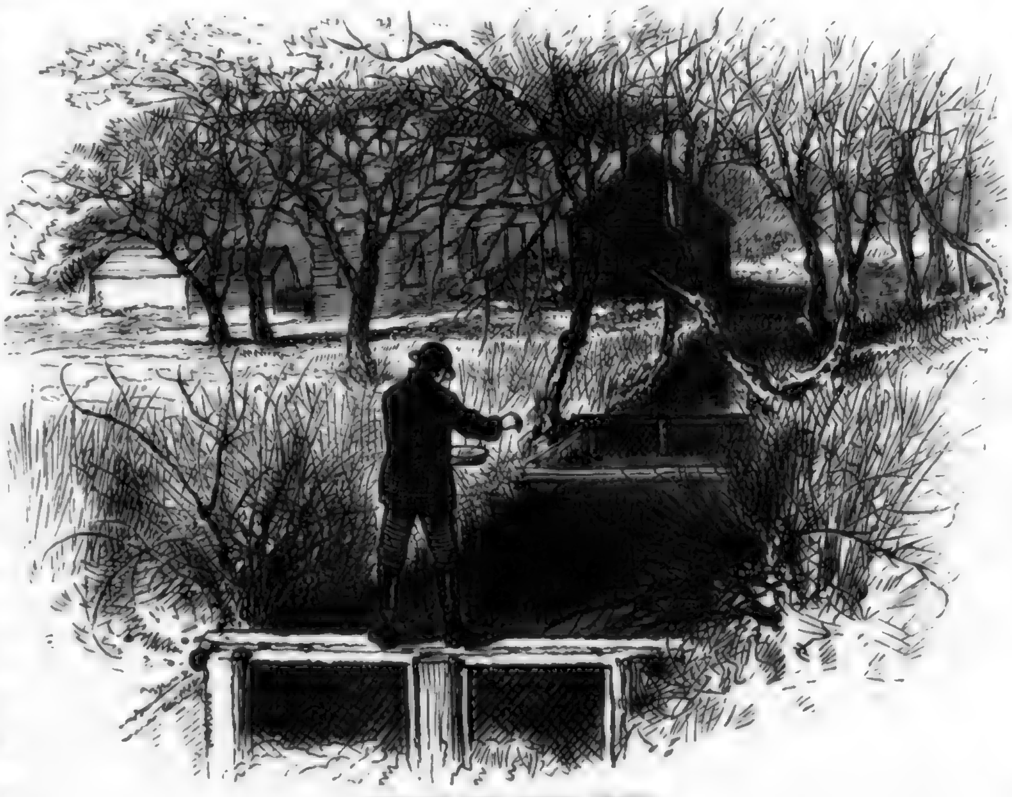
To the stranger armed with all equipments, but lacking knowledge, it is aggravating beyond measure to see a fellow taking fish apparently at leisure, while he, poor wretch, can't raise a fin. The reason is, the latter knows the spring-holes.

It is almost useless to try pond-fishing without a knowledge of these. Sometimes they may be detected by the temperature of the water, but the better plan is to sneak like a shadow round the shore of the pond on a hot, bright day, and look for fish. Wherever you see three or four brown shadows shoot out from a hole perhaps only three or four feet deep, sometimes divided from the lake by a shallow sandy bar, sit down, if within casting distance, and wait a few moments and try it. If you strike only a small fish, mark the spot *very* carefully, and approach it in a boat, taking care to paddle, not *row*, say at evening or early morning, and you will say with Squeers: "Here's richness."

The trout frequent these submarine springs to cool off and feed, but the shallow water makes them very wary, and easily frightened. Anchor, therefore, at both ends of the boat, at least thirty or forty feet away, and keep perfectly and absolutely still. If possible, remove obstructions of brush, etc., from it, or you will lose hooks and fish *ad libitum.* In river-fishing for trout, note the shelving banks and quiet eddies of pools; at morning and evening you will find them on the shallows, requiring a long line to reach them with success.

The really killing flies for trout are few in number, and may be obtained of any reliable tackle-manufacturer. If possible, obtain them on loops of sinew, being thus more lasting and easier fastened to the leader. A few good palmers, and hackles with a scarlet ibis for August, and white moth for late evening sport, are all that are needed. Observe, also, for dark days to use a bright-colored fly, and reverse for cloudy weather.

Trout are not gregarious in rivers, but they are so in ponds. If worm-fishing on a raft or



FEEDING THE YOUNG TROUT.

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bank, you will take several fish in succession, and then the shoal having passed by, you must wait for another to come along. It is not, as observed before, the actual killing propensity that constitutes the charm of fishing—it is the innocent and unconscious pleasure of being a critic of Nature's ever-changing and ever-beautiful pictures. How familiar you become with the birds—even the chattering gray kingfisher will fail to be afraid of you, and, perched on the boughs overhead, will deftly dive in and bring out a shining meal before your eyes. The watchful loon, cleaving the deep waters, will laugh to you for company. The woodcock, flushed beneath your feet, will drop ahead among the quivering ferns. And then the glorious clouds! you will never grow a weary of their stately march across the blue fields of the sky, their lustre blending the western walls and crimsoning the zenith, giving place to that

> "Pale-orbed maiden with white-fire laden,
> Whom mortals call the moon,"

whose silvery radiance will light your quiet path to camp or cozy chimney-corner, to review the memories of a happy day; and sweeter still the fact that time makes all such memories more precious and tender. Rest assured, in hours of care and struggle these memories will come to you

> "Like the benediction that follows after prayer."

FLORAL WREATHS 3,000 YEARS OLD.

Dr. George Schweinfurth has made an interesting discovery of plants in the coffin of an Egyptian princess who died about 1,100 years before the Christian era. The find comprises numerous wreaths, in which are leaves of the willow, leaves of the date-palm, corn-poppy flowers and corn flowers. The inner parts of the poppies are so wonderfully preserved that Dr. Schweinfurth declares that botanists rarely succeed in getting such perfect specimens of those fragile flowers for their herbaria, while the color—a dark brown-red—is maintained in as high degree as in the dried specimens of the present day. Pine cones which must have been employed as funeral offerings at Thebes 1,100 or 1,200 years earlier, are now to be seen in a museum at Cairo, together with a variety of seeds, grains, tubers, and fruits, which were found in the same tomb.

A BEAR FISHERMAN.

Very few people know that bears take to water naturally. They love the water not, perhaps, as well as the moose or deer, but better than most dry-land animals. They are very fond of fish and are expert fishermen. I came suddenly upon a very large bear in a thick swamp, lying upon a large hollow log across a brook, fishing, and he was so much interested in his sport that he did not notice me until I had approached very near to him, so that I could see exactly how he baited his hook and played his fish.

The ingenious animal fished in this wise: There was a large hole through the log on which he lay, and he thrust his open paw in the water and waited for the fish to gather around and into it, and when full he clutched his fist and brought up a handful of fish, and sat and ate them with great gusto; then down with the paw again, and so on. The brook was fairly alive with little trout and red-sided suckers, and some black suckers, so the old fellow let himself out on the fishes. He did not eat their heads. There was quite a pile of them on the log. I suppose the oil in his paw attracted the fish and baited them even better than a fly-hook, and his toe-nails were his hooks, and sharp ones too, and once grabbed, the fish are sure to stay.

GLOVES, PAST AND PRESENT.

The etymology of the word *glove* has puzzled the antiquarians. One of the pioneers of lexicographical literature, Minsheu, in his "Guide to the Tongues," finds the root of the word in the Belgic *gheloove*, faithfulness, because gloves were the testimony of faith, and suggests an alternative derivation in *gift-love*, since gloves were so often the gifts of lovers and the pledges of affection. Another writer thinks the word comes from old English, *gol*—the hand—and the Anglo-Saxon *ober*. Dr. Johnson quotes the Anglo-Saxon *glofe*, and the Danish *gloffure*—to cover—as probable roots. The old Norse *klauf*, and Anglo-Saxon *cliof-an*—equivalent to *cleft*—cleaving of the hand-covering into stalls for fingers—are also suggested. The Gaelic is *lamhainn*, from *lamh*—a hand. "*Dat is mein glove*"—"That is my belief," antedated the word *glove*. It was a phrase before the word *glove* was used as *hand-cover* in German. So the mediæval knight, in expressing an act which became a symbol, gave the name to the glove. The term *glofi* is common to all Scandinavian nations, and the word *glove* descends to us from that, probably, though Germans now term a glove a hand-shoe—*hand-schuh*, reminding us of the Greek *chirotheca* (hand-case).

It is rather perplexing to the wearer of seven-buttoned gloves to learn that the ante-glacial dweller in caves wore them. There is nothing new under the sun! Professor Boyd Dawkins, in his learned work on "Pre-historic Man," has found a drawing of one of these long gloves, in Duruthy Cave, on a perforated canine tooth. Evidently this glove was made of roughly-dressed skin, and sewn with elaborate needles of bone. It is an exact representation of the long glove of to-day. Why should cave-men have worn gloves? Were the ante-glacial shell-fish particularly prickly? or did the spines of the pre-historic gooseberry pierce the tender skin of the unhappy troglodyte, who, on his emergence from the mud—which seems to have been his native bath—felt nervous apprehension and physical pain as his first claims to the honors of manhood? One would think that the insensibility of the neighboring toad would have been enviable. At what time these cave-men lived is not yet decided. Perhaps they crept out of the mud 240,000 years ago, and having worn their seven-button gloves for 100,000 years, retired before a higher development, some 80,000 years ago. The author of "Early Man in Britain" may know—we do not.

The Anglo-Saxons wore gloves, as we know from the poem of Beowulf, a romance of the seventh century. Strange to say, the *men* were the *glove-wearers*, Anglo-Saxon ladies using their voluminous sleeves (sometimes with a sort of thumb-thimble) in place of gloves. The Normans, however, wore very ugly gloves, with long streamers attached to them, and over the right hand a thin gauze, or linen cloth, was wrapped, if birds were carried in the hand. From the infrequency of the glove in early Norman drawings, it is inferred it was only used by high personages.

It is supposed by many Biblical scholars that the word *shoe* should have been rendered *glove* in the famous passage, "Over Edom will I cast my *shoe*." The Hebrew rabbins are unanimous that the word here means *glove*. The Targum, a Chaldaic paraphrase of the Scripture, made perhaps in the fourth century, translates the disputed phrase "narthek yad," as the *case* or *covering* of the *right hand.*

It is unquestionable that the employment of the word *glove*, in the symbolical sense of the passage, could bear as a token of faith the testimony of antiquity better than the word *shoe.*

Gloves are not in common use amongst the Jews. Bishop Tyndal included gloves, with sandals, among the "pomp of the disguising," and the "false signs" of women, but they are not comprehended as amongst the necessary apparel of women. They seem to have been worn chiefly by men of rank, and only by them on occasions of display. They formed a part of the dress of kings, as we learn from the mural paintings at Thebes. The long-sleeved dresses of both sexes and the heat of the climate, both, probably rendered them unnecessary and unfashionable.

Xenophon speaks of the unwonted luxury of the Persians, who had umbrellas borne over them and "had coverings of hair made for their fingers and hands." Gloves were certainly known amongst the Romans, if not to the Greeks. Homer describes Laertes, the father of Ulysses, as wearing gloves to shield his hands from the thorns, and we are familiar with the ancient "knuckle-duster," worn by the Greek wrestlers, from antique sculpture and friezes.

As instruments of torture, "the gloves" are mentioned in the fourth century of the Christian era.

Among the Roman epicures, we read of those who came to table habited in gloves. It betokened a considerable degree of effeminacy.

It is probable that the Romans brought the first gloves to Britain. Custom and comfort combined to recommend gloves to the rude people in that cold country, and, as they wore shoes of untanned leather, they probably also protected the hands with gloves.

The glove-trade is under great obligations to the Church. In the year 700 Charlemagne granted to the abbot and monks of Sithin an unlimited right of hunting, for making their gloves and girdles of the skins of the deer they killed, and also for covers for their books.

But gloves had a more near connection with the Church than the industry of the monastery. They had distinctive employment in the rites and services. They were worn by the priests officiating. The laity were expected to take off their gloves in church, while ecclesiastics alone might wear them, a reversal of our modern fashions.

The symbolism of the Church did not forget the glove as gifted with hidden significance. Bruno, Bishop of Segni, says that "they are made of linen to denote that the hands they cover should be chaste, clean, and free from all impurity."

The gloves on the hands of Boniface VIII. at the time of his interment were of white silk, beautifully wrought with pearls.

Gloves are still used by Roman Catholic bishops and advertised in the lists of clerical necessaries. According to St. Charles Borromeo, a bishop's gloves should have a golden circle on the outside, and this is seen on the gloves of Bishop William of Wykeham, preserved in New College, Oxford.

Gloves were in 1416 often set with precious stones, and sufficiently valuable to be left as legacies. The jeweled gloves of St. Martial were said to have rebuked an act of sacrilege.

The gloves of Bishop Gravesend, worked with gold and enamel, were priced at five pounds, a great sum in 1310. But the sturdier Bishop Button wore thick yellow leather gloves, at ten pence a pair.

However, that love of luxury and of vestments, which then, as now, threatened to sap a certain division of the Church, led to the passing of sumptuary restrictions. The clergy "might not wear gloves," red or green or striped; "neither ring, brooch, ornamental girdle nor gloves." Monks were not to wear gloves of deerskin, but were to content themselves with gloves of sheepskin. But gloves were still made of costly material for bishops and the higher clergy, who were then adorned with jewels, in spite of sumptuary laws.

Bishop Riculfus, who died in 913, left as an important legacy a pair of gloves; and the earliest silk gloves on record were found on the hands of Thomas à Becket.

The fifteenth-century child-bishop, that poetic, partly mournful religious burlesque, was installed on the mock Episcopal throne always in gloves, "a small lytell cope for a chylde byshop," and his poor little gloves were preserved until the dissolution of the monasteries, in the reign of Henry VIII., in the Priory of St. Mary of Austin Canons.

In fact, Pugin declares that gloves may be worn with propriety by all in ecclesiastical functions who carry staves, canopies, reliquaries, candlesticks, etc., so that they soon got down from the bishops to the inferior clergy and attendants.

Scarlet gloves, embroidered with gold, were mentioned in the inventory of the Cathedral Church of the Blessed Trinity, 1552.

Gloves have ever been an appanage of royalty. They have a place in the regalia, and we read of purple gloves ornamented with pearls and precious stones, which were deemed ensigns of imperial dignities. They were so intimately connected with kingly power that monarchs were invested with authority by the delivery of a glove. Flanders was given to Philip the Fair by the delivery of a glove. The custom of blessing the glove at the coronation of a king came from the East. Mary de Medicis, the ill-used mother of Louis XIII., preserved with pious fidelity the gloves used at the coronation of her ungrateful son.

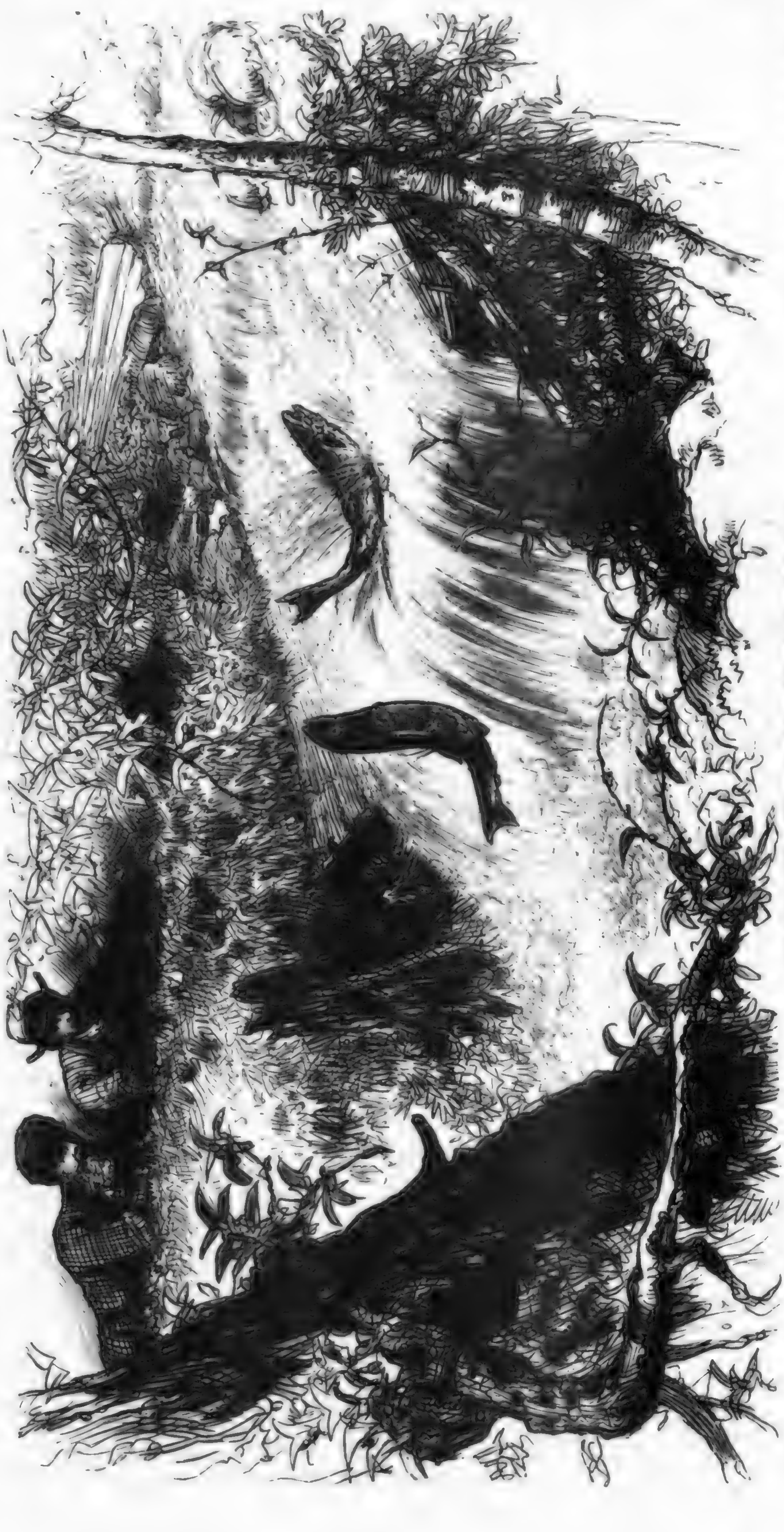
In 1284 Conrad of Hohenstaufen cast his glove amid his rebellious subjects, and begged that it might be conveyed to his relatives, who should avenge his death. It was taken up by a knight and brought to Peter, King of Aragon, who, in virtue of the same glove, was afterward crowned at Palermo. Thus a glove was taken as the actual representative of power, and the emblem of legitimate sovereignty.

From the kingly glove to the knightly glove was but a short step. The gift of a glove by the king was the pledge of the service by which land was held. The glove was the king's ambassador.

These right royal symbols are preserved for us in mediæval drawings and pictures, always white, with very wide-pointed cuffs. This peculiarly royal shape has come down to us only in the stage and the fancy dress. Kings, like bishops, were buried in gloves. For the coronation of James II. and his queen a pair of linen gloves are amongst the requisites ordered. They were used during the anointing.

From the throne to the bench, from the king to the judge, is but a step downward.

The chief remaining relic of the historic past of the judicial glove is the presentation of a pair of white gloves to the Recorder at an assizes, where "nobody has done nothing." That is, where no criminal cases appear to be tried, and the judge and jury shut up shop for lack of business.



THE BROOK-TROUT LEAPING UP THE RAPIDS.—SEE PAGE 18.

It may encourage us to remember in these days, when crime seems only too common, that formerly there were no less than 223 distinct offenses which were punishable with death. A maiden assize is not so uncommon a thing nowadays as it once was.

The gift of the Sheriff of Lincoln to Lord Campbell was "a pair of gloves, richly trimmed with Brussels lace, and embroidered with the city arms, embossed in frosted silver on the back." The gloves were sometimes given to magistrates by a grateful client "lined" with silver angels, but Sir Thomas More declined the lining, while he accepted the gloves. Gloves filled with gold were a common form of bribery. Thus the Portuguese proverb has, as expresssive of a person's integrity, "*Nao tras navas*" (He does not wear gloves). A person taking an oath on the Bible was required to unglove his hand, but this ceremony was dispensed with by one of England's judges in 1838.

In England the judge on holding the assizes is always presented with a pair of gloves, and all the officers of the court receive gloves or an equivalent in glove-money.

Gloves had further connection with legal observances in an ancient custom requiring that when the judge invited the justices to dine with him at a county assize, a glove was handed about by the clerk or crier of the court, into which every person present put a shilling, probably to defray the expenses for the dinner.

Hawking-gloves bring us to one of the most picturesque, as well as one of the most useful, of all the functions of the glove, for the sharp talons of those powerful birds must have demanded a pretty stout glove between them and the hand. In the thirteenth century ladies adopted this sport, and became soon so proficient that they surpassed their lords. This is a curious encroachment of the females on the monopoly of the males in an age which held women lightly. She was to her husband then only

> "Something better than his dog—a little dearer than his horse."

THE BROOK TROUT.—AN UNFORTUNATE TROUT-FISHER.

She could not have been as valuable as a ger-falcon, or a tercel. But there was something which attracted both knights and ladies to the pretty sport. The hawking-glove was of leather, embroidered on the cuff and lined with velvet. Hence the proverb of the "Iron hand in the velvet glove."

Gloves were used in archery; the tension of the bow and the abrasion of the skin of the forefinger by the rebound of the arrow made a covering for the hand necessary.

The gauntlet, the iron glove of the knight, is by far the most romantic and the most symbolic of all gloves. The word comes to us from the early French; from *Gant*, the hand, although Isaac Taylor, in his work on "Words and Places," would have us derive the word from Gaunt, or Ghent, in Flanders, which was an established city in the seventh century. But there is no authority for supposing that the manufacture of these warlike coverings was peculiar to Ghent. As a distinctive article of defensive dress, the gauntlet did not come into use until the thirteenth century. A mail-covered glove with a leather foundation was introduced in the reign of Edward I.

In the reign of Edward III. arose a new fashion of fastening projecting spikes of steel to the knuckles; thus the wearer was, as the proverb says, "armed at all points." The gauntlet of Edward the Black Prince now preserved in the Tower is a formidable instance. These steel points were then appropriately called *gadlyngs*, or goads.

No species of glove has ever been invented or worn which is so elaborate a piece of workmanship as was the gauntlet of 1450, and we can well believe that when it was flung on the stone floor of a council-chamber as a challenge, it rang loudly and fiercely; he was a brave knight who took it up.

The buff glove of Cromwell's troopers was protected at the wrist by a curious scalework wristlet, which was admirably arranged to break a sword-blow.

The glove in chivalry was not only a forfeit from the unskillful, but a reward of success. At a famous joust in Venice, in 1523, the prize to the victors was "forty pairs of perfumed gloves." And in a "Mery Geste of Robyn Hode," we learn that a "Bull, a courser, with saddle and bridle, a mug, and a cup of wine, and a payre of gloves," were all offered as prizes to the best wrestler that presented himself.

Perfumed gloves were brought from Italy by Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, after his long and voluntary exile, and his present of a pair of gloves with "four tuffes, or roses, of colored silk," has become a part of the history of Queen Elizabeth, who was so pleased with her sweet-smelling gloves that she was painted in them.

But the refinement of perfumed gloves had been known for three centuries in France before the days of the Virgin Queen; and in Spain the gloves were famous for the scent imparted to them, long before her day. But she introduced the effeminacy into burly England. They scented their handkerchiefs, their cuffs and their leathern jerkins (which must have needed that refinement). Cardinal Wolsey carried a sachet in the shape of an orange. This orange was filled with "perfumes, vinegar and confections, against the pestilent air," and the Cardinal used it as he went amongst the people, no doubt to avoid infection.

The fragrance imparted to Spanish gloves was of a very enduring character, and the trade in them lasted for several centuries. We see allusions to this fashion in Don Quixote, who says to Sancho Panza: "This you will not deny, Sancho, that when you were so near her your nostrils were regaled by a Sabæan odor—an aromatic fragrance, a delicious sensation for which there is no name: I mean such a scent as fills the shop of some curious glover."

Of course the luxurious Court of Charles II. used perfumed gloves, and "those trimmed and laced as fine as Nell's" were mentioned in a comedy. Louis XIV. also issued letters patent to his "marchands maîtres gantiers *parfeumeurs.*"

In Venice, where the love of dress was so conspicuous, perfumed gloves were introduced by a Dogess as early as 1071.

It is curious that in our later days of luxury, refinement and fastidious delicacy of female attire, this matter of the perfumed glove has entirely disappeared.

The sachet is, of course, a part of every lady's belonging, but her gloves are not especially perfumed—the use of strong scents has, fortunately, become unfashionable.

Gloves of chicken-skin were in vogue in the early part of the seventeenth century. These were used at night to give the hand a whiteness and delicacy now no longer the fashion. The hand of a modern English belle, used to the lawn-tennis racket and the oar, is as brown as a berry, and nearly as masculine as the hand of her brother. She does not wear gloves of chicken-skin. Thin and delicate gloves—the precursors of our Swedish gloves—were first made at Limerick; and Miss Edgeworth's beautiful story of the "Limerick Gloves" made our early readers acquainted with them. They were so thin that they could be put in a walnut-shell.

In Scotland, fine and delicate gloves were once made, and the "Glovers of Perth" were a powerful and a wealthy craft. France, however, soon swept all competitors out of the field.

It is curious feature of interest in this subject, that women were later in the field as glove-wearers than men. Perhaps they have made up for it since. It is not until the fourteenth century that "my lady's glove," destined to play such a part in the history of the world of poetry and painting and romance, was adopted, and then only by ladies of rank. Gough says that gloves were not worn by all women before the Reformation. But this is not absolutely correct, for Chaucer speaks, in his translation of the "Romaunt of the Rose," of *Idleness*:

> "And for to keep her hands fayre
> Of gloves white she had a pair."

In the "Romance of Syr Degore and the Fierce Dragon," a fourteenth-century metrical fiction, a pair of gloves is made the pivot of the plot—a lady's gloves, which, like Cinderella's slipper, would fit no one but the owner.

The ladies of the Court of Catherine de Medicis carried their gloves in their hands, or tucked them under their girdles. In the eighteenth century we find frequent mention of knitted gloves as articles of luxury. Knitted gloves of silk were worn in France during the reign of Henry III., and amongst the gifts to Queen Mary on New Year's Day, 1536, were "two peire of working-gloves of silke, knit." These were a present from a loyal lady, the Lady Grey; probably of her own handiwork.

To what purpose a queen should need a pair of "working-gloves" is a problem for the antiquary.

We illustrate two gloves of Mary Queen of Scots. Of one of these, preserved in the Saffron Walden Museum, it is said: "This curiously embroidered glove was presented by the unfortunate queen, on the morning of her execution, to a gentleman of the Dayrell family, who was in attendance upon her at Fotheringay Castle on that occasion, February 8th, 1587. It is the property of Francis Dayrell, Esquire, of Camps. The glove is made of a light, cool, buff-colored leather, the elaborate embroidery on the gauntlet being worked with silver wire and silk of various colors. The roses are of pale and dark blue, and two shades of very pale crimson; the foliage represents trees, and is composed of two shades of æsthetic green. A bird in flight, with a long tail, figures conspicuously among the work. It should be here mentioned that the embroidery shown in the drawing is repeated in *fac simile* on the other side of the glove, and this, having been lying against the lining of the glass case, has retained the color better than the side which has been so many years exposed to the light. That part of the glove which forms the gauntlet is lined with crimson satin (which is as fresh and bright as the day it was made), a narrow band being turned outward as a binding to the gauntlet, on to which is sewn the gold fringe or lace, on the points of which are fastened groups of small pendant steel or silver spangles. The opening at the side of the gauntlet is connected by two broad bands of crimson silk, faded now almost to a pale pink color, and each band is decorated with pieces of tarnished silver lace on each side."

There seems to be no doubt of the authenticity of this relic, which has been treasured for generations past by the Dayrell family.

The embroidered gloves for women of the sixteenth century are very beautiful, made of the gauntlet shape, and richly embroidered on the cuff. They were made of *cheveril leather;* so it was said of a man, "He hath a cheveril conscience"—one that will *stretch* easily. Cheveril was made of parchment, by use of alum and white of eggs. Of course the goatskin was the foundation, as the name, *chèvre*—French for goat—would denote.

The magnificent embroidery on these gloves (illustrated in our article) can scarcely be appreciated from a colorless print. Every flower, every butterfly, every goldfinch is rendered in natural coloring with the fidelity of a painting. The work is done in fine silk and gold thread and raised work, and both are in fine preservation. These specimen gloves are in the possession of Rev. Walter Sneyd. There are others at South Kensington Museum. The glove is nearly thirteen inches in total length. The whole cuff, four and a half inches in depth, is lined with crimson silk, and the side bands of cloth-of-gold ribbon, edged with gold fringe, were probably attached to the glove to confine the wide sleeve.

Miss Frances Benson owns a pair of Shakespeare gloves, and Mr. Furniss, of Philadelphia, is the happy possessor of another pair, given him by Mrs. Fanny Kemble.

Those owned by Miss Benson are real *workaday* gloves, and had seen much wear. Made of substantial leather, they are not destitute of ornament. The scroll-stitching on the knuckles has been of red and gold. The ribbon marking the cuff is of yellow silk, and that on the lower edge, of crimson, with a yellow fringe. The cuff is of double leather, with a pattern pinked in the upper skin, and is all of one piece, as hereafter gloves were apt to be, the gauntlet cuff going out of fashion.

We even find the peddlers selling gloves, a sure sign that they had become common articles of wear.

In the luxurious Stuart period sleeves receded and gloves advanced up the arm for women, and as to-day, when the sleeves become a mere puff, the glove goes up the arm after them. Dress is usually a matter of development, and it almost invariably happens that these two parts of it are in direct relationship to each other. The gloves of the gay Cavaliers were of white leather, with wide cuffs, overloaded with ornament, with often broad ruffles of black lace and heavy fringe, as became the antipodes of Puritan plainness.

In 1624 Sir John Francklyn paid ten shillings for "two pare of thick gloves," not dear for to-day even.

A lady's glove preserved in the Ashmolean Museum is of 1601, of elaborate embroidery, trimmed with costly lace. In the "Century of Inventions" we find gloves invented to carry on a secret correspondence, as "a glove with knotted silk strings," "a glove pinked with an alphabet"; also for the not too noble purpose of cheating at cards. While the fringed gloves of Charles II. kept their place as proper for men all through the first half of the eighteenth century, women were gradually coming to the plain, close-fitting and becoming long glove of to-day, as being more appropriate to the size and shape of arm and hand.

It is curious, that to the luxurious Prince of Wales do we owe a custom which has been a good thing for the purses of young men of fashion. We refer to the gloveless hand—the freak of going to balls without gloves. For ten years this unwritten sumptuary law has held its place. Now gloves seem to be coming back again in the realm of dudeism.

Of the material used for glove-making we find a very decided limit, only cloth, thread, cotton, woolen and silk, and kid, goatskin and ratskin. Kid gloves are the best, the most expensive, and far more rare than people think. The majority of gloves sold as kid gloves are made of lambskin; those known as doe, buck or dogskin are from the skins of sheep and calves. France, where the kid culture is carried on to the greatest perfection, brings up its kids in coops, etc. The little animals are fed with milk only, for fear that coarser food would be detrimental to their skins. France has always led the world in the thinness and perfection of gloveskins, and in the perfection of the manufacture of the most perfect fitting of all hand-coverings. The glovers of France formed themselves into a company as early as 1190, when they were under a rule of a settled code of statutes. These laws were confirmed by the kings of France, and were renewed and enlarged under Louis XIV. The patron saint is St. Anne (the mother of the Virgin Mary). She was a knitter of gloves, and her memory is held in high regard by all good glovers. Until a recent date her festal day was held in great respect, and observed with solemnity all over France, especially at Grenoble.

Our forefathers wore gloves of dogskin, chamois, of leather, silk, thread, cotton, worsted, sateen-jean, and other coarse fabrics. Nothing so nice or so cheap as the gloves now at hand for the poor. Gloves have been made from nettles. Antiseptic gloves are used by quasi medical men to guard against infection and to cure diseases. A pair of gloves has been woven from spider's web.

Now to come to gloves in their romantic uses. As pledges and favors they have been brought down to us in the pages of Scott and Shakespeare, the whole history of chivalry and the whole chapter of love-making is put into the compass of a glove. The "Fair Maid of Perth" is a history of glove-making, and a noble tribute to the glove. Shakespeare's father was a glove-maker, and the greatest of poets not only gives to Juliet's glove great honor, but he refers to the implements of the trade often and again.

"A glove on the point of a spear is a sign and pledge of faith the whole world over, as a gauntlet flung down is a gage of battle," says the sturdy Simon Glover.

Fairs were set up by virtue of the king's glove. In "Timon of Athens" the Senators ask a glove from Alcibiades before their submission.

It was "truly the sign of irrefragable faith." They were sworn upon as if they were relics or holy things.

The only historical fact which has left a stain upon the glove is this fearful story, that on the occasion of the marriage of the King of Navarre, the Queen Dowager was persuaded to come to Paris by the embassage of a pair of gloves, and then on the morning of the ceremony was done to death by poisoned gloves, sent to her by René, the court perfumer, her assassination being the prelude to the infamous massacre of St. Bartholomew. Even the Borgias respected the glove, and hesitated to convey poison by its means. Honor and good faith have almost always been "hand and glove," even with rascals. The covering of the most active member of the body has been held sacred. To deprive a knight of his gloves was a part of the ceremony of degradation. As they had been part of the symbol of investiture, the taking away of the gloves often affected these brave men to "loud weeping and to great sorrow." And as an instance of restitution, an unjust landlord laid his glove on the earth.

Gloves are no longer used as gages. The gauntlet is not thrown down, save in a metaphor. But the glove can never die out of poetry. Whether it is the old-fashioned poesy which our grandmothers wrought on their glove-boxes—

> "If from the word Glove you take the letter G,
> There will be Love, which I send to thee!"

up to Browning's beautiful—

> "Over the rails a glove fluttered,
> Fell close to the lion, and rested:
> The dame 'twas, who flung it and jested
> With life so, De Lorge had been wooing
> For months past," etc., etc.

The old story of the knight leaping down to the lion, then flinging the glove in her face, as she deserved.

We might begin with the "Æneid," and quote down to Longfellow, before we should end the long record of the glove in poetry.

To bite the glove was a sign of hostility, and the sure prelude to a quarrel.

Gloves as gifts followed the "kiss of peace," which, as the world grew wicked, became too intimate and too dangerous a method of greeting.

Anglo-Saxon men have never taken kindly to kissing each other. It was better to offer and to take the right hand. New Year's Day was ever a great glove-day. The queen sent a pair of gloves to the king, and the members of a family presented them to each other. Kings and queens are expected to return some reward to givers of

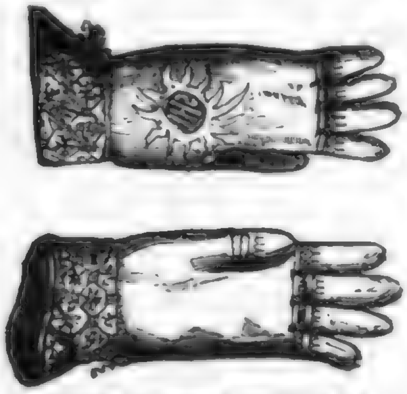
XUM

gifts, but Dr. Drake says of Queen Elizabeth that she took sufficient care to have the balance in her favor. So her gift-money, gift-gloves, glove-money, glove-silver, are all cheerfully noted in her account-books.

Gloves were made in some sort Easter dues, and held their own in the relaxation and joy of Christmas-tide. Tusser also says:

> "In May get a weede-hook, a crotch and a glove,
> And weede out such weedes as the corn does not love."

A tribute (not intended by the poet) to the slovenly farming of that day, when the thistles crowded the corn so closely that gloves of thick leather like dannock or hedging gloves were used by farm-laborers.


GLOVES OF BISHOP WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

Chambers says, "It is not safe to enter the stable of princes without pulling off the gloves." This was an ancient custom established in Germany that whoever enters the stable of a prince or great man must forfeit his gloves to the servants.

The same ceremony was observed at the death of the stag. And ladies who have the hardihood to kiss a sleeping man are, according to the "Fair Maid of Perth," to win a pair of gloves.

> "For custom says, 'Whoe'er this venture proves,
> Shall for her pains demand a pair of gloves.'"

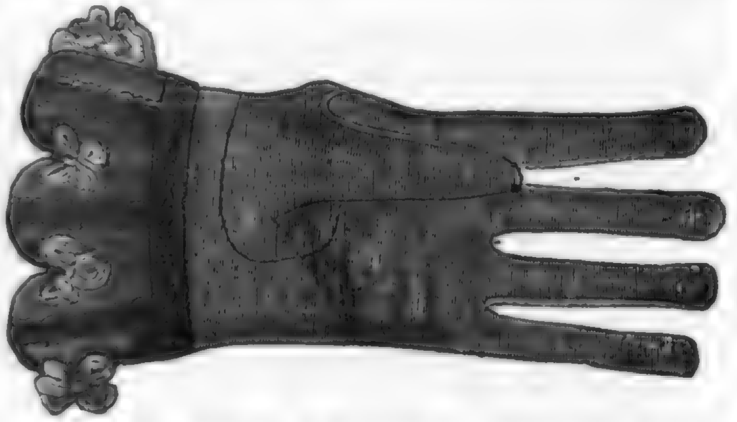
A very ancient association of glove-giving is "the innocent white wedding-gloves." Rare Ben Jonson alludes to them in the "Silent Woman." The Clown in the "Winter's Tale" says, "Being inthralled as I am, I will also be the bondage of certain gloves."

A poetical description of a trades' procession in the eighteenth century has it thus:

> "Next march the glovers, who with nicest care
> Provide white kid for the new-married pair,
> Or nicely stitch the lemon-colored glove
> For hand of beau to go and see his love."

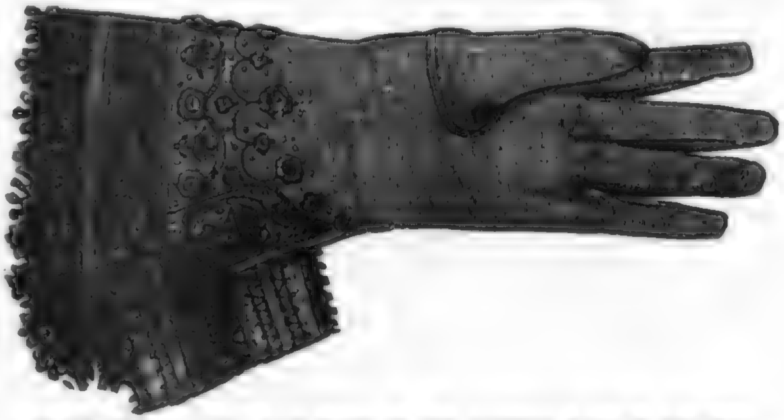
The gloves and gaiters given at a great wedding in 1604 in London cost "neare a thousand poundes."

Gloves were given at betrothals by the lover to his mistress as a token of goodwill amongst relatives, and


GLOVE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM.

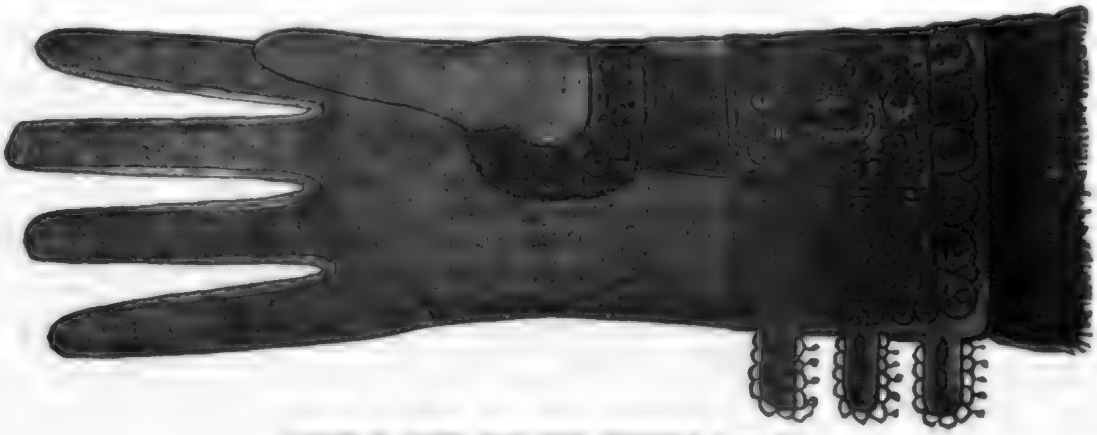
around them cluster a number of superstitions. The left-hand glove was considered an unlucky gift. The maid who accepted gloves and did not keep her contract would meet with misfortune, etc.

Clergymen officiating at weddings once shared with the guests the lavish gifts of gloves. It is now rare for a clergyman to exact the toll he was once expected to take from the lips of the bride, nor does he look for the fee of the gloves. He is content with filthy lucre. A white glove was borne before the coffin of a dead maiden, and was hung amid garlands in the church, as a memento to her, over her vacant seat if possible.

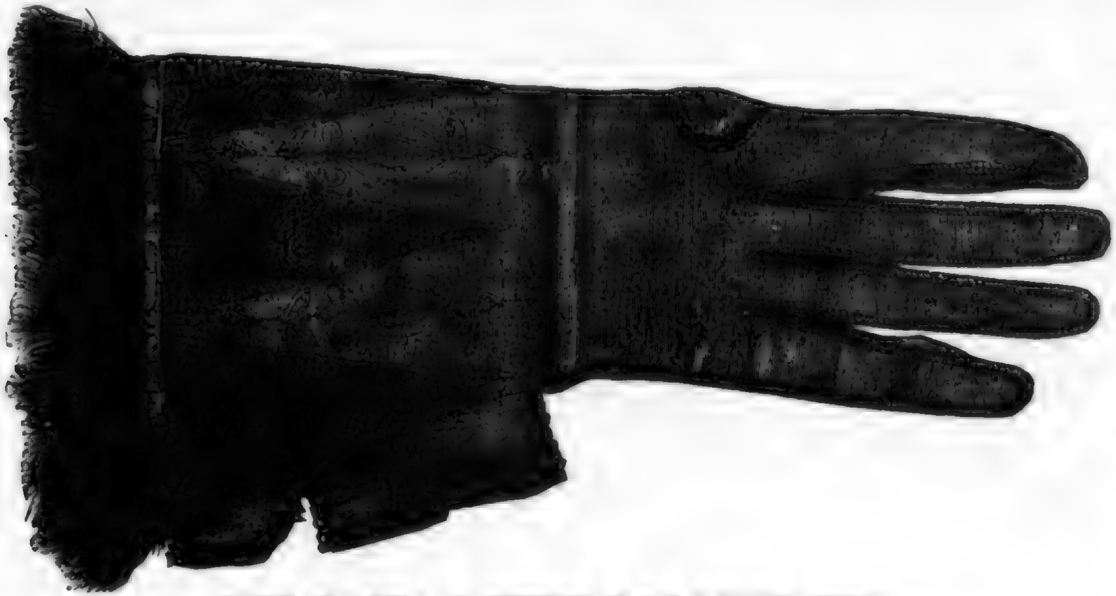

GLOVE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS IN THE SAFFRON WALDEN MUSEUM.

It is curious that the only relic of the practice of official glove-giving which remains to us is the custom of giving black gloves at funerals to the pall-bearers.

In giving away gloves, the Universities had no rivals but each other. Oriel College gave a pair of gloves to the Bishop of Lincoln in 1451, and we find the custom prevailing until 1616, "When the King being at Woodstock, the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford and the heads of the University went to do their obedience, and gave him and certain of the nobles very rich gloves."


GLOVES OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

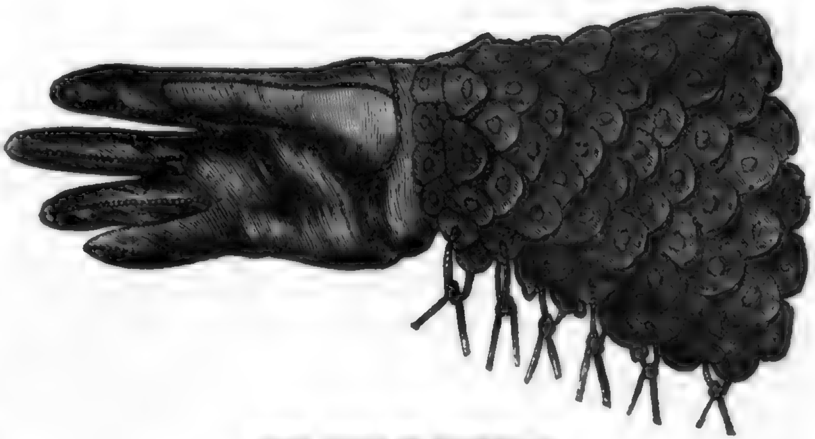
Gloves, as favors, began with the troubadours, and all the Courts of Love went into the subject. After infinite nonsense, the metaphysical aspect of devotion died away, and a wholesome change set in; all the fantastical ornament with which feeling had been overlaid was swept into the gulf of oblivion, and



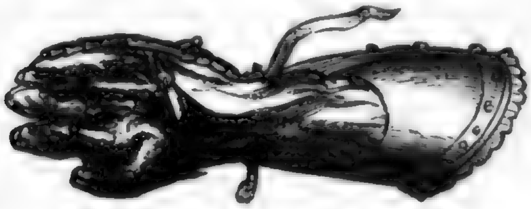
GLOVES OF JAMES I., IN POSSESSION OF R. W. J. FULLER RUSSELL.

gloves became the emblem of the better, newer and purer worship of women. The glove was the heart of honor. The knight bore it in front of his helmet. It was a constant spur to exertion, an incentive to doughty deeds.

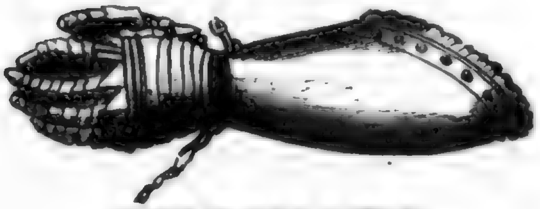
It is in the sixteenth century that we first hear of gloves as being worn by plumed knights as favors, but the glove had been growing into its proud position for at least a century. In Shakespeare's most popular tale of the Middle Ages, "Troilus and Cressida," Cressida takes a glove to Troilus, and a sleeve from him, as a favor and a gage.



BUFF GLOVE OF SCALEWORK.

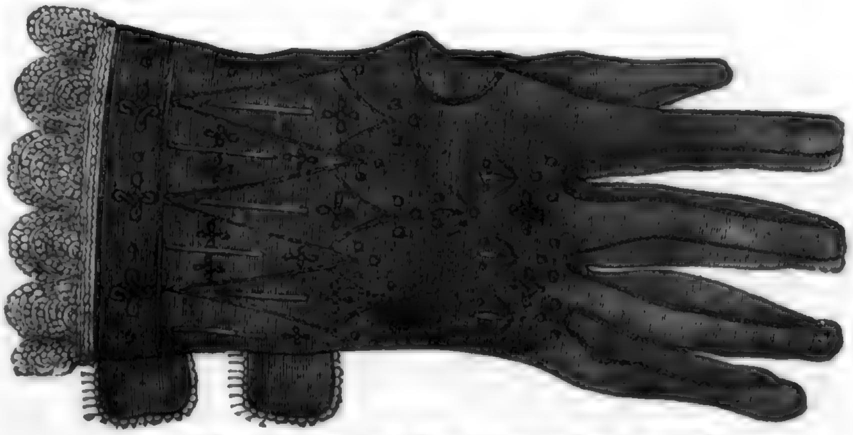


INSIDE OF LONG OR ELBOW GAUNTLET.



OUTSIDE OF ELBOW GAUNTLET.

Finally, the too universal adoption of gloves as favors led to the ruin of the custom. The glory of gloves has departed. They no longer stand as the outward and visible sign of faith in woman, or the touchstone of honor in man. They survive in proverbs, as, "Cats that go a-ratting don't wear gloves," "Handling him without gloves," "Throwing down the gauntlet," "He cuts his glove to show his pride"—*i. e.* his rings—etc., etc.; but alas! now all the world wears a glove of tanned Swedish leather, than which nothing can be plainer, and the long elbow gauntlet of Hugh the Valiant, King of Cyprus; the close gauntlet of Henry VIII., the perfumed glove of Catherine de Medicis, the exquisitely embroidered glove of Henrietta Maria, have all given way before the sewing-machine. The entire subjugation of gloves to mechanic power has been effected, and the general commonplace of the nineteenth century affects even them. Strange that in an age in which the shoe and the slipper return to the luxury of the past, when female dress is so elaborately luxurious, we do not revive the embroidered glove.



LADY'S GLOVE, TIME OF JAMES I., ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM.

Any one desiring to gain a knowledge of the English glove manufacture, so prominent an industry about Worcester, can find an account of the technicality of glove-making in Mr. Henry Wood's novel of "Mrs. Haliburton's Troubles," a modern *pendant*, though less romantic in its tone, to the "Fair Maid of Perth," as a glove novel.

Excepting for mittens and woven and knitted gloves, America, as yet, depends, to a very great extent, on England and France for its gloves and hand-coverings of all sorts, though Gloversville, New York, with all its inhabitants, is devoted to the manufacture of hand-coverings, and kid-gloves are produced at a protectory near New York.

WOOD SORREL.

My dearest love, thy flower's a-bloom
Once more. I've gathered it to-day
As thro' the tender forest gloom
I took my lonely way.

Half hid 'neath sprays of bramble vine,
The fragile blossoms light the place,
As once those sad, sweet eyes of thine
Lit up a flower-like face.

The self-same charm to thee—to them,
Hath by a word of God been given,
The opal shimmering diadem
Thou wearest now in heaven.

Ah, loved and lost! unequaled maid!
Green are the leaves of fond regret,
By thy lone lover sadly laid
In Spring's gay carcanet.

Thy spirit surely haunts the path
Where I in retrospective mood
Seek the solace memory hath,
The bliss of quietude.

Thy footfall light precedes me still,
As sun or shadow falls on grass,
Some potent grace intangible,
O'er me, from thee, doth pass.

And, bending o'er the faint veined flower—
Thine eidolon—on slender stalk,
Again I keep love's trysting hour,
And catch thy low-toned talk.

Mine yet, in some sweet subtle sense,
In stillness, where no rude note jars,
Where Amaranth blooms, and Innocence.
And Sorrel's silver stars.

THE PINES.

By Phillip Bourke Marston.

"The Pines"—so called because it stood in the midst of a small pine-wood—was a long, low-built, melancholy-looking house. The large garden which surrounded it had run to waste, for the house had long been unoccupied. At length it found a tenant in a Mr. Malcom Dunmore, from London.

Between the house and its new tenant there seemed a curious affinity. He might have been anywhere from thirty to forty. His handsome face was the face of one who had passed through keen mental and bodily suffering. The eyes shone with feverish brightness. No one could see him without pitying him for the trouble of which they knew not the story.

This was what the trouble had been: When Dunmore was quite a young man, he fell in love with a Miss Edith Henson. Without being strictly beautiful, Miss Henson's appearance was attractive, and she had, moreover, a subtle, magnetic charm of manner, which was far more enthralling than any amount of regular beauty. She was an orphan, and lived in London with an aunt.

The Hensons were of what the novelists describe as a very old but impoverished family, and when Dunmore, who had a good position, a fair fortune, and even a modest estate in the country, offered himself as a suitor for Miss Edith's hand, both aunt and niece thought it quite expedient to accept the proposal.

Miss Henson had a very good capacity for simulating emotion—it was a part of that magnetic temperament of hers—and, as she really liked Dunmore better than any man she had yet seen, she found no difficulty in satisfying him. Her feelings were all kindly when nothing interfered with her pleasure or her interest, and her lover was constantly ministering to both.

About a month before the time which had been fixed for their marriage, business called Dunmore into the country. It was just then the height of the London season, and Miss Henson was fluttering her butterfly wings among such of its pleasures as were open to her.

One delicious June night Dunmore returned. He drove at once to the Hensons'. He was told that the ladies had left the house two days before, and the servants were unable to say where they had gone.

There was a letter for him, however, and, as he took it, the perfume Miss Henson used breathed from it something of the intoxication he found in her presence. It was a brief letter, and eminently to the point:

> "Dear Malcom—When you have read this you will be dreadfully angry with me, and I suppose I can scarcely expect that you will forgive me until you fall in love with some one else, which, no doubt, will happen speedily. I have failed to keep faith with you, and I have no defense to make. While you were away a man of great wealth and brilliant social position laid his fortune and his title at my feet. I accepted them. It was not in my nature to resist such a temptation. I left home because I could not bear a scene with you. When you read this I shall be married and far away. I don't think you need suffer much from jealousy, for my husband is twice your own age. I do most earnestly hope that you may speedily find consolation, and some time, I trust, you will be able to forgive and forget me. Edith."

How that night wore through, Malcom Dunmore could never recall. It passed like a horrible nightmare. Before such a trouble some men fall at once, overthrown and vanquished. It was not so with Dunmore. He could not become indifferent to the woman who had so wronged him; but he sought to conquer and efface her memory by the use of stimulants and opiates.

His struggles to forget her were in vain. Her eyes haunted him. The mocking sweetness of her voice stole to his ears in all sorts of strange places, and woke him from his heavy sleep when he had been drinking the most deeply.

At length his health gave way under the constant strain he put upon it; for weeks his life was despaired of. But, when it came to the point, Death would have none of him, and he was beaten back upon the hopeless shore of Life.

With convalescence there came to him a feeling of disgust at his own dissipation and recklessness, and he resolved to try if he could find healing in the ministry of nature. Desiring to be where no one would know him, he avoided his own place, and, searching the country, came upon The Pines, which, from its isolated position, attracted him as a retreat where he could for a season bury himself alive.

He soon, however, found that he had made a mistake. Nature was powerless to comfort him.

The moan of the wind through the pine-trees had in it for him a subtle terror. As one starts in some evil dream, so he started at the cry of a pheasant or the beat of wings. In the solitude of the country he felt something as a child might, shut in a vault where the dead lie.

For a week he tried this life in the midst of the solemn stillness, and then came to the conclusion that he must abandon it and plunge again into the old baneful excitements, if he would not go mad.

He came to this conclusion sitting by a bright fire, one gray, windless October twilight—a twilight without memory of sun or hope of star.

He sighed heavily, for the thought of the old life sickened him. It was a long, easy-going, Old World kind of room in which he was sitting, with deep window-recesses where one could stow oneself away comfortably. The firelight glinted pleasantly on the old oak panels and on the solid old furniture.

Dunmore was thinking, with his face bowed in his hands, of what his life had been, of what it might have been, and of what it henceforth must be.

Suddenly he heard a door open and shut very gently. Then he heard, coming nearer and nearer, till it ceased beside him, a sound which resembled, more than anything else, the sound of a soft wind going through the trees in Summer, when their leaves are most abundant. A sense not of fear, but of awe, grew upon him, and there seemed a spell on him that he could not raise his eyes.

Then a voice, which seemed to him to come at once from near at hand and from very far away, spoke to him :

"Are you frightened, that you will not look at me ? I am here to save, not to harm you. Oh, I have waited for you so long !"

Then strength was given him to raise his eyes, and he beheld, kneeling at his right hand, what seemed a beautiful woman, clothed all in white.

She had a clear, pale face. The expression of the mouth was sweet and grave. The eyes were gray, compassionate and tender. Her long golden hair hung all about her. In the bosom of her dress she had a rose.

He looked at her, kneeling there in her pale, stainless beauty, and a sense came to him of something mysterious, unutterable, not of our world. He put forth his hand, and touched the strange white petals of the rose of death upon her bosom.

"That rose," he said, "never grew in mortal garden."

"No," she answered, simply. "It came from a garden in my own land."

"And why have you left your land ?"

"I was permitted to come," she said—"to try and comfort you."

Then she was silent, and silently laid her hand on his, and it seemed to him that something went on within him like the resurrection of his soul. He thought that thus might the earth feel when it knows that the Spring has come.

Yielding to some mystic spell, he rose, and she drew him to one of the deep window-recesses, where she seated herself. He knelt at her feet and buried his head in her lap.

Then, for a supreme moment, he felt her hand stir his hair and touch his forehead. Then he felt in his own eyes the rush of tears—not tears like molten fire, such as he had wept in his days of anguish, but the tender tears that heal and save.

He wept, but there was no pain in his weeping, and his fair, strange guest leaned over him, and all her golden hair fell about his face.

When they had thus sat in silence till he was eased of his weeping, she touched his eyes with her cool, sweet lips, and said in that voice soft as a sigh :

"I must go now, dear ; but I will come again to-morrow, and every time that I come I shall be able to stay longer." And then, as if to herself, "I have waited for you so long—so very long !"

Kissing her dress and her hands, he cried :

"You will surely come ?"

"Yes, I will come ; have no fear."

And then he felt her pass from him, and knew that he was alone, and a wind rose outside and a rain fell.

Thankful and humbled, yet weak withal, Dunmore laid down to sleep that night, feeling that to his soul some blessed, undeserved healing and purification had come. When he awoke in the morning it seemed to him that he was re-created.

November came with long, lonesome rains—December with short, unquiet days—the still cold of January, and the lengthening February days that brought the year on toward the Spring. And night after night came the fair, strange guest who had brought him healing. He worshiped her as the devotee worships his saint. It was no love of the earth that he gave her. Sometimes it seemed to him that she *was* his own soul, disembodied and made holy, she was so at one with him. One wild March night he was kneeling at her feet, and suddenly a thought shook him with a sudden and awful dread. What would life be to him if she forsook him—she who had restored him to himself, and reconciled him again with nature ? Kissing her hands, he cried :

"Promise me that you will never forsake me. While I see you daily, I am saved. Promise."

"Never, while you are constant to me," said the low, sad voice.

"But shall I not be constant to you ? Whom have I in all this empty world but you—you who have saved me ? *Will* anything, *can* anything, ever part us ?"

"It is not given me to see," she answered him, and it seemed to him that the shadow of an immortal sorrow darkened her gentle eyes. "I may not know. I know only that should you go back into your old life, should you forsake me for any of the old temptations, I shall be judged to have failed in my mission ; and we shall be parted for ever."

"But while I am faithful you will *not* forsake me ?"

"Never." And there was something in her face which made him know that she loved him as only the immortals love.

April went by and May came, with soft, brooding skies, and nightingales singing themselves mad in the throbbing nights. In May a summons called Dunmore to town on important business. He was to be gone for two days.

In London he met an old friend, who insisted on taking him home that night to a large reception. For nearly a year had Dunmore been absent, alike from the fashionable gatherings, to which he had been well known of old, and from the wilder spirits whose boon companion and leader he had been.

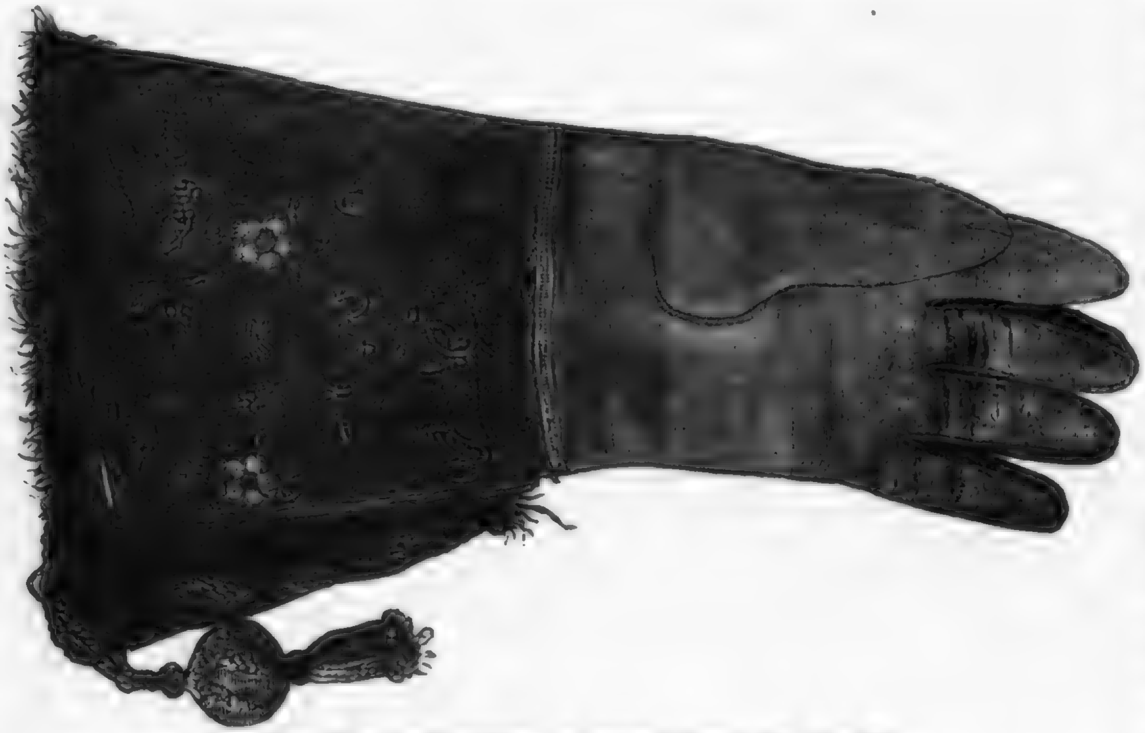
Naturally, his reappearance in the old circles was an event, and his reception was almost an ovation. He was going through the customary small-talk to the customary young lady with roses in her hair when suddenly every sense thrilled. He started and turned white ; and some one heard from him a sort of stifled cry—

"My God, is she here ?"

He had not heard her voice or seen her face ; but he had become aware of the perfume that was always associated in his mind with Edith Henson. He would have turned and fled, but it was too late. In an instant the perfume was beside him, and his host was saying :

"Dunmore, you remember Lady Rockburn ?"

He turned, and faced the Edith Henson of old, more beautiful in her regal womanhood than she had ever been as a girl.



GLOVES, PAST AND PRESENT.—HAWKING GLOVE.—SEE PAGE 22.

"After many days!" she said, holding out her hand.

As he took it in his he felt recur within him the old delicious excitement which her touch had always awakened in him.

"I never thought we should meet again!" he managed to say.

"*I* knew we should," she answered, quietly. "I have been dreading it. You are, somehow, changed; yet you look well. Some one told me you had been ill."

"Yes, I was very near to death."

"But now?"

"Now I am, as you say, well."

The night was intensely hot. The French windows of the room led into the garden. They were wide open.

"I am feeling faint," she said. "Would you mind taking me into the garden?"

In another minute they were in the open air. They sat down together in a remote corner of the garden, under the sheltering branches of a great tree. From the house came the sound of dance-music.

"I knew we must meet some time," she began, as if speaking to herself. "I used to wonder how it would be. Somehow, I never thought it would come like this. Won't you speak to me?"

"I am not good at small-talk," he answered. "What would you have me say?"

"Say," she whispered, coming so near him that her flower-scented hair almost touched his face—"say the only words that can comfort me. Tell me that you forgive me!"

"If you had written to ask my forgiveness yesterday," he answered, rising and standing before her, "you should have had it freely, for yesterday I was at rest. Now I have seen you, and the old fire of longing burns in me as fiercely as ever. No, I *cannot* forgive you."

He did not see it, for the moon was low, but her mouth quivered with soft, cruel, triumphant laughter.

"Ah," she answered, very gently, "you *will* forgive me in time, because I am so unhappy. Will you not come and see me to-morrow? I shall be quite alone."

"Yes. Never fear but I shall come. You have made me mad again, and I shall behave like any other madman."

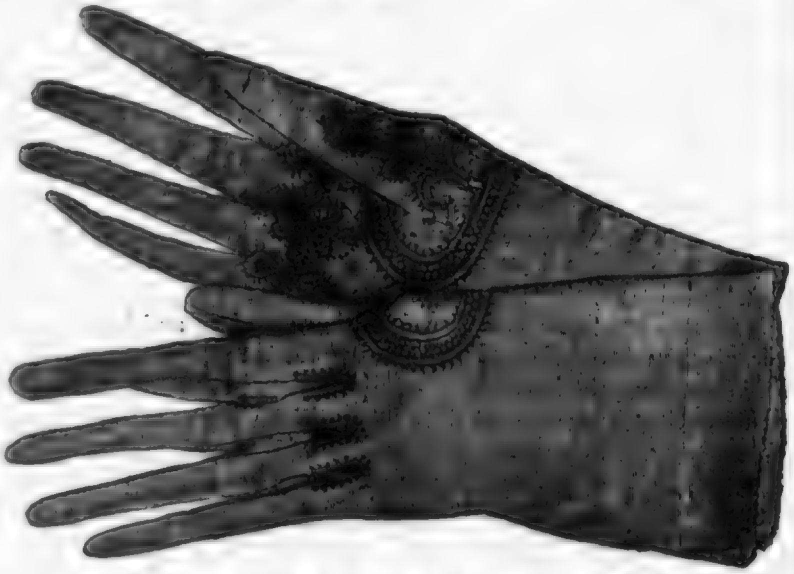
Then Lady Rockburn shivered. She found the night air chill, after all, and she would go back into the house. Soon after she went home.

As for Dunmore, he went hither and thither like one distracted. Instead of returning to his hotel, he walked desperately about the streets. He will never forget that night. Every detail of it was branded terribly upon his recollection.

There was something strange and ghastly in his return to a kind of life which he imagined he had done with for ever. It was as if an actor, turned monk, should quit his cell, should leave the holy raptures of renunciation, and find himself again on the old stage, before the footlights, and in his blood, keener than ever, the old tormenting craving for triumph. Yes, this was the very London he knew so well of old.

The past months at The Pines were vague to him as a dream. The Presence that had brought him healing, and grown to seem intimate to him as his own soul, had almost faded from his memory, as the visions of sleep fade when one awakes to the full light of day. Yet all the same there was an inner sense in him, subtler than thought or memory, that there was something he ought not to forget—something to which he was unfaithful.

But he resolutely turned his back on the peace which he but last week had held so dear. This London of old—this was the place for him. Here was life. He noticed the familiar sights—a woman crouching in a doorway, as if forsaken of God and man; a doctor's carriage waiting the night through before a house in a street covered thickly with tan.



LADY'S GLOVES OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.—FROM A PAIR POSSESSED BY REV. W. SNEYD.

THE PINES.—"HE RUSHED FROM THE HOUSE, AND SANK UPON THE GROUND."

Was it to see life in, or to watch it out, that the doctor waited? No matter! Soon the man's own turn will come, and it will be "Physician heal thyself." And Dunmore laughed grimly, as if Death were a phantom pursuing all men, and he alone were out of the chase.

When morning dawned he returned to his hotel exhausted, and fell into an uneasy sleep, one of those unrestful, shallow slumbers, in which one cannot drown deeply enough to escape the sense of consciousness.

When he finally awoke it was noon. Lady Rockburn had mentioned three as the best hour for him to call; and upon the last stroke of that hour he found himself before her house in Park Lane.

"I am glad to see you," she said, as the door of her boudoir closed behind him.

"How full this room is of you," he answered. "But, then, you always did make the rooms you lived in seem part of yourself."

She was sitting in a low chair, leaning back, her hands clasped in her lap. He looked at the flowers scattered round the room.

"You keep your old love for flowers, I see."

"You have not forgotten how well I loved them, then?"

"I don't think I have forgotten many things about you—Edith."

He had paused a moment before calling her by the old name; but she took no notice of it.

"Why, after so long," she laughed, "I should think you would have forgotten most things about me."

"I forget nothing," he answered. "I know all your ways by heart. Oh, my poem!—only more lovely than ever printed poem was! Oh, my picture!—only so much more beautiful than ever painted picture was!"

"Now you are foolish!" she said.

"The old, half-disdainful voice!" he went on. "And your hair is just as pure gold as ever. Once, my dear, I thought you a saint. God knows I think you no saint now; but He knows, too, that I love you more than ever."

"You mustn't say that now," reproving him for the first time. "You know now that I have no right to hear it. And yet I am half mad myself when I remember that there was a time when I *had* a right to hear it. Oh, my friend, if I have made you suffer, do not think I have not myself been well punished."

"Does *he* love you?" asked Dunmore.

"Yes, as a father might love the daughter of whom he chances to be proud."

Then, for some time they sat quite in silence, a silence which, at last, he broke abruptly:

"Do you remember that day we went picnicking—we, your aunt, and a whole lot besides, and how we managed to get away for a little while by ourselves, and, hidden amid the trees, I put my arms round you and kissed you, and took the rose from your bosom? I have that rose yet. I don't believe any woman ever had such sweet lips to kiss as yours; and they could kiss back well, too. I wonder you *could* kiss so well—*you*, who had no heart."

"I seem heartless, then, in your eyes?"

"How could you seem anything else? Why did you ask me here to-day?"

"I suppose because I wanted to see you."

"And why did you want to see me? Was it because you had pity for my wrecked life? You thought I had escaped you; but last night you saw that your power over me was just the same as of old. You asked me here because you wished to try that power. You are bored. You want me to amuse you."

"And if that were true," she answered, carelessly playing with her rings, "need you be unwilling I should have my little pastime? Surely a man who loves me need not grudge me my harmless amusement."

"I wish I could get my blood up to kill you," he said. "You are too dangerous, too cold-hearted, too quietly wicked a woman to be allowed to live on in the world."

"I don't know that I should greatly mind if you did kill me, life bores me so. You are something of a sensation; but I suppose you would not remain so, and, as it is, you resent my taking an interest in you. For yourself, if you were to kill me, unfortunately you would be hung."

"I shouldn't mind that; I should think I had done so good a thing in ridding the world of such a woman."

"Really, what devotion to your race! 'Write me as one who loves his fellow-men'!"

"I know you could sneer well, even in the days when I used to think you were a saint. But I thought then your sneers were all deserved. What a fool you made of me, didn't you?"

"Don't call yourself names. Do you remember that night coming home from the picnic how it rained, and how you got hold of my hand in the dark, and kept it all the time?"

"Just as well as if it were yesterday," he answered. "I can never smell wet earth without thinking of that night. Do you expect other callers this afternoon?"

"No; I have taken the precaution not to be at home. I am giving up the afternoon to a chat with an old friend, who would like to end my worthless life for me, because I do not happen to feel deeply enough to please him. Well, without confessing that I am quite heartless, I am willing to own there are women who have more heart, perhaps."

"Why should you have any?" he cried; "have you not everything else? Why should one woman have all the good gifts of the gods?" and he knelt beside her, and took both her hands in his.

"You mustn't!" she said; but she did not withdraw her hands, though he covered them with kisses.

"When shall I see you again?" he asked, when going away.

"Oh, when you like; we shall be in town till the end of June."

Dunmore postponed his return to the country indefinitely. He took up society where he had left it when his trouble came. He was both popular and well-connected, therefore he was asked everywhere, and thus constantly met Lady Rockburn in public. In private, too, their meetings were not infrequent; and really the world began to gossip about them in a way which Lady Rockburn said to herself was quite abominable.

One night, near the close of June, she was seated alone in her luxuriously appointed boudoir. She was dressed for a ball, with diamonds on her lovely neck and arms.

Sitting there, in the soft light, she looked as little like a woman who would count the world well lost for love, as any woman you could find in all Vanity Fair.

A sudden, impetuous ring at the doorbell made her start. Then she shrugged her shoulders and said: "Well, I suppose it must come now."

Dunmore came in, and closed the door behind him.

"Is Sir Charles not going to-night?" he began.

"No; an important debate keeps him in the House."

"How glorious you look to-night, Edith!" and bending down he kissed her firm, white throat. "Edith, let us be strong. I wronged you once, when I said you could not love. I know you better, now. Let the world go; you have tried it enough, I think, and it did not content you. Come to me, at last, my own, and let me make you happy!"

"No," she replied, firmly. "You *were* right about me at first. I am a woman whose heart was left out in the making. I can really love no one. I tell you I am so sick of this torpid life, in which I feel nothing, that if I *could* love you, or any one else, I would go, and let the world do its worst. For my own sake, I have tried to love you, but it was in vain. I am tired of trying. I will not give all for nothing; and you *are* nothing in my life. Whatever has been between us must end here. I am weary of it."

Dunmore turned very pale. He stood in front of her, unable to speak; but his eyes were full of an intolerable scorn and horror.

"Don't look like that!" she cried, just a little frightened. "If you won't look so, I won't mind what you say. How *can* you feel so much? I wish *I* could. I would rather feel sorrow than not anything at all."

For the life of her, she could not help quailing under those awful eyes of his; at length speech came to him.

"Having gone so far," he gasped, "you throw me over like this? I wish I *had* killed you the first day I came to this house!"

"It's not at all too late now," she sneered, taking courage, now that his awful silence was broken. "I'm still here. Why should you let the opportunity slip?"

"Stop!" he cried, springing toward her, catching both her hands in one of his and lifting the other as if he would have strangled her. Then the temptation passed, and he let go of her and looked at his hands, as if he half-feared some stain were upon them.

"Thank you," she said, quietly. "That would *not* have been a pleasant or a romantic way to die. A dagger would have sounded far better in the police reports."

At that moment her carriage was announced.

"Will you excuse me?" she asked, with a gracious bend of her fair and stately head.

"I shall never see you again," he answered, looking at her as if he would fix the likeness of her in his heart for ever. "Edith, my love, my love, I ought to curse you, but I cannot; I forgive you, rather. Better have my life wasted by you than saved by any one else. Pity me a little, my wicked, beautiful love, and let me kiss you one last time. Between me and hell there is just one kiss, for my life will *be* hell when I see you no more—never more in all this world."

Five minutes afterward and Lady Rockburn's carriage rolled away from her door; and in another direction a man hurried, with wild eyes and face haggard in the flaring gas-lights. The play, such as it was, had been played out.

For some months after that Dunmore led a life wilder than ever, trying by such means as he had tried before to forget the sorceress who had bewitched him, and trying just as vainly.

At last there came an October day—a gray day of soft winds and imminent rain. A sudden memory thrilled through him, and he hurried to The Pines. It was a year ago that day since the Presence came to him, which once he had thought was strong enough to save him, very body and soul. He had yielded to the old temptations—he had been faithless to *her*—there was no more hope; but he went to sit through the twilight of that day in the very spot where she had found him first.

He looked like a hunted man—"more dead than alive," his housekeeper thought. He rejected her proffers of service. He wished nothing but to sit in the old seat. The fire burned brightly, and he grew absorbed in watching it.

Suddenly, as on that other day, he heard the door open and shut gently—and then the sound as of a soft wind through the full-leaved trees of Summer, which came nearer and nearer. He turned and followed her to the window-seat, where she used to sit. She was as fair as ever. The white rose, from some mystic garden not of this world, was on her bosom; her long golden hair fell about the pale beauty of her face.

But the eyes, that had been once his stars of hope, were full now of an immortal despair, an immortal longing.

He fell at her feet, and covered them with repentant tears.

"Is it too late?" he cried.

"Yes," sighed the soft, sweet, unearthly, unforgotten voice. "You cannot know at what price I have purchased these few moments. You will never see me again, unless some day you come to my land."

"Is that possible?" he asked.

"Yes, it is possible, but the path is narrow and difficult—the struggle will be hard. Yet I bring you hope. If you *will*, you may come!"

He sat upon the floor, resting his head upon her knees. He felt her fingers, cool and soft as snowflakes, in his hair; and then, to a tune like the wind's tune, when it is sad before the rain, she began to sing, and this was her song:

"To the land I came from,
Very far away,
I must journey through the wind to-day.

"Help me, oh, my sisters,
As I come to you,
Back to the field that once I wandered through!

"Pity would have saved him—
Passion was too strong—
They may not stand whom Love seeks to wrong.

"Alas! alas! my sisters,
Pure Pity is a dove,
But a cruel, cruel panther-king is Love."

Sleep stole over him as she sang—sleep, deep and long. When he awoke his head was lying on the window-seat—the Presence had departed.

He rushed from the house. A heavy rain was falling. Vainly he sought for the gleam of her white robe.

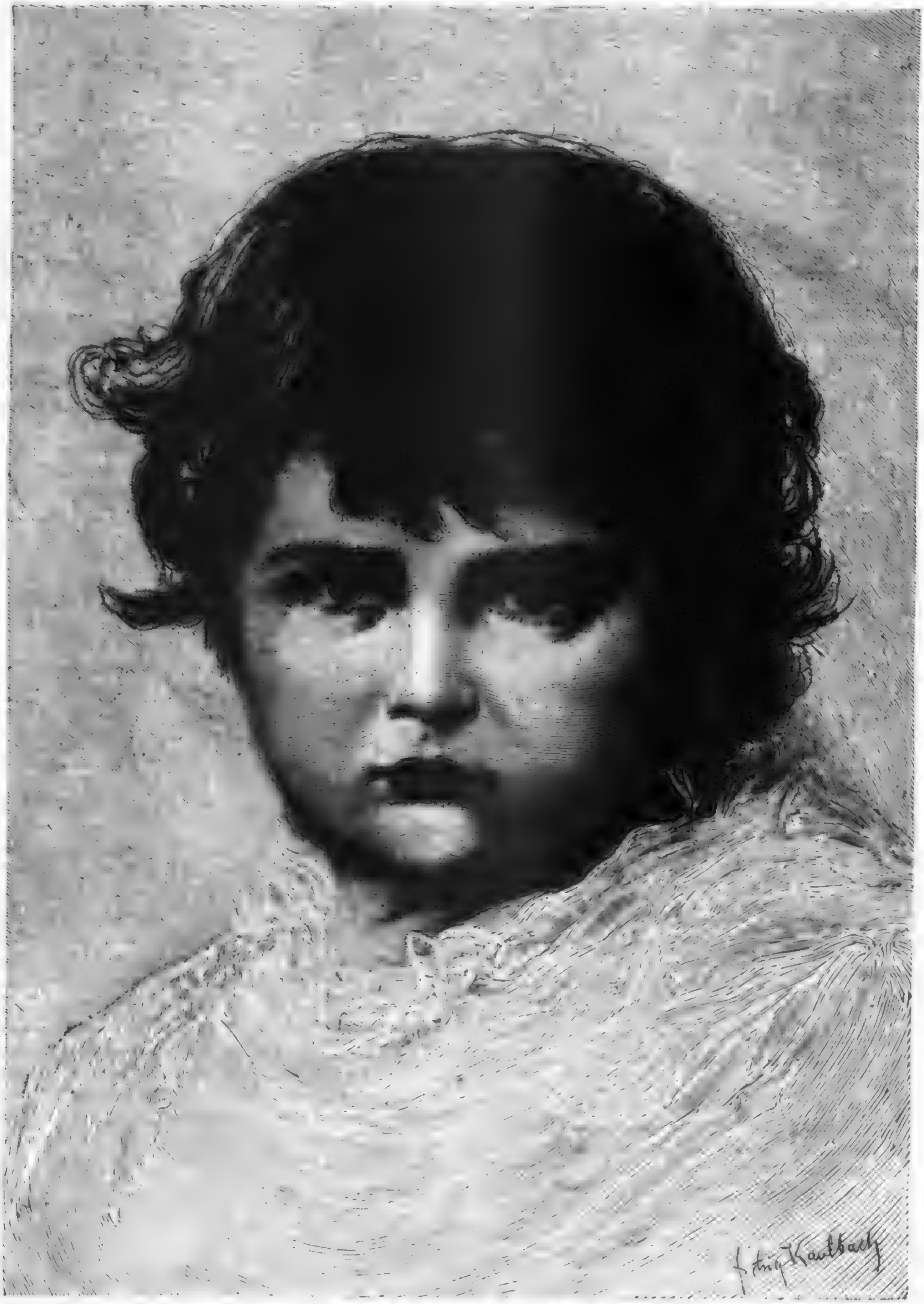
The emptiness of the wet world mocked him. He sank upon the ground. Was it in a trance, or in a prayer? The rain fell steadily, the wind surged round him.

With the morning he arose. Then a great shivering fit took hold on the lonely man, such as is the precursor of a fever, and he walked back toward the house which he was never more to leave. And as he went he heard, or seemed to hear, the wet wind sing.

"Alas, alas! my sisters,
Pure Pity is a dove;
But a cruel, cruel panther-king is Love!"

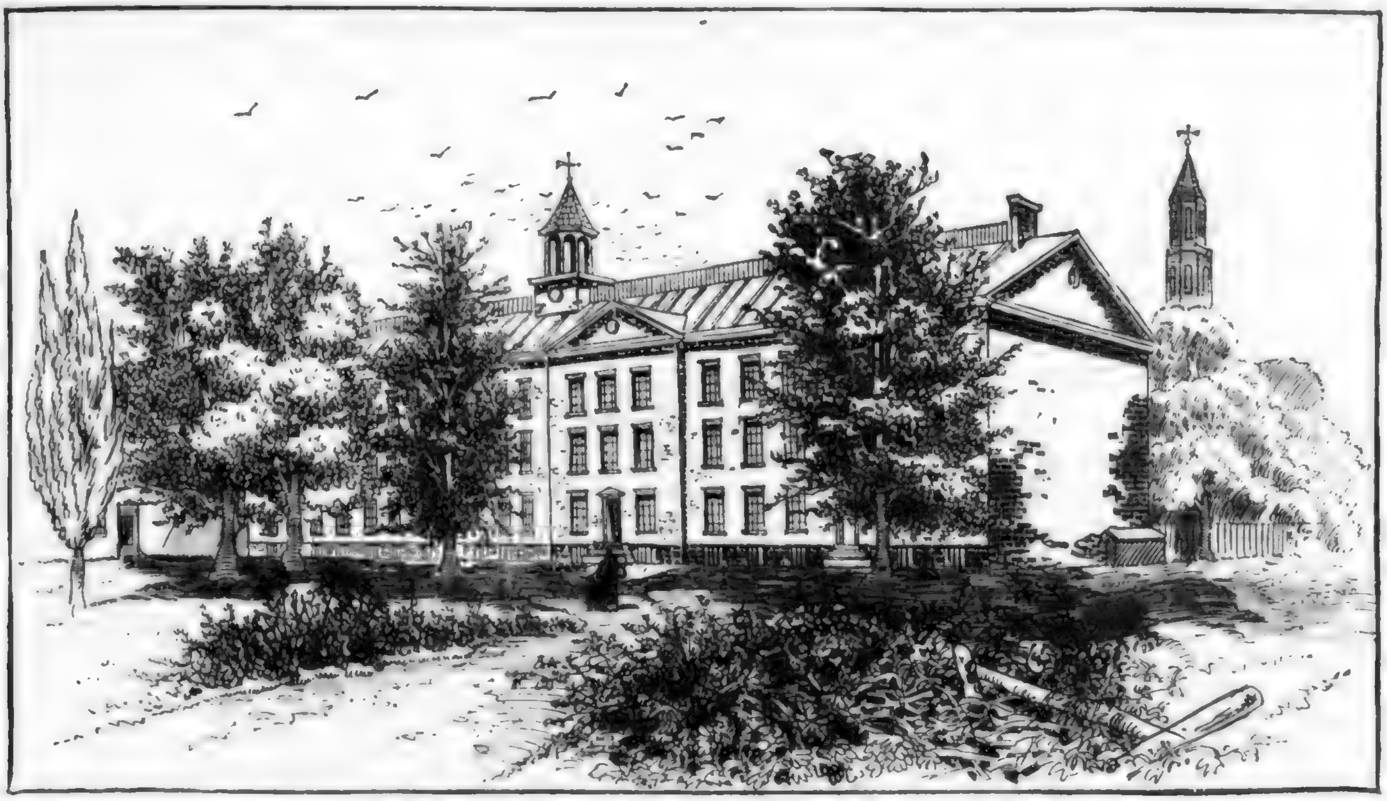
THE PIGEON'S INSTINCT.

A WRITER in the *Scottish Naturalist* tells a story of a pigeon which illustrates the truth of the saying that God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and the high power of instinct prompted by paternal love. Two pigeons had built their nests in the top story of the dove-cote, and had hatched their young, which came out of the egg about the middle of March, 1876. On the 16th day of March a very severe storm of snow and snowdrift set in at dusk. It must be noticed that the door of the dovecote looked to the northwest, from whence the storm was coming, so that the snow blew right into the portal where the young pigeons were lying, only a few days old.



HEAD OF A CHILD.—BY KAULBACH.

The storm was very severe—so much so that it was thought to be the hardest that had happened for many years, and the young brood would have no doubt perished but for the happy expedient that the father of the young pigeons adopted. He stood in the doorway with his tail spread out to the storm, and the wings in a fluttering position, evidently with the intention of stopping the draught, so as to shelter his naked offspring, and there he stood for hours with the snow thick upon his back and tail, breaking the intensity of the cold. But for this the young must have died.



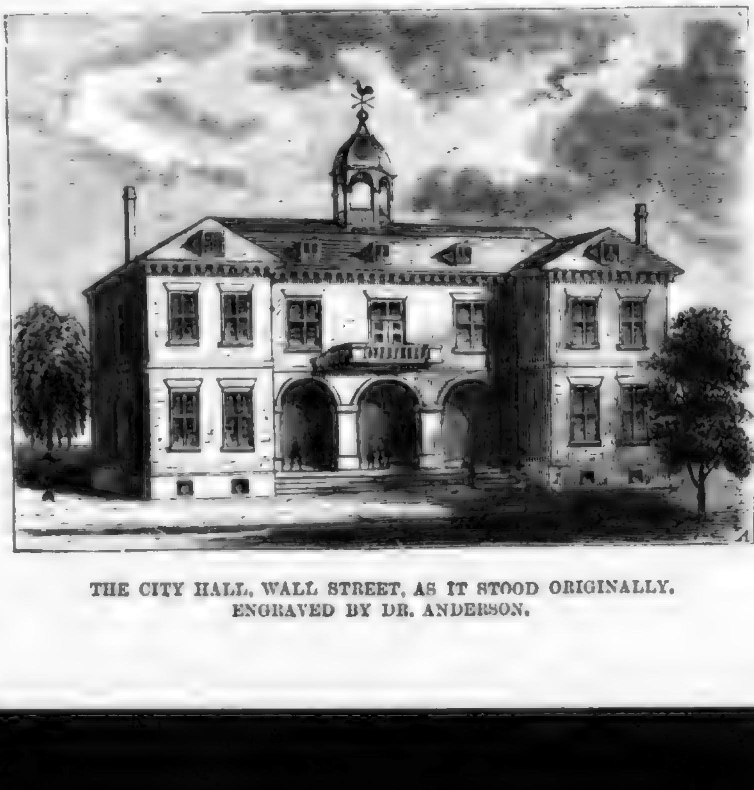
KING'S (NOW COLUMBIA) COLLEGE, AS IT WAS BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

THE "SONS OF LIBERTY," AND NEW YORK CITY IN THEIR TIME.

BY EVERT A. DUYCKINCK.

IN January, 1770, there was a conflict in the streets of New York city between the military and the people—a renewal of the old warfare around the liberty-pole in the Fields. An unsuccessful attempt was made by some soldiers, on the 13th, to bring down the pole by cutting its supports and exploding gunpowder in a hole bored in the wood, followed by an assault on the citizens at the neighboring public-house of Montayne's, a place of resort on the line of Broadway at the lower end of the grounds, which was much frequented by the patriots. In another effort, on the 16th, the assailants, sheltering themselves in a ruined building near at hand, succeeded in cutting down the pole, which they sawed in pieces, and, in a spirit of bravado, piled up in front of Montayne's tavern door.

An "indignation" meeting, held on the Common, naturally followed these exasperating incidents. It was numerously attended. "Three thousand," says Holt's paper, "were present." Resolutions were passed demanding that the soldiers off duty should no longer be permitted to work for the citizens, and that they should not leave their barracks after roll-call. A committee was appointed to seek permission from the Corporation to remove the vacant building on the Common, which had been a covert to the assailants of the liberty-pole. The following day placards and handbills of a derisive and defiant character, issued on the part of the soldiery, abounded in the city. The valiant Sears, with a party of his friends, came upon a trio of soldiers engaged in posting one of the challenges. One of the soldiers drew his bayonet for an assault, when he, with his fellows, were carried off to the mayor's office.



THE CITY HALL, WALL STREET, AS IT STOOD ORIGINALLY. ENGRAVED BY DR. ANDERSON.

A body of twenty soldiers now made their appearance with drawn bayonets and cutlasses, who were met by the citizens with such means of defense as chance supplied. The mayor ordered the soldiers to their barracks, when they retreated to Golden Hill, a considerable eminence still to be recognized in the elevation of the lower part of John Street. Here they charged upon the throng of citizens who had gathered to the spot. Francis Field, a Quaker, standing in his doorway, was wounded by a sword or bayonet thrust. Three other citizens and a sailor were wounded. The soldiers in various instances were successfully resisted and overpowered in the miscellaneous conflict, which threatened to assume larger proportions, when the soldiers were ordered by their officers to their barracks. Other disturbances of a like character ensued. Meanwhile, to give a flavor of legality to the property, the sanction of the Corporation was now sought to be obtained for the erection of a new liberty-pole on the old public ground.

XUM

Failing to obtain this concession from the prudent Common Council, the citizens purchased from a private owner a piece of land near the old spot, upon which they erected with imposing ceremonies a new pole of great height, firmly secured in the ground and formidably cased with iron bars, clasped by thick iron hoops. This mast was surmounted by another, supporting a gilt vane, on which was inscribed in large letters the word "Liberty."[*] Another night-attack was made on this, the fifth liberty-pole, in the following March, by a party of the troops about leaving the Province. They had vowed to carry off with them a portion of it as a trophy. Unable to make any impression on the well-protected trunk, these Homeric contestants were endeavoring to unship the topmast, when they were discovered by several passing citizens, who called others to their aid. The Sons of Liberty, we may mention, were at this time kept out of their resort at Montanye's by a usurping conservative faction, who had made their own terms with the landlord. Not to be without that indispensable adjunct of political action in New York from time immemorial, a good dining-hall, the "Sons" purchased a tavern, kept by one Bicker, on the site of the present *Herald* building, to which the name of Hampden Hall was given. Hither the soldiers, reinforced by their comrades from the barracks, drove the citizens for refuge, and here the assailants were kept at bay while St. George's bell sounded an alarm to the town. An officer of the regiment arriving, as on similar occasions, the soldiers were sent back to their quarters, and the liberty-pole was left by them at their departure unharmed.

Simultaneously with these later conflicts between the citizens and soldiery, a coolness had arisen between the popular party and the Assembly, which, under the influence of the accession of the Delancey family to the Government side, was pursuing a reactionary course. An issue of bills of credit was proposed, and subsidies were granted for the support of the troops. This was met on the 16th of December, 1769, by the circulation of a stirring handbill denouncing the scheme. It was signed "A Son of Liberty," and was addressed, "To the Betrayed Inhabitants of the City and Colony of New York." A meeting was held in the Fields, and a committee appointed, with Lamb at its head, to remonstrate with the city representatives in the Assembly. The latter refused to recede from the action they had taken. Another censorious publication appeared, still further to arouse the resentment of the House. Lamb, the leader at the meeting, was summoned to the bar as an abettor of the libels, as they were pronounced. He indignantly maintained that he had but exercised the right of a free-speaking Englishman, and was dismissed. The matter, however, was not suffered to drop here. Colden, by advice of the Council and Assembly, issued a proclamation, offering a reward of £100 for the discovery of the author of the obnoxious handbill.

An inquisitorial search was made at the office of Parker, the conductor of the *Gazette*. The paper was found to have been printed there. Parker was arrested, and, with his apprentices, examined before the Council. Threatened with the loss of his office, under the Government, of Provincial Postmaster, which he had received from Franklin, he gave evidence which led to the arrest and committal to prison of Alexander McDougal, as the author.

McDougal, the son of a Scotchman, a man destined to rise to high military rank in the coming War of the Revolution, was an early though not one of the most active members of the association of the Sons of Liberty. He now stood forth, the unflinching champion of popular rights. Bancroft characterizes him in few words: "A man who had made a fortune as a sailor, and had himself carefully cultivated his mind. Courageous and fiery, yet methodical and self-possessed."[*]

"He is a person of some fortune," writes Colden to the Earl of Hillsborough, in February, at the time of the arrest, "and could easily have found the bail required of him, but he chose to go to jail, and lies there imitating Mr. Wilkes in everything he can."[†] Colden in another communication calls him "The American Wilkes." The great London agitator was then in the height of his reputation as the successful defender of the liberty of the subject in a long and obstinate contest with Parliament. For the previous five years his name had been in everybody's mouth. Patriots in New York caught up the popular cry of the day, and attached to it McDougal An arrest which had been adjudged illegal for an alleged libel had brought Wilkes into notice. "Here," said the Sons of Liberty, "is the case repeated with McDougal."

The scene, to be sure, was somewhat different. For the British House of Commons there was the New York Assembly; and, for a chamber in the Tower, a room in the new jail in the Fields. It was not necessary, at that distance, that McDougal should possess the talents or the vices of the original, or that the New York handbill should rival in venom the *North Briton*. It was a ready, plausible outcry. So Number Forty-five, the issue of Wilkes's journal which contained his insult to the King, the basis of his prosecution, was eagerly adopted by the Sons of Liberty, and "Forty-five!" rang through the streets.

The friends of McDougal thronged to visit him at the prison, announcing themselves to the jailer: "We are Forty-five." This enthusiasm was displayed with unusual gusto at the anniversary dinner of the 19th of March, the great day of the repeal of the Stamp Act, held by the party at their new quarters at Hampden Hall. Wilkes, McDougal and Liberty were freshly remembered. Exactly forty-five toasts were drank, and when the dinner was over, the company, proceeding past the liberty-pole to the jail where their champion was confined, saluted him with forty-five cheers.

In April a Bill for a libel was found by the grand jury against McDougal, who, now consenting to give bail, was released. While the cause was still untried, he was, some months after, in December, arraigned on the same accusation at the bar of the Assembly, when he was defended by one of the members, George Clinton—the first Governor of New York after the Revolution. Refusing to answer, he was, for contempt, again committed to jail. A habeas corpus was sued out for his relief, but, notwithstanding these exertions, he was kept a prisoner for several months, till March, 1771, when the Assembly was prorogued, and the whole affair seems to have been finally dropped.

The maintenance of the non-importation agreement now became the test of the popular party. It was a measure which, from the outset, had its peculiar difficulties, and from its contravention of the laws of trade, a perfect enforcement at any time was scarcely practicable. Colden had prophesied, at the start, that it would be of short duration. "It must raise the price of the commodities on hand," said he, "and the people in the country will not bear the infliction."

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[*] Dunlap's "History," I., 437. Leake's "Life of Lamb," 55-59.

[*] "History," VI., 332.

[†] Lieutenant-governor Colden to the Earl of Hillsborough, February 21st, 1770. Col. Doc. VIII., 208.

Originating with New York, the compact had been faithfully kept by her merchants. "The imports of the city," says Bancroft, "fell off more than five parts in six." In Pennsylvania and New England the agreement had been less rigorously observed. In several of the Southern States the imports had increased. The inequality was at the expense of the patient merchant. By the Summer of 1770 the restriction was limited to tea alone, which now remained the only one of the enumerated articles on which duties were to be collected under the Townshend Act.

Relief had recently been granted from the other impositions in a Bill introduced into Parliament in April, by Lord North, who had at the time declared that "the duty on tea must be retained, as a mark of the supremacy of Parliament, and the efficient declaration of its right to govern the colonies."[*]

The people of America understood the challenge, accepted it, and the consumption of tea languished throughout the colonies. The non-importation agreement bore hard upon the East India Company. Its large stock of teas lay idle in its warehouses, bringing ruin to its finances, and causing much commercial distress. Parliament at length, in the Spring of 1773, came to its relief by extending the drawbacks of duties, so that its tea could be sent to America free of all taxation. The duty of three pence per pound to be paid by America herself was still retained, as the test of submission. It was confidently expected that the low price at which tea could now be offered would reopen the market in the Provinces, as if resistance had been a question of economy, and not of principle. The East India Company accordingly made preparations for a liberal exportation of the article. Consignments were to be forwarded to their agents at the main seaports, Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Charleston.

Though the New York merchants, with their brethren in other cities, had, as we have seen, after a while abandoned the general non-importation agreement, it was not with the consent of the Sons of Liberty, who constituted the advance-guard of the democratic element in the city, and would hold no compromise with the royal policy. They were the hands of the Revolution. Argument had been exhausted. England must be brought practically to feel the inconveniences of her measures. Her wealth arises from her trade; we will punish her where she is most sensitive. To enforce a sumptuary regulation, the more if unsanctioned by law, you must have detectives and a Vigilance Committee ready to strike. The Sons of Liberty in New York were quite prepared to do the rough work of repression personally in the city, and by correspondence beyond it.

Thus, when a certain Nathan Rogers, of Boston, arrived in town, in May, 1770, a known importer of English goods, spite of the agreement, the Committee, with a great crowd of spectators, called at his lodgings, bearing a gallows on which he was suspended in effigy. Not finding him at home—he was dining out of town—they left a letter, to be forwarded to him, and further contented themselves with a procession through the town and the burning of effigy and gallows at the Common. The hint was sufficient. Rogers, without returning to his lodgings, left at two o'clock in the morning for Boston.

In the letter of the Committee addressed to the Sons of Liberty in Philadelphia, in which these circumstances are related, Rogers is described as "a man about five feet eight inches high, pretty corpulent, round-shouldered, stoops a good deal, and generally appears in green and gold, or purple and gold."[*]

As the defection from the non-importation agreement grew in force, the Sons of Liberty were loud in opposition; but as no successful resistance could be made, they gradually became silent, waiting a new opportunity, which presented itself with the greater prominence given to the agitation of the tea question by the action of the East India Company.

The year 1773 furnishes an incident or two in the history of public buildings in New York worthy of record. The corner-stone of the New York Hospital was laid by Governor Tryon in September, two years after the charter had been granted by Lord Dunmore. The site, on the present Broadway opposite Pearl Street, was then considered quite a country location. There is an anecdote illustrative of this preserved by the late Dr. John Watson. When Dr. Tillary was appointed surgeon to the institution, in 1776, he felt constrained to resign the position, in consequence of the hospital being so far out of town! On the 29th of December the Colonial Governor's residence within the Fort, which had been rebuilt after the conflagration which figured so largely in the Negro Plot, was discovered at midnight to be on fire. Governor Tryon and his wife barely saved their lives, escaping through an unfrequented side-door, while their daughter leaped from a second-story window. A servant-girl, Elizabeth Garrett, perished in the flames. The adjoining buildings were saved by great exertions of the citizens. The Great Seal of the Province was discovered in the ashes, two days after the fire, uninjured.

The tea-ships for New York sailed at the end of October, 1773. Ample preparations were made to deal with them on their arrival. The Sons of Liberty were formally reorganized. At a meeting on the 29th of November they adopted a series of stringent resolutions denouncing any one who should engage in any way in the introduction of the tea as an "enemy to the liberties of America." A body of "Mohawks" was in readiness to act. New York was quite ready, and but for the delay in the appearance of the expected vessel, which was driven by stress of weather to the West Indies, might have anticipated Boston in the famous destruction of the tea.

"The 'Mohawks,'" as Mr. Dawson remarks, "who so gallantly discharged the tea at Boston, were a power existing also in New York. The object of the organization was the same in both cities, Lamb and his colleagues in New York being constantly engaged in confidential correspondence with Paul Revere and his colleagues in Boston."[†] The course of action was alike. Every influence of persuasion, backed by more powerful menaces, was brought to bear upon the agents, consignees, and others concerned, that the vessels might be sent back without unloading their cargo.

In Boston this course promised success, but the Government was likely to interfere with her customs prerogative when, a second and third vessel having arrived, the "Mohawks" stepped in, and, on the night of the 16th of December, threw the tea overboard in the harbor. At Charleston the authorities pursued the course threatened at Boston; but when, in default of action by the consignees, they had seized the tea, they found no one willing to purchase or consume.

At Philadelphia the ship was sent back on the instant.

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[*] Bancroft, VI., 351-2.

[*] Leake's "Life of Lamb," 63-5.

[†] "The Park and its Vicinity," 28.

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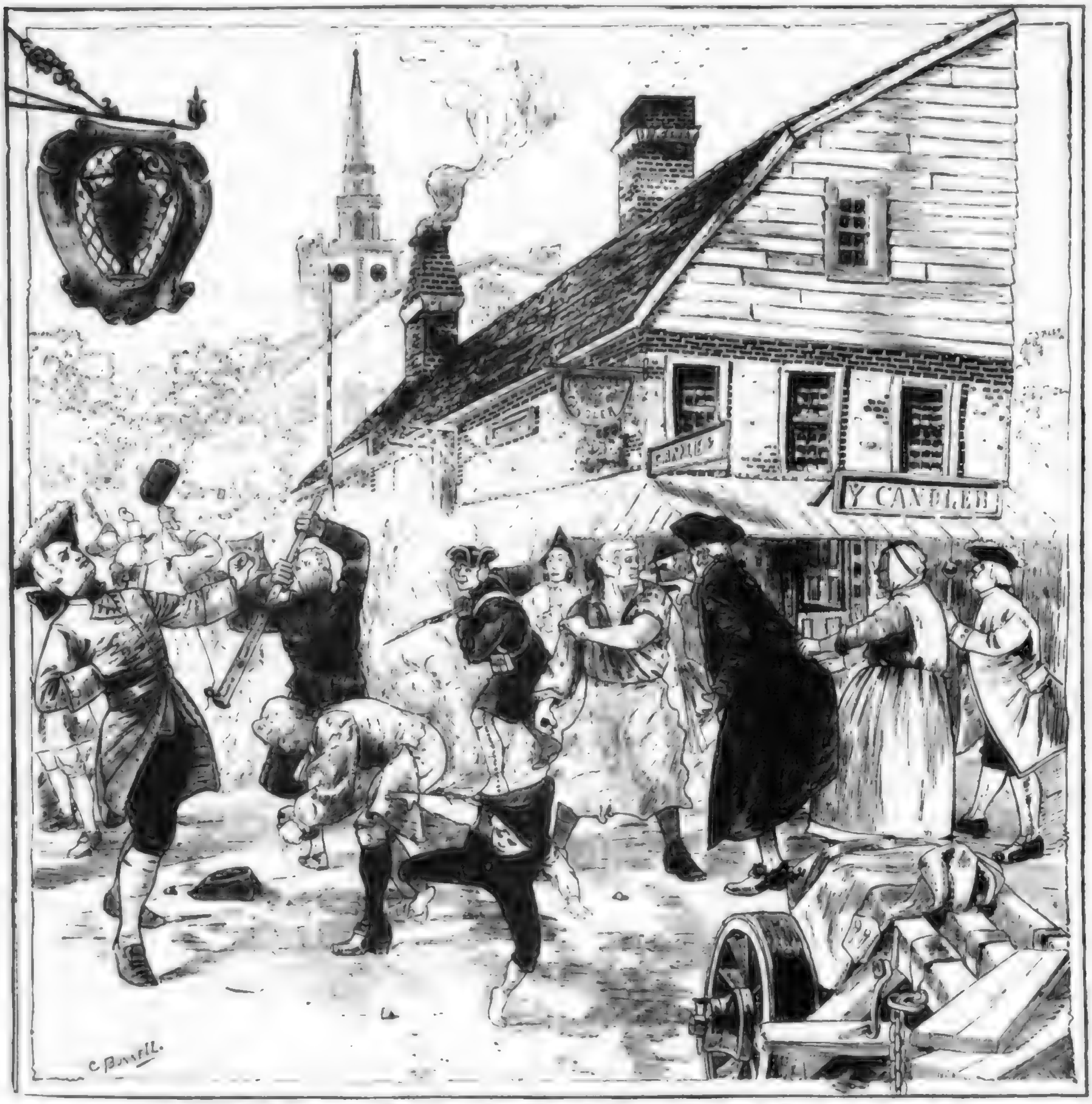


THE BATTLE OF GOLDEN HILL BETWEEN THE "SONS OF LIBERTY" AND THE BRITISH SOLDIERS.

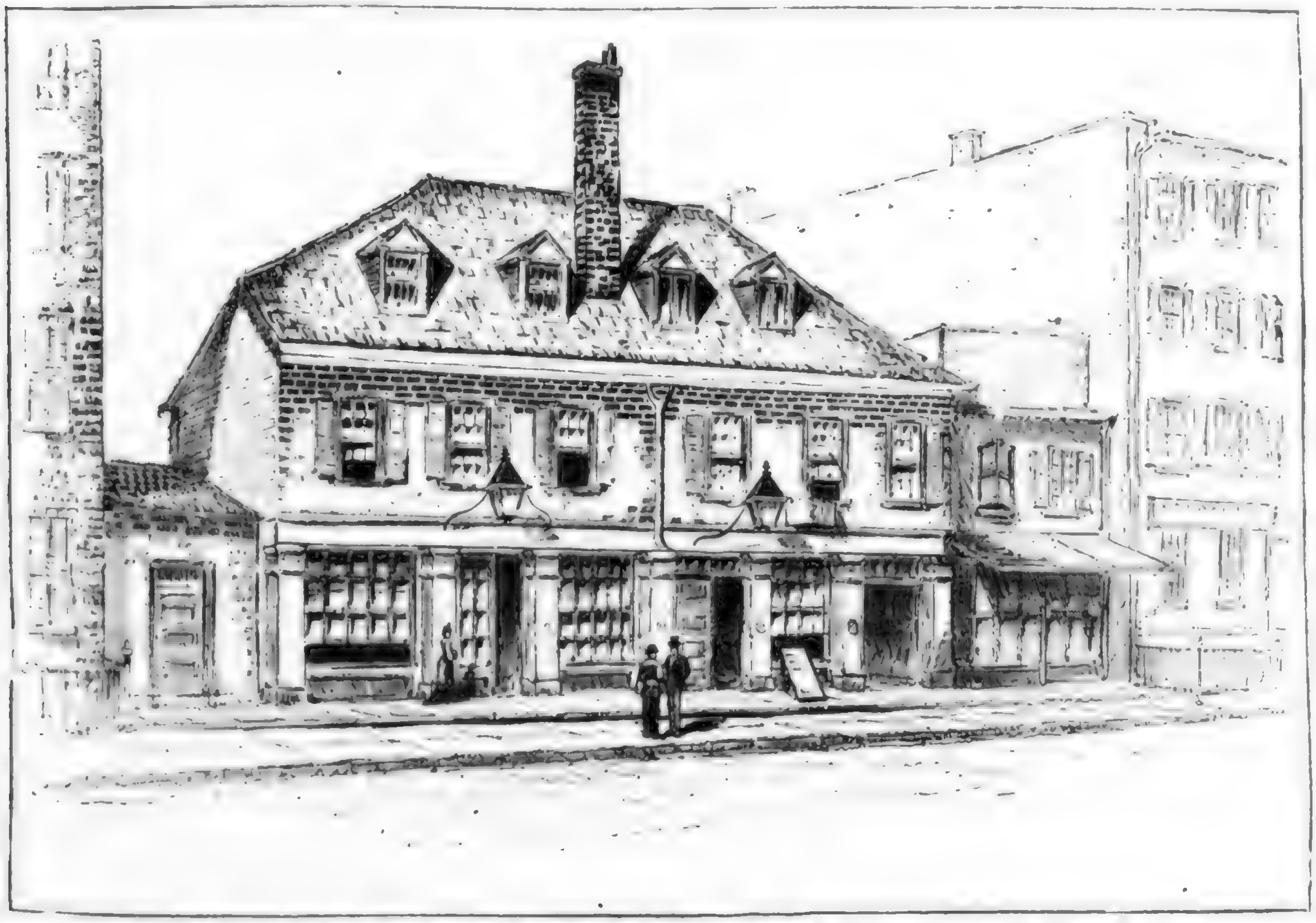
At New York, Governor Tryon proposed, on its arrival, to take the tea, as the stamps had been taken, into the Fort; but the popular meeting to which the proposition was made indignantly rejected it. There must be no such admission of the enemy within the fortress. The pilots were warned not to bring the vessel beyond Sandy Hook. There, when the *Nancy* came, on the 18th of April, 1774, she was required to remain. Her captain, Lockyer, was permitted to come to the city under safe regulations—it being understood that the cargo was to be carried back unbroken to England. A popular demonstration, it was agreed upon, should be made at his departure.

A few days after, on the 22d, another ship, the *London*, arrived. It was reported that there were eighteen chests of tea on board. This, Captain Chambers denied, and the ship was permitted to come to her wharf at the city. The Committee of the Sons of Liberty were not satisfied, and, presenting themselves in full force, required an examination of the cargo, upon which the captain admitted he had the tea on board, as a venture of his own. The Committee, shipowners, and captain, then withdrew for consultation to Fraunces' Tavern, in Broad Street. The people, meantime, were gathered at the dock. The "Mohawks" were preparing for action, when the more impatient of the crowd, at eight in the evening, without disguise, entered the ship, and quietly emptied the contents of the tea-chests into the river. The next day was the one appointed for the significant escort to Captain Lockyer on his departure. He was attended from his lodgings at the Coffee House, in Wall Street, by an immense concourse of the people in procession to the dock, with music and the ringing of the city bells, the liberty-pole, gayly dressed for the occasion, taking part in the triumph; nor was he parted with by the Committee in charge till they had seen his vessel well out at sea. Captain Chambers, for whom there was an eager search in the city, was found to have sailed in the *Nancy.*

Acts of defiance to the Government like these, sustained by an irregular, though deeply felt, expression of the popular feeling, carried on by local and partial committees somewhat loosely united by pledges and correspondence, demanded, for the safety and efficiency of those concerned in them, a more general union and authoritative sanction of the several Provinces. There was a large class also, of the merchants, lawyers and others, of a more conservative character, averse to deeds of violence, inclined to trust to policy and negotiation, yet utterly unwilling to submit the interests and legitimate independence of the colonies to the powers or caprices of Parliament. These, also, were for concerted action. The movement, which was inevitable, was hastened by the action of Parliament in closing the Port of Boston, as a penalty to the merchants for their conduct in respect to the tea-ships. Gage was sent as General Commander, and also as Governor of Massachusetts. The Government was gathering soldiers to enforce its repressive and vindicatory measures by armed interference. In the fate of Massachusetts the other colonies read their own. The plan of a general non-importation agreement was revived. The Sons of Liberty in New York would have indorsed it at once, but they were in a measure superseded by a new Committee of Fifty-one, appointed by the more conservative classes of the community, who declined to give it their support, but suggested for the consideration of the common welfare a general congress of provincial deputies, to be held at the intimation of the Boston Committee.

The General Court, the representative body of Massachusetts, appointed the 1st of September, and Philadelphia, as the time and place of meeting. The Summer was passed in preparation for the assembly. There was much discussion in New York as to the mode of election of the delegates. The popular party, fearing lest a tone of weakness or irresolution should prevail, in July called a general meeting in the Fields to express, in no unequivocal manner, the voice of the city. The patriotic McDougal presided, and introduced a series of resolutions, setting forth with uncompromising hostility the violation of the liberties of the country by the Boston Port Bill, and urging in the most emphatic manner, as a practical measure leading to the redress of grievances, the maintenance of a universal non-importation agreement. It was at this meeting that the voice of Alexander Hamilton, then a youth recently from the West Indies, pursuing his studies at King's College, was first heard in public affairs. His logical mind had even then grasped the principles of the existing controversy; while his ardent eloquence was displayed in picturing the successful resistance of the colonies to the power of England should the conflict be pushed to its extremity. The delegates, chosen by a vote of the taxpayers of the city, were: Philip Livingston, John Alsop, Isaac Low, James Duane and John Jay—the first three, merchants; the others, lawyers; and all Episcopalians except Livingston. By shrewd management on the part of the new Committee, two, who were entitled to the position as true and courageous representatives of the people, McDougal and the accomplished lawyer John Morin Scott, whose pen had ever been at the service of the popular cause, were excluded.

We have some notices of the city and its leading men at this time, in the entertaining Diary kept by John Adams in his journey from Boston to the Congress at Philadelphia. He reached New York by the usual New England route, through Westchester, on the morning of the 20th of August, and was presently in private lodgings with Mr. Tobias Stoutenberg, "in King Street, very near the City Hall one way, and the French Church the other." Here he is called upon by the patriot McDougal, who made a very favorable impression upon him. "He is a very sensible man, and an open one; he has none of the mean cunning which disgraces so many of my countrymen." After dinner, McDougal takes him to every part of the city; to the Fort, where he sees "the ruins of that magnificent building, the Governor's House,"



BURNS'S COFFEE HOUSE, BROADWAY, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE "SONS OF LIBERTY," IN LATER TIMES CALLED "ATLANTIC GARDEN."

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and admires the fine prospect from the parade, with its river-views, and on the inner side, "in a beautiful ellipsis of land railed in the solid iron, a statue of His Majesty, on horseback, very large, of solid lead, gilded with gold, standing on a pedestal of marble, very high"; thence "up the Broad Way, the old church and the new church" —Trinity and St. Paul's—the college, the prison, and "two sets of barracks"; thence to the shipyards on the East River, where "a Dutch East India ship was building, of 800 tons burden"; thence by the markets to the Coffee House, in Wall Street, where he was introduced to Morin Scott, "a lawyer, of about fifty years of age, a sensible man, but not very polite, said to be one of the readiest speakers upon the continent."

From the conversation at the Coffee House, Adams learns that "the two great families in the Province, upon whose motions all their politics turn, are the Delanceys and Livingstons. There are virtue and abilities, as well as fortune, in the Livingstons, but not much of either of the three in the Delanceys, according to McDougal," who, it must be remembered, was speaking, at a time of high party feeling, on the popular side. Of Morin Scott's politeness, Adams probably thought better after the morning entertainment which, in company with McDougal, he received at that gentleman's country-seat, three miles out of town, on the Hudson. "A more elegant breakfast I never saw; rich plate, a very large silver coffee-pot, a very large silver tea-pot, napkins of the very finest materials, toast, and bread and butter in great perfection. After breakfast a plate of beautiful peaches, another of pears, and another of plums, and a muskmelon." Adams's first impressions of his brother-delegates to Congress from New York are unhesitatingly recorded in this Diary. "Philip Livingston is a great, rough, rapid mortal. There is no holding any conversation with him. He blusters away; says, if England should turn us adrift, we should instantly go to civil wars among ourselves to determine which colony should govern all the rest; seems to dread New England, the leveling spirit, etc." In another sentence Adams calls him "a downright straightforward man." "Mr. Alsop is a soft, sweet man. Mr. Duane has a sly, surveying eye, a little squint-eyed; between forty and forty-five, I should guess; very sensible, I think, and very artful. Mr. Low, the Chairman of the Committee of Fifty-one, they say, will profess attachment to the cause of liberty, but his sincerity is doubted." Subsequently says Adams, "We breakfasted with Mr. Low, a gentleman of fortune and in trade. His lady is a beauty." "Mr. Jay is a young gentleman of the law, about twenty-six; Mr. Scott says, a hard student and a good speaker."

It is an important illustration of our subject to present the views, frankly uttered in the freedom of conversation, of the political parties of New York held by so shrewd and patriotic an observer as McDougal. "He gave a caution," says Adams, "to avoid every expression here which looked like an allusion to the last appeal. He says there is a powerful party here who are intimidated by fears of a civil war, and they have been induced to acquiesce by assurances that there was no danger, and that a peaceful cessation of commerce would effect relief. Another party, he says, are intimidated lest the leveling spirit of the New England colonies should propagate itself into New York. Another party are prompted by Episcopalian prejudices against New England. Another party are merchants largely concerned in navigation, and therefore afraid of non-importation, non-consumption and non-exportation agreements. Another party are those who are looking up to Government for favors."

After gathering these and various other ideas concerning the state of the Province at banquets, where the style and equipages offered an unceasing wonder, Adams rather ungraciously regrets that his time has been so taken up with "breakfasting, dining, drinking coffee, etc., about the city," and absolutely concludes with the remark that "with all the opulence and splendor, there is very little good-breeding to be found. We have been treated with an assiduous respect; but I have not seen one real gentleman, one well-bred man, since I came to town. At their entertainments there is no conversation that is agreeable; there is no modesty, no attention to one another. They talk very loud, very fast, and altogether. If they ask you a question, before you can utter three words of your answer they will break out upon you again and talk away." From all which we infer that good listeners were somewhat in request for the young New England lawyer, accustomed to interminable disquisitions on religion and politics, which the quick business intellects of New York were accustomed to dispose of dogmatically in very few words.*

At the Congress in September all the thirteen colonies were represented except Georgia. It was an assembly of notables. Samuel and John Adams, Roger Sherman, William Livingston, Galloway, Rodney, Chase, the Rutledges and Gadsden, with the conspicuous Virginians, Peyton Randolph, Richard Henry Lee, Patrick Henry and George Washington. The chief measures of this, the first Continental Congress, were, the formation of an American Association to carry out a general system of commercial non-intercourse with Great Britain, until the existing difficulties should be removed; and the dignified assertion of the principles at stake, in a series of able state papers, a declaration of rights, a petition to the King, and several addresses, one of which, "To the People of Great Britain," remarkable for its force and directness, was the work of the New York delegate, John Jay. The Congress closed after a short session, having made provision for the call of another, should circumstances require it, the ensuing May.

The New York Assembly, fast approaching final dissolution, refused to commit itself to the acts of the Congress when a resolution was brought in, by the patriotic Woodhull of Long Island, thanking the delegates for their services, the House being divided, fifteen to nine. In the minority were George Clinton, Philip Schuyler and Philip Livingston, who were soon to have the opportunity of transferring their exertions to a more splendid field of action. The Assembly, however, sent petitions and memorials of its own to England, to be presented to Parliament by the agent of the colony, Edmund Burke.

Their remonstrances, inadequate as they were thought by the New York patriots, proved too strongly worded to be received by Lord North. A popular Committee of Sixty meantime vigilantly guarded the enforcement of the non-importation agreement.

As Spring advanced the need of a new Congress, to adopt more efficient measures for the protection of the colonies, became apparent. As the New York Assembly would appoint no delegates, the matter again fell into the hands of the people, who, at an imposing meeting at the Exchange, on the 6th of April, resolved upon the appointment of deputies, to meet others from the counties; who should, out of the whole body, send representatives to the Congress. This assembly, the first Provincial Congress of New York, met a fortnight after, and elected the delegates, at one of the meetings in the Fields, which were now held with the old result of greatly strengthening the popular cause.

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* "Works of John Adams," II., 345-353.

An incident occurred which subsequent events caused too well to be remembered. One William Cunningham, a "rough" of great brutality, having given some offense at the liberty-pole, a *mêlée* ensued, in which he was severely handled. He was compelled, it is said, to kneel down and kiss the pole. He had not long to wait for his revenge, being appointed Provost Martial by the British, on their occupation of the city, in charge of the American prisoners confined in the jail near the very spot where he had felt the force of the stout arms of the Liberty Boys. A month after this affair, Captain Sears was arrested for an inflammatory speech at the liberty-pole, in which he called upon the people to arm, after which he proceeded to stop the sailing of a sloop laden with straw and lumber, intended for the use of the British troops at Boston. Refusing to give bail, Sears was being taken to prison, when he was rescued by the populace and conducted in triumph through the city.

The news of the battle of Lexington came quickly upon these events, and was followed by the most decided action on the part of the patriots of New York. They seized upon the arms at the City Hall, and, led by Lamb, Sears and others, detained all vessels bound to the eastward, and took possession of the Custom House. A Committee of Safety of One Hundred was appointed, whose first duty was to look after the cannon and firearms in the city, to prevent their being used against the people. So little effort had there been on the part of the authorities at the Fort to compel submission, that when, in January, the last of the garrison were ordered to Boston, and were about taking their departure with a quantity of arms in boxes, the latter were seized by a party of the Sons of Liberty, headed by Marinus Willett, and carried back to the deserted Fort George.

It was about this time, on the night of the 10th of May, that Myles Cooper, the President of King's College, who had become obnoxious to the popular party by his writings and personal efforts on behalf of the Crown, was visited at the college by a mob, intent on revenge. He would doubtless have been roughly handled had not time been gained for his escape by a speech from the steps by Alexander Hamilton, then a student. Half dressed, he wandered about the shores of the Hudson the remainder of the night, till, at morning, he found shelter in the old Stuyvesant mansion in the Bowery, whence he was taken at evening on board the *Kingfisher*, a vessel-of-war in the harbor, in which he escaped to England. On the anniversary of the event, the next year, Cooper, who was an accomplished wit, told the story in verse in the *Gentleman's Magazine.* He never returned to America. After a residence at Oxford he officiated at Edinburgh, where he died in 1785.

Governor Tryon being at this time in England, Lieutenant-governor Colden, now in extreme age, nearing his departure, nominally held the authority. The Provincial Congress, formed rather for deliberation than for war, was compelled by the rapid progress of events to act; there was some effort at enlistment, and fortifications were projected at Kingsbridge and at the Highlands.

General Wooster, of Connecticut, who commanded 1,800 militia at Greenwich, summoned to the defense of New York, came and encamped at Harlem. A portion of his troops occupied the Common. Government military stores at Turtle Bay were seized upon by an adventurous party directed by the leaders of the Sons of Liberty. The Revolution was rapidly being organized.

On the 15th of June the Continental Congress appointed Washington Commander-in-Chief, and two days after was fought the battle of Bunker Hill. On the 25th the Provincial Congress were in something of a dilemma. The arrival of two distinguished persons was expected in the city, each of whom the perplexed Congress, slow to read the signs of the times, was ready to receive with friendly ceremonial. George Washington was on his way to join the National Army at Cambridge, and Governor Tryon was returning to his Province from England. The fear was lest they should both arrive together, when a choice between the two would be imperative.

The militia were ordered to receive the first comer and "wait on both, as well as circumstances would allow." Happily, Washington arrived before the Governor, and received the first attention. Tryon came some hours later, in the evening, and was welcomed with the customary congratulations, the last echo of the old shouts of loyalty.

Washington remained a day in the city, and was presented with a neat address by the Provincial Congress, in which, with some cautious words of compliment, the expression was conveyed of "the fullest assurances that whenever this important contest shall be decided by that fondest wish of every American soul, an accommodation with our mother country, you will cheerfully resign the important deposit committed into your hands, and reassume the character of our worthiest citizen." Nothing could have been more after Washington's own heart than the last suggestion—it was quite unnecessary.

Accepting the attention, Washington responded, kindly saying that "when we assumed the soldier, we did not lay aside the citizen," and, careful not to impart the idea of independence, substituted for "accommodation with our mother country" the promise that his exertions would be given "to the re-establishment of peace and harmony between the mother country and these colonies."

An address to Governor Tryon, breathing something of the old spirit of loyalty and affection, was prepared by the Common Council, but its delivery was forbidden by the Provincial Congress, so there was no formal presentation, as had been proposed. A copy, however, had been left with the Governor by Whitehead Hicks, the successor of Cruger in the Mayoralty, to which a reply was made.

A few days after, Tryon reported to the Earl of Dartmouth the "most degraded situation in which the general revolt had put His Majesty's Civil Governors." No aid was to be expected from the usual local administration. Everything was now referred to the Continental Congress. Of one thing he was fully assured: the country would maintain the main issue of the struggle. "Oceans of blood," he writes, "may be spilt, but, in my opinion, America will never receive Parliamentary taxation."*

He was now concerned for his personal safety. Three days after, on the 7th, he applies to the earl for discretionary leave to return to England—"It being very probable I may either be taken prisoner as a state hostage, or obliged to retire on board one of His Majesty's ships-of-war to avoid the insolence of an inflamed mob." The Fort being without a garrison, there was no military control of the city save by the ship-of-war *Asia*, commanded by Captain George Vandeput, the only Royal vessel at the time in the harbor. On the 13th of July one of her boats was seized and set on fire, an outrage which seems to

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* Governor Tryon to the Earl of Dartmouth, 4th July, 1775. Col. Doc. VIII., 589.

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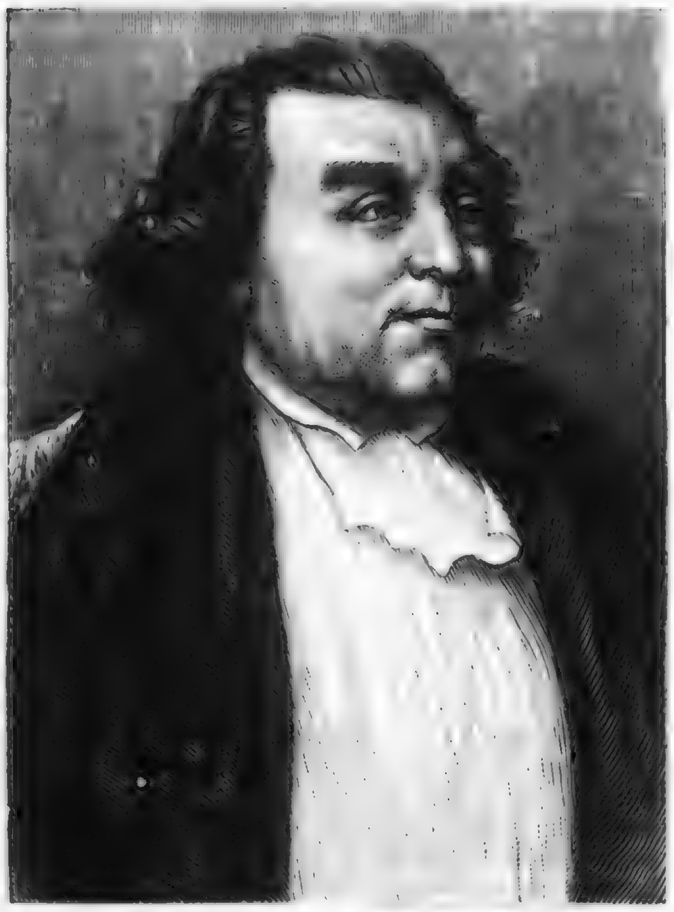
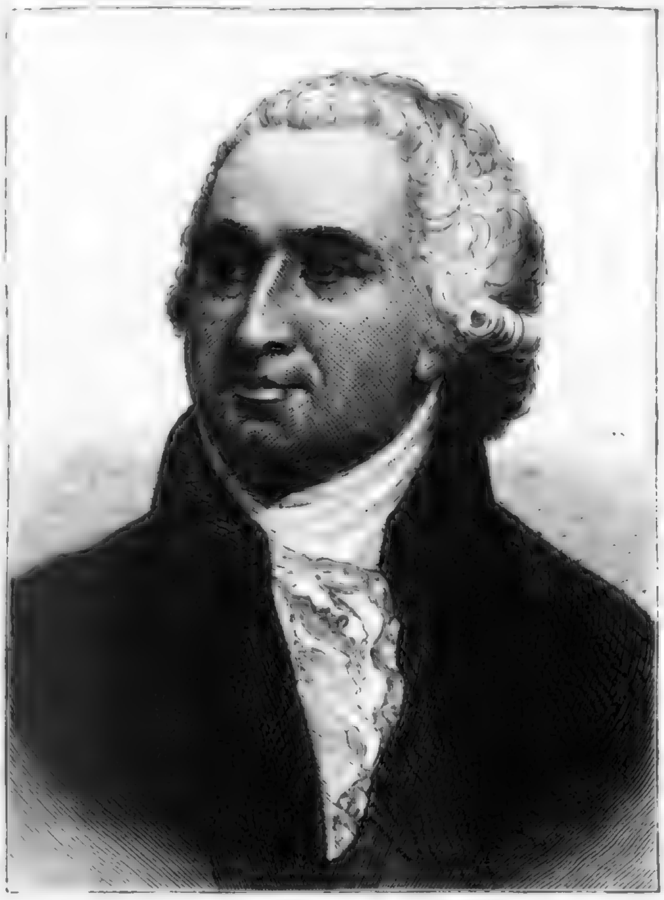
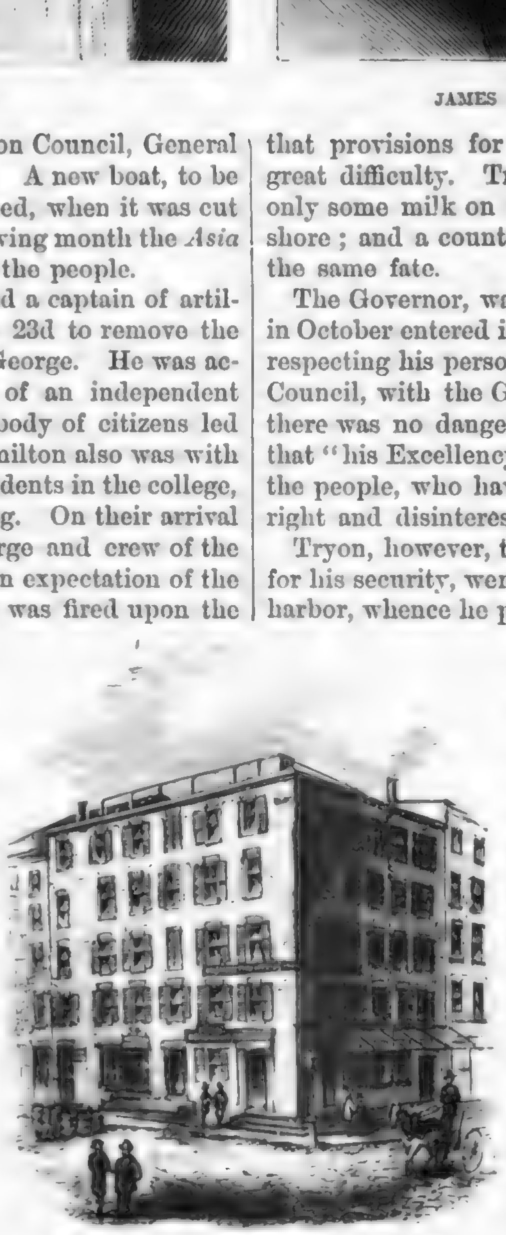

BISHOP SEABURY.


JAMES DUANE, "SON OF LIBERTY."

have been lamented alike by Common Council, General Committee, and Provincial Congress. A new boat, to be given in restitution, was partly finished, when it was cut in pieces in the night.* In the following month the *Asia* was brought into direct conflict with the people.

Lamb, who had been commissioned a captain of artillery, was sent on the evening of the 23d to remove the cannon from the battery below Fort George. He was accompanied on this service by part of an independent corps, under Colonel Lasher, and a body of citizens led by the ever-ready Sears. Young Hamilton also was with them, with a number of his fellow-students in the college, whom he had been engaged in drilling. On their arrival at the battery the party found a barge and crew of the *Asia* lying under the Fort, evidently in expectation of the movement. From the boat a musket was fired upon the citizens, which was met with a volley, killing and wounding several. The barge then returned to the *Asia*, which opened a heavy cannonade upon the party; several were wounded, and houses in the vicinity, among others Sam Fraunces' tavern, in Broad Street, were injured by the shock. The city bells were rung, there was a general alarm as if the city were to be destroyed, numbers fled to the country; but in the midst of the confusion the original object, the removal of the twenty-one pieces of ordnance at the battery, was deliberately accomplished. After this it was not to be wondered at that provisions for the *Asia* were to be obtained with great difficulty. Tryon complains that a boat "carrying only some milk on board," was burnt on her return to shore; and a country sloop, for a similar offense, shared the same fate.


SAM FRAUNCES' TAVERN, STRUCK BY THE "ASIA."

The Governor, warned by the unruly spirit of the day, in October entered into correspondence with Mayor Hicks respecting his personal safety in the city. The Common Council, with the General Committee, assured him that there was no danger in remaining, the latter entreating that "his Excellency would continue his residence among the people, who have the most grateful sense of his upright and disinterested administration."

Tryon, however, thinking these good words insufficient for his security, went on board the *Halifax* packet in the harbor, whence he presently removed to the ship *Duchess of Gordon*, where he received the friends of Government, who entertained him with favorable views of the situation. "It is certain," he writes to the Earl of Dartmouth, on the 11th of November, "that within this fortnight the spirit of rebellion in this Province, especially in the city, has greatly abated, and we wait now for only 5,000 regulars to open our commerce and restore our valuable constitution."

As a sedative to these cheerful anticipations, he has presently, in another dispatch, to communicate "a fresh outrage from the Connecticut people"; how "near one hundred of their horsemen, with Isaac Sears, Samuel Broom, and other turbulent fellows, at their

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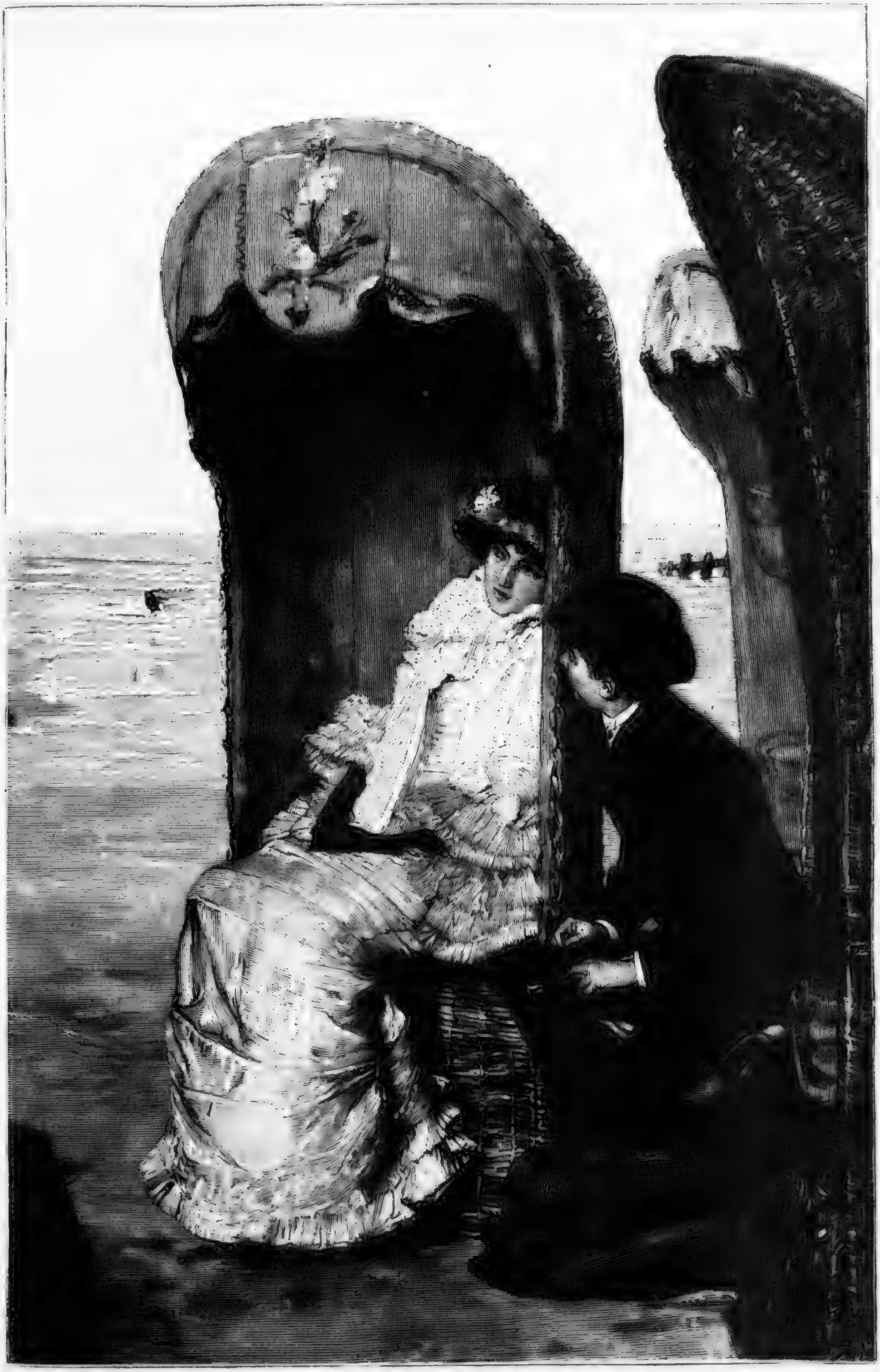
* Governor Tryon to the Earl of Dartmouth, 7th August, 1775.



AT CONFESSION.—FROM A PAINTING BY VINCENT PALMAROLI.

head, came into the City of New York, and going up to Mr. Rivington's house, part of them dismounted, went into his printing-office, and took away all his types, with other articles, out of the shop, and then, to the disgrace of the city, were suffered unmolested to leave the town." *

This affair took place on the 25th of November, at noonday. It was the sequel of a daring and unscrupulous raid from New Haven through Westchester County, in the course of which Seabury, the Episcopal minister at Westchester, subsequently first Bishop of his church in the United States, was seized, with the justice of the county and another obnoxious "Tory," and carried into Connecticut. Seabury's offense was the use of his pen and his personal influence on the Royal side. The motive of the attack on Rivington was the freedom with which the questions of the day were presented in his paper, the particular aggravation being a provoking estimate of the strength of the British army at the close of the late Seven-Years War, which was set down at exactly 499,000. A letter which reached him from the army at Cambridge a few days after the robbery, addressed "Measter Revington," and signed "Jedidiah Yankee," contained the warning: "Will you never have don printing Tory? I swear now your 499,000 paper men are strong marks of your Tory perinciples, and if you don't leave off, some of us will very soon pay you a visit, which, perhaps, will not be friendly."

The New York *Gazetteer* had, indeed, been for some time a thorn in the side of the patriots. Rivington's house had been visited before, at night, by a mob threatening personal violence, from which he had escaped by hiding himself in a neighbor's chimney, till he could seek refuge in a King's ship in the harbor. On submission to the Provincial Congress he had been permitted to return to his vocation in the city.†

This second assault sent him back a penniless refugee to London. An outrage like this, inflicted by the people of one colony on another, was not suffered, however Rivington's Tory articles may have been disliked, to pass without complaint from the city authorities. The General Committee complained to the Provincial Congress, and the matter was presented for proper regulation to the Continental Congress.

In the breast of John Jay it awoke a national feeling of resentment. "For my part," he writes to Colonel Woodhull, President of the Provincial Congress, "I don't approve of the feat, and think it neither argues much wisdom nor much bravery; at any rate, if it was to have been done, I wish our own people, and not strangers, had taken the liberty of doing it. I confess I am not a little jealous of the honor of the Province, and am persuaded that its reputation cannot be maintained without some little spirit being mingled with its prudence." The main effort in this business of the Provincial Congress was an expostulatory letter, addressed to Governor Jonathan Trumbull of Connecticut.

The soothing tone and adroit manner in which "Brother Jonathan" met this remonstrance was worthy of his proverbial oily diplomacy. "As to the public insult, you candidly extenuate, by saying that it was noonday, not in darkness of night, which would be accompanied with terror, though we by no means approve or justify the people of this colony taking any part therein; but the same candor you have expressed in your letter, I presume will induce you to view the matter, so far as it respects this colony or any of our people being concerned therein, in a still more favorable light, when you reflect that the head or leader in the whole transaction was a respectable member of your city and Congress, who we consider as the proper person to whom the whole transaction is imputable, and who belongs and is amenable to your jurisdiction alone, and, therefore, the affair cannot be considered as an intrusion of our people into your Province, but as a violence or disorder happening among yourselves, and not an intrusion from another colony; and you have the power to compel the gentleman we point out to return and restore that property which was taken away, by such methods as you think most proper." *

THE AVENGERS OF BLOOD.

Absalom Turner was a young lad of a loyalist family in South Carolina, and had taken no part in the struggle of the times; his only offense was being the brother of Ned and Dick Turner, two of the bloodiest bravadoes of the notorious band called "The Bloody Scout," commanded by Cunningham. The house of Mrs. Turner, the boy's mother, was a rendezvous for the Tories. It stood in the bend of Saluda River.

Absalom fell a victim to the crimes of his relations; he was killed by a party of savage Whigs, and not content with the slaughter of one who had never injured them, they resolved on a wanton piece of cruelty, in revenge for outrages committed on their friends.

They immediately proceeded to the house of Mrs. Turner, forced an entrance, and turning down the sheets of her bed, wiped upon them their gory swords. "This blood!" the murderers shouted in her ears, "is the blood of your son!" And with fierce exultation at the mother's grief and horror, they left her to her search for the lad's mangled body.

The news of this sacrifice quickly reached the two brothers who served with Cunningham, and they vowed a fearful vow of bloody vengeance.

With one associate, they set out, as on one of their midnight excursions for plunder, and marched from the Saluda River to Indian Creek. There, surprising the little settlement in the midst of peaceful slumber, they burst into the unprotected homes, dragged four Whig lads from their beds and from the presence of their mothers, heedless of shrieks and entreaties for mercy, and rushing with these prisoners into the forest, put them to death by hewing them in pieces with their swords, amid their piercing cries and supplications. This brutal retaliation was in its turn revenged; one of the murderers being afterward killed by kinsmen of the victims.

The thirst of blood was not yet slaked in the brothers Turner, after this horrible deed. In one house they found Stokely Towles—a man whom they knew for an active patriot—prostrated with the smallpox. Not even the fear of contact with this loathsome disease could turn them from their fell purpose. They dragged him from the hole into which he had crept for concealment, and inhumanly butchered him.

Could the imagination of a writer of romance picture scenes more terrible or revolting? We give the simple outline of truth, without a tint of coloring; the reader will not be at a loss to fill out the sketch.

The fate of the violent and bloody man is foretold.

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* Governor Tryon to Earl of Darmouth, 6th December, 1775. Col. Doc. VIII., 645-6.

† "Case of Mr. James Rivington," *Gentleman's Magazine*, November, 1776.

* Notes concerning the destruction of Rivington's press, "New York Corporation Manual," 1868.

One of the actors in this tragedy—Dick Turner—was captured by stratagem, not far from his mother's residence. He was brought before the commanding officer of the party.

"Tell me," said the officer, "where are your comrades ?"

The prisoner made no reply.

"Tell me !" shouted the other, "tell—or——" and he presented a loaded pistol at Turner's breast—"I will shoot you !"

"Shoot, and be hanged !" was the answer of the fearless ruffian.

The officer pulled the trigger, and the robber and murderer fell expiring at his feet.

His brother, Ned, remained in Cunningham's corps through the War, and, after its close, was placed, with his associates, under the ban of the State. They were proclaimed outlaws by the Governor, and a reward was offered for every man of them, dead or alive. The remaining members of this notorious band fled for refuge to the vast swamps, and the thickets on the banks of Saluda, Bush, and Little Rivers. In these wild fastnesses, impenetrable save to those who knew how to trace the labyrinths, they remained concealed ; were called "outliers," and were the terror of the honest and industrious families of the settlements.

Search for them, however, was not given up by those who had suffered from this ferocious gang, and the hunted outlaws were driven from place to place and found no rest.

Turner left his familiar haunts in the woods and swamps, and took his departure for Florida. His mother lived to a great age, and was respected in the neighborhood, for the guilt of her sons was not imputed to her. After her death, in 1810, Ned ventured back—a worn and aged man—to pay a visit to his kindred in South Carolina, and receive some share of his mother's estate.

The sons of Stokely Towles were soon informed that their father's cruel murderer was walking free and unharmed among the scenes of his former violence and crime. "Blood for blood," was the cry of nature within them. They raised a party, resolute as themselves for vengeance ; and marching at night, surrounded the house of Turner's niece, in which he was then staying as a guest.

Colonel Towles, pistol in hand, took his position at the door. The old man within was soon made aware, by some means, that his enemies had surrounded him, and were determined to visit upon him a fearful retribution. His ancient fire and cunning revived with the pressure of danger. Seizing his clothes, he dressed himself hastily, and stood in readiness ; and the instant the door was thrown open, he sprang through it like lightning. Colonel Towles, however, was quick and bold, and prepared for accidents. He fired as the old ruffian dashed past him ; Ned Turner staggered forward a few steps, and fell in the yard, apparently lifeless. The ball had entered his neck.

John Towles looked at the body ; the man seemed to have breathed his last, but he was not certain, and he called out to his brother to "shoot the old rascal again." But the colonel refused, and forbade any of the others to do it ; it was a shame, he said, to shoot a dead foe. The party quitted the place immediately.

Presently, the mistress of the house walked slowly into the yard, to search for the body of her slaughtered uncle. She was weeping loudly, and invoking vengeance on those who had slain him.

Her cries and lamentations were interrupted by a faint sound from the corner of the fence. The victim had crawled there to hide himself. As the startled woman ran to the spot, she was greeted by the words, uttered in a distinct and strong voice :

"Don't be a fool. Bring me my horse. Old Ned *ain't* dead yet !"

The horse was speedily brought. The old man, meanwhile, had arisen, and walked into the house. The bullet had inflicted only a flesh wound, and that an inconsiderable one. He lost no time in preparing to mount his horse, and commence his homeward journey ; for he had good reason to fear pursuit from his enemies, should they learn that he was not killed. He reached his home in safety, and there died, having attained a great age.

The adventures of Ned Turner would afford material for a novel ; and the close of his career inculcates a moral as striking as that illustrated by any fiction.

BY THE SEA.

In shady nook
That peeps down on the sun-kissed sea,
A lassie sits with far-off look
In loving eyes that seem to me
Mirrors of truth and purity.

And all in vain
Do little hands caressing stray,
And seek to bring her thoughts again
To centre on their childish play :
For once they've wandered far away.

O daughter mine,
I ought to bring you sympathy,
And yet I cannot but repine!
The love-light in your eyes I see,
And know that you are lost to me.

Yet, little one,
When it befalls you pass away
To be another's light and sun,
Though life will lose its glow for aye,
I'll try to smile and bless the day.

JEREMIAH THOMSON'S OATH.

Jeremiah Thomson, the crustiest, most obstinate, altogether unreasonable old bachelor to be found that cold Winter day within the limits of Manhattan Island, sat alone in his handsome, well-filled library, making his will—or, at least, trying to do so—an act in itself ordinary enough and common to most men at some period of their existence, but in this instance only a proof of the would-be testator's infirmity of temper, his sole reason for making this future disposition of his goods and chattels being to prevent their falling into the hands of the nephew who would otherwise legally fall heir to them.

Twenty-five years before, Jeremiah had quarreled finally with the only near relative he possessed—his sister. When the young girl—in defiance of the wishes of her friends and the angry remonstrances of her elder brother —married a man whom all knew to be unworthy in every respect, Jeremiah, with a terrible oath, disowned her for ever, swearing that neither she nor her children should ever receive from him any assistance during his lifetime, nor inherit a penny of his wealth at his death. In the years that followed, his sister had grown to be so entirely apart from his life that the news he accidentally heard of her death one morning ten years before the date of our story had very little power to move him, beyond serving

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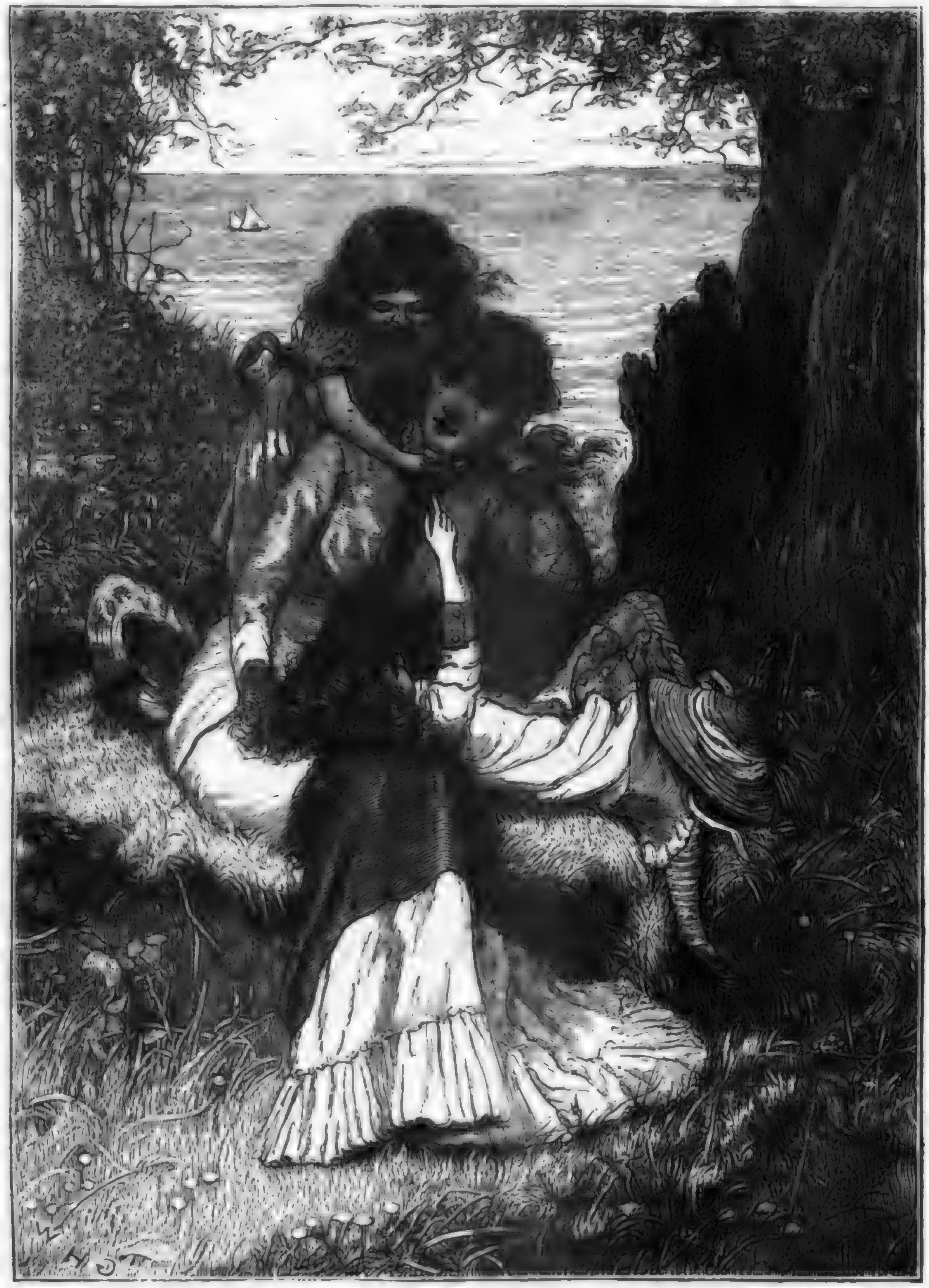
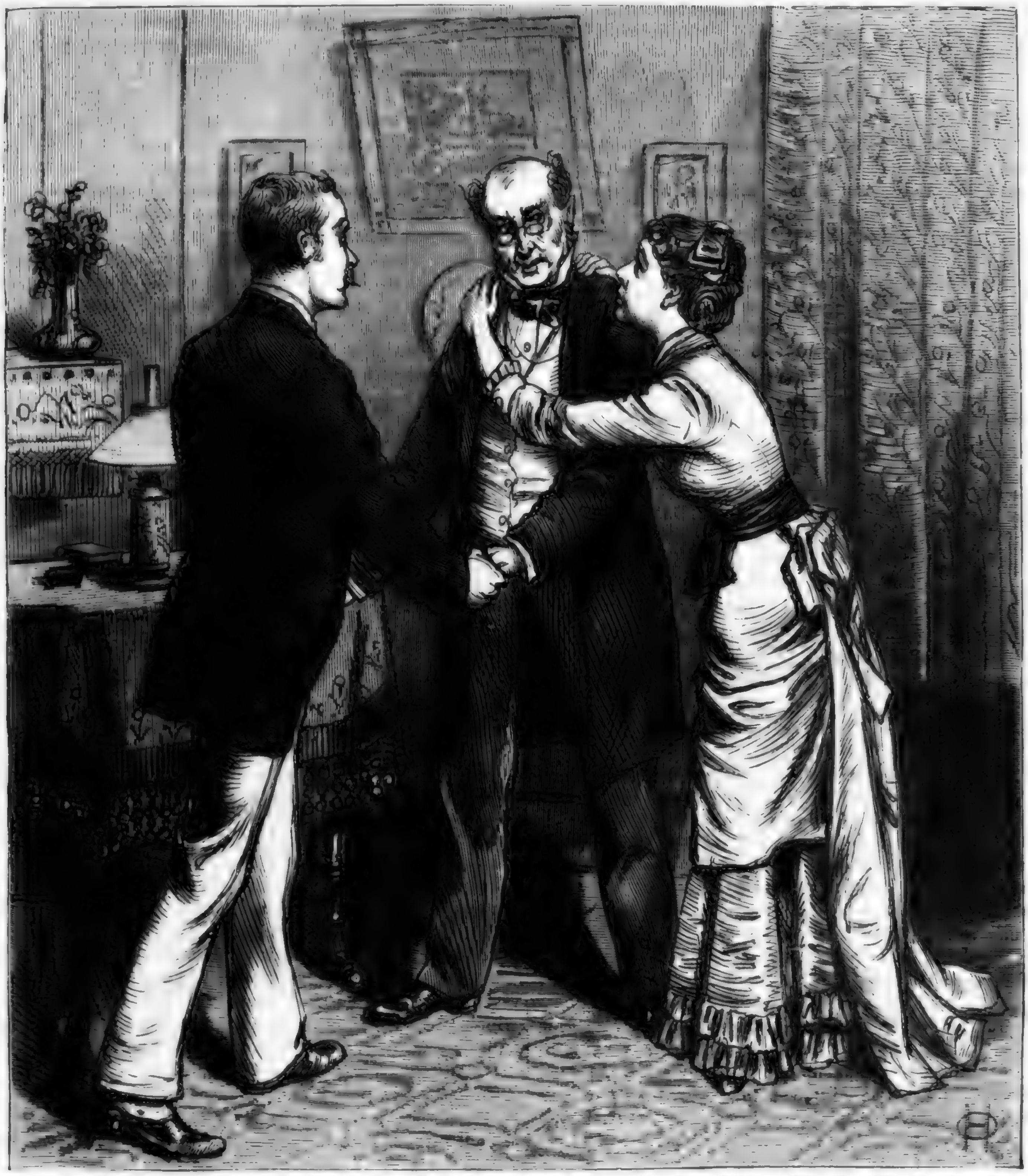
as a reminder of the oath he had sworn, especially as he was told that his sister had left a son.



BY THE SEA.—"LITTLE HANDS CARESSING STRAY
AND SEEK TO BRING HER THOUGHTS AGAIN."—SEE POEM ON PAGE 47.

Testy old Jeremiah was naturally no favorite among his acquaintances—friends he had none in his own rank of life—and what he did with his large income was a puzzle to his neighbors, who saw the outside of his quiet, simple life in his comfortable but lonely home, with only servants for his companions. And how were these lookers-on to know that an answer to this question might be found among the poor and suffering of New York, where Jeremiah was known, and there only? To-day he seemed to find difficulty in the task he had set himself, for not a soul in the world was sufficiently dear to him to figure to his satisfaction in the important document he was trying to draw up. Should he found a hospital? Endow churches or alms-houses? Build a retreat for disabled cats and dogs, or an orphan home?

"Only for the whole thing to be mismanaged by a lot of idiots!" he muttered, angrily, as these various projects passed through his brain. "Bah! Perhaps a breath of



JEREMIAH THOMSON'S OATH.—"A PAIR OF SOFT ARMS WERE THROWN AROUND HIS NECK, ACCOMPANIED BY THE FIRST KISS THAT HAD TOUCHED HIS FOREHEAD FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS."—SEE PAGE 47.

fresh air will brighten my wits. Just now, the only idea that suggests itself with any sort of clearness is that Cecil Flemyng's son shall never become my heir!"

Jeremiah Thomson seemed, if possible, more unapproachable that evening than usual, his fellow-members at the club thought, as he gruffly grunted forth the briefest reply to the greetings of some of the more good-natured among them offered, and unsocially ensconcing himself in the most unfrequented corner, he took up a newspaper, and was soon deep in the rise and fall of stocks. When, finally, he left the club, it was to find a decided change in the weather. A glance at the thermometer at the door showed the mercury to have descended several degrees, and the general condition of mud and stickiness left by the rain which had fallen in the morning had been replaced by a treacherous thin ice, covering the puddles, coating the pavements, the houses, the streets—everything—while the driving sleet, blowing directly in Jeremiah's face with blinding, stinging effect, caused him to curse his carelessness in forgetting his umbrella, as he buttoned his overcoat a little closer, and started on his slippery way. But a sort of weakness in the knees and a general feeling of hesitancy and irresolution, told Jeremiah that things with him had changed strangely—something seemed gone that forty years ago would have made this battle with the elements a positive pleasure. Could it be old age creeping upon him?

On he blundered slowly, with bent head and hat drawn far over his eyes, slipping a little here and there, but, on the whole, making a reasonable amount of progress until an unlucky backsliding of his left foot caused the right heel to come wildly and incautiously down upon a glaring bit of ice treacherously making even a depression worn in the pavement, which would certainly have brought our old friend's bald head in violent contact with the stones if, just at this opportune moment, a helping hand had not been thrust through his arm, while a cheery, hearty young voice exclaimed:

"Two are better than one on such a night as this, sir! I see you have forgotten your umbrella, so I hope you have no objections to sharing mine, with my company thrown in!"

Jeremiah looked up in surprise, and was about, from mere force of habit, to mutter a gruff refusal of the proffered favor; but the relief afforded by the strong young arm and the shielding umbrella, and perhaps some remnant of shame, changed the uncivil reply into a half-grudging sort of thanks, and the two plodded on, Jeremiah finding that his troubles were comparatively over.

The walk was rather long; but, strange to say, Jeremiah did not find it altogether an unpleasant one. On the contrary, the free and easy, unreserved, yet thoroughly courteous remarks of his companion, not wanting in the deference due from a young man to his senior, had an effect upon him which caused Jeremiah to find himself, to his own secret surprise, when the two men reached his own door, inviting his new acquaintance to dine with him at his club the next day. The company of any one who would dare to laugh and jest so easily with his morose old self was a new sensation to Jeremiah, but this was surely his own fault.

The next day did nothing to change this favorable impression, rather added somewhat to it, as a bond of sympathy was found in the mutual taste of the two men for the game of chess. Five o'clock, the hour of an imperative engagement elsewhere for the younger man, found them deep in a protracted game, the completion of which had to be postponed until the following evening.

As Jeremiah puffed volumes of smoke from his cherished meerschaum that evening alone in his library, he was forced to acknowledge that another new sensation was creeping into his heart, warming it strangely, it seemed to him—he actually heartily liked, and took unfeigned pleasure in, the society of one of his fellow-men.

"Upon my word," he reflected, "I positively don't know the young man's name yet! I must ask him to-morrow, and, perhaps, something about himself and his prospects. By-the-way, I haven't written that abominable will yet! If circumstances had only given me such a son as my new acquaintance, the remembrance of my wealth would be some pleasure, instead of the anxiety it now is. But, certainly, Cecil Flemyng's son shall never inherit it. If I only had a boy of my own!"

And now Jeremiah's thoughts seemed to grow misty and vague. As they gradually separated themselves from the hard, cold realities of to-day, the old man's hair seemed to grow brown and soft again, the blood in his veins warmer and swifter, and the wrinkles in his face smooth, while the wreaths of smoke he was watching, slowly and faintly at first, finally resolved themselves into a woman's face—that of a blue-eyed girl, now smiling at him from the cloud of smoke, then disappearing for an instant in the vapor, only to peep at him again from behind the tantalizing vail. Then some malicious influence seemed to come between them, and Jeremiah's face grew set and stern, as he seemed to see in the smoke the dark, handsome features of the trusted friend of his youth, George Morrison, whose treachery had robbed him of what was dearer than his life, and made him the gloomy, morose old man whom all his neighbors so carefully "let alone."

The pipe was almost burned out now, but the last puff of smoke showed him another girl's face, a laughing, saucy little creature, nodding mischievously at him, scarcely more than a child, his sister Claire, whom he had not seen for twenty-five years, dead now ten years ago.

The pipe went out, and Jeremiah, with a start, came back to the present, the lonely library, the hard, empty world and his own gray hairs; but the softening influence of that vision of bygone days remained for a little while. Yes, he had been hard on his little sister, who had, only in an important affair, insisted upon following the inclinations which all her life previously had been law to all about her. Of course he could never have consented to such a marriage, but he wished now that he had seen his sister just once before she died. Then there was her son. It might be that he had been wronged in making that oath. Of course he must live up to it, but perhaps it was a mistake. Poor little Claire!

Jeremiah's neighbors would scarcely have recognized the crusty, cross-grained old bachelor that evening in the peaceful, gentle face of the man lying dreaming on the sofa, his empty pipe in his hand.

The protracted game of chess finally settled in Jeremiah's favor; a long conversation between the combatants ensued, which drew many a curious glance to that corner of the room.

"What has brought old Thomson out of his shell?" queried one puzzled club member; to which his friend answered, with a shrug of his shoulders:

"Diogenes seems to have lit upon an honest man at last!"

A few kindly put questions from Jeremiah, showing a friendly interest and goodwill impossible to be misconstrued, drew from his companion a perfectly frank account of his position and prospects, as well as of his hopes and ambitions. He was a lawyer, on the first steps of that road where it is so hard to get on, harder to get honor, and hardest to get honest. Clients as yet he had none, his only possessions, in fact, seeming to be an unlimited stock of hope and energy, and a very fair amount of brains; but in all he said there was an honest manliness, a steady, straightforward firmness of purpose, a courageous, happy confidence in himself and the world about him, with a fund of hope and faith in the future, which pleased and touched his world-weary, embittered auditor strangely.

"By-the-way, my young friend," remarked Jeremiah, breaking into a pause in the long conversation, "among all these questions which I have been rude enough to put to you, I have omitted one which should have been asked the first of all. I don't even know your name."

"'Pon my word, I am a stupid—never to have introduced myself properly!" laughed the young man. "My name, sir, is Lloyd Flemyng."

"Flemyng!" cried Jeremiah, with an amount of energy which rather astonished his companion. "Can it be that you are in any way connected with Cecil Flemyng?"

"Cecil Flemyng was my father; he died five years ago," answered the young man, quietly and steadily enough, though his cheek reddened slightly.

"The deuce he was!" exclaimed Jeremiah, explosively. "I beg your pardon. I knew your mother once before her marriage. Did you never hear her speak of Jeremiah Thomson?"

"I never heard anything of mother's early friends, except that she cut herself entirely adrift from them when she married. Are you going, Mr. Thomson? May I offer you half of my umbrella again? I see it is snowing."

The only answer vouchsafed to this well-meant offer was a profane and discourteous wish in regard to the umbrella and its owner, muttered as Jeremiah hastily took his departure, and many a day passed before Lloyd Flemyng saw his eccentric friend again.

Jeremiah seemed to have grown years older as he sat at home lost in thought that evening, too much absorbed in his reflections to heed even his beloved pipe lying neglected on the mantel. Yes, the old man had lost something that day which he morbidly told himself could never exist for him again; he had lost confidence in himself, almost self-respect, as he looked back over the long years of his life, and, utterly blind to any good things which he had done, saw with startling evidences his folly in allowing the treachery of one man to embitter him against all his fellow-creatures, and wither all generous, unselfish impulses which might have caused him to carry light and gladness where now he was only a churlish, unloved member of the community, to be shunned and feared. And how cruel and heartless he had shown himself to his sister, in thus deserting her at the beginning of what he knew must prove her hour of need! Had the cloud which separated him only two short years later from the woman he had so loved been sent as a sort of retribution for his utter lack of sympathy with his sister, when she, too, had so entiringly and trustingly given her heart away?

"Surely my sins have found me out," the old man muttered, as he thought of the nephew from whom he had an hour before so abruptly parted, and whom he was already growing to love with an affection which all these years seemed to have been keeping in reserve for him.

How proud and happy he would have been to take this young man into his lonely, unloved life, and make the care of his future the absorbing interest of his declining years, which now seemed to stretch so gray and empty before him! But of this happiness he deprived himself by that wicked, heartless oath which he now would have given the half of his wealth to recall, but which he never dreamed of breaking. No, he could never hope to make good to the son in the smallest degree the injury he had done the mother. His punishment was hard, but he acknowledged the justice of it.

It was nearly two weeks after that Jeremiah sat in his accustomed corner at the club, looking much as usual to an ordinary observer, but certainly engaged in a most unusual and incongruous occupation—he was reading a love-letter! He had merely dropped in for a moment to refresh his memory in regard to an advertisement in yesterday's paper, and, without laying aside his overcoat, soon found what he sought. Concluding to cut out the advertisement for future use, he hastily thrust his hand into one of his overcoat-pockets, where he always carried a knife, but only came upon a small piece of paper folded like a letter.

"I thought something would happen when I was fool enough to leave my overcoat in that thieves' den of a dressing-room at the theatre last night!" he muttered, testily. "It is lucky that I left nothing more valuable in my pockets. But what is this? I don't usually leave letters or bills in my overcoat"; and he opened the paper and read:

> "My Dear Friend: All night I have been sitting in my room trying to look the future in the face—a future that I at last see so clearly you and I must pass apart; and now, just as the dawn is breaking, I am writing you a sad farewell, for I have finally resolved to put an end to this weary struggle, and tell you plainly that I can never be your wife. It would be worse than useless for me to disguise the feeling I have for you, my love. My heart has been yours alone since I have known you, and will be true to you in all the weary years I may still have to live. To become your wife seems to me to be the happiest fate in this world; but duty must come before happiness, my love, or how could the latter exist at all? You are sure to make for yourself an honorable position in the end, but I well know that years of toil and struggle lie before you, in which I, instead of being any assistance, could only be a weight to keep you back. This on your side; for myself, even if everything else were favorable, how could I ever leave an invalid mother, with no help or dependence but myself and my exertions?"

So far Jeremiah had read, when an odd sort of feeling that he was doing something very like breaking into a sanctuary, caused him to reverently fold the letter, without reading further, and to restore it to his pocket. As he did so, the name signed caught his eye—"Ernestine Eyre Morrison!"

"Ernestine Eyre!" he muttered, dropping the letter on the table before him, and gazing at it with eyes that somehow grew strangely misty. "How many events have taken place lately to bring back the past! Can it be that I am on the trace of my lost Ernestine? It must be; the name is not common enough to admit of a doubt. Surely it was the hand of Providence that placed this letter in my way. What a noble creature the writer of it must be! Can it be Ernestine's daughter? Thank God! there is an address on the letter: 122 ——— Street, Philadelphia. I shall follow the clew immediately!"

* * * * * * *

"Can you tell me the way to ——— Street, young lady?" asked a thick-set, stern-looking gentleman, not altogether prepossessing in appearance—our friend Jeremiah, in fact—one evening, a few days later, addressing a young girl who had stopped for a moment before one of the most attractive of Philadelphia's many tempting shop-windows.

The girl turned, and as Jeremiah met the glance of a pair of deep-blue eyes, looking gravely at him from under the heavily-fringed lids, he started violently, and drew a deep breath, feeling as if the ghost of his vanished youth had risen up before him; then, without leaving the young lady time to reply, he went on:

"I am going to your home, Miss Morrison; perhaps you will kindly act as my guide. I am a very old friend of your mother's, whom I have not seen for over twenty years, and recognized you by your likeness to her. I hope you will allow me to accompany you."

How many years was it since Jeremiah Thomson had so humbly and deferentially asked a favor? Surely some strangely humanizing influence was at work within him.

"Certainly, sir," answered the girl, quickly; "we have a very short distance to go."

Neither Jeremiah nor his guide spoke again until they stood at the door of a dwelling so small as to scarcely aspire to the name of a house, when the young lady asked her companion to wait in the hall while she prepared her mother for his visit.

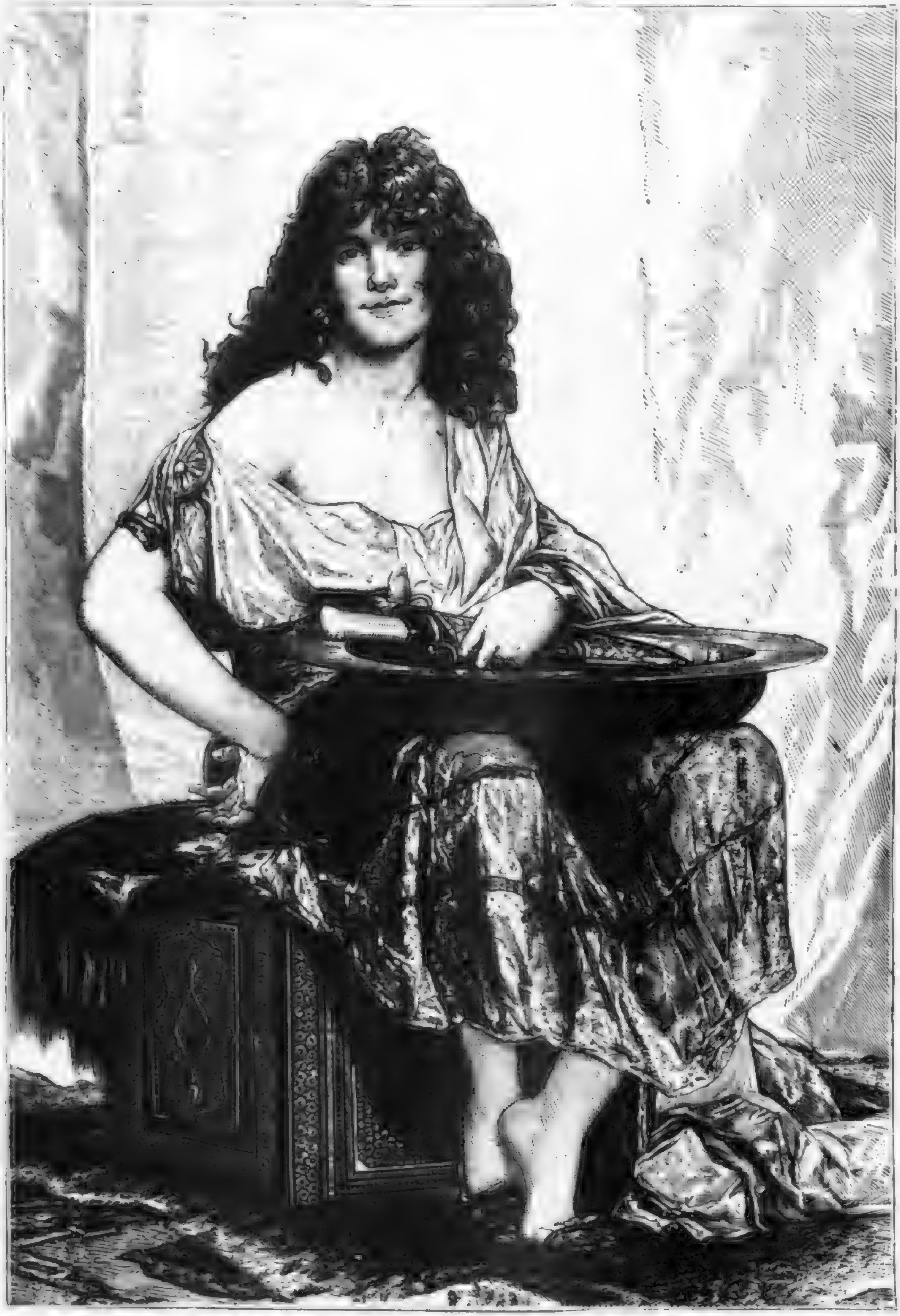
"We have but one sitting-room," she explained, simply.

The next moment Jeremiah, trembling a little, and with eyes full of a mist which for an instant obscured everything, was standing beside the sofa of his early love, while the voice which he had thought never to hear again save in his dreams was bidding him welcome. In afterward looking back upon the hour which followed, it seemed to him that more of his life had been compressed into it than in all the dreary twenty years which had gone before.

In that short time forgiveness had been sought and found, dark places made clear, wounds healed, hidden motives brought to light, and above all a cold, hardened heart, aching with the burden of its own chill misanthropy and cynicism, softened by the influence of the woman whose image had never wholly faded from it.

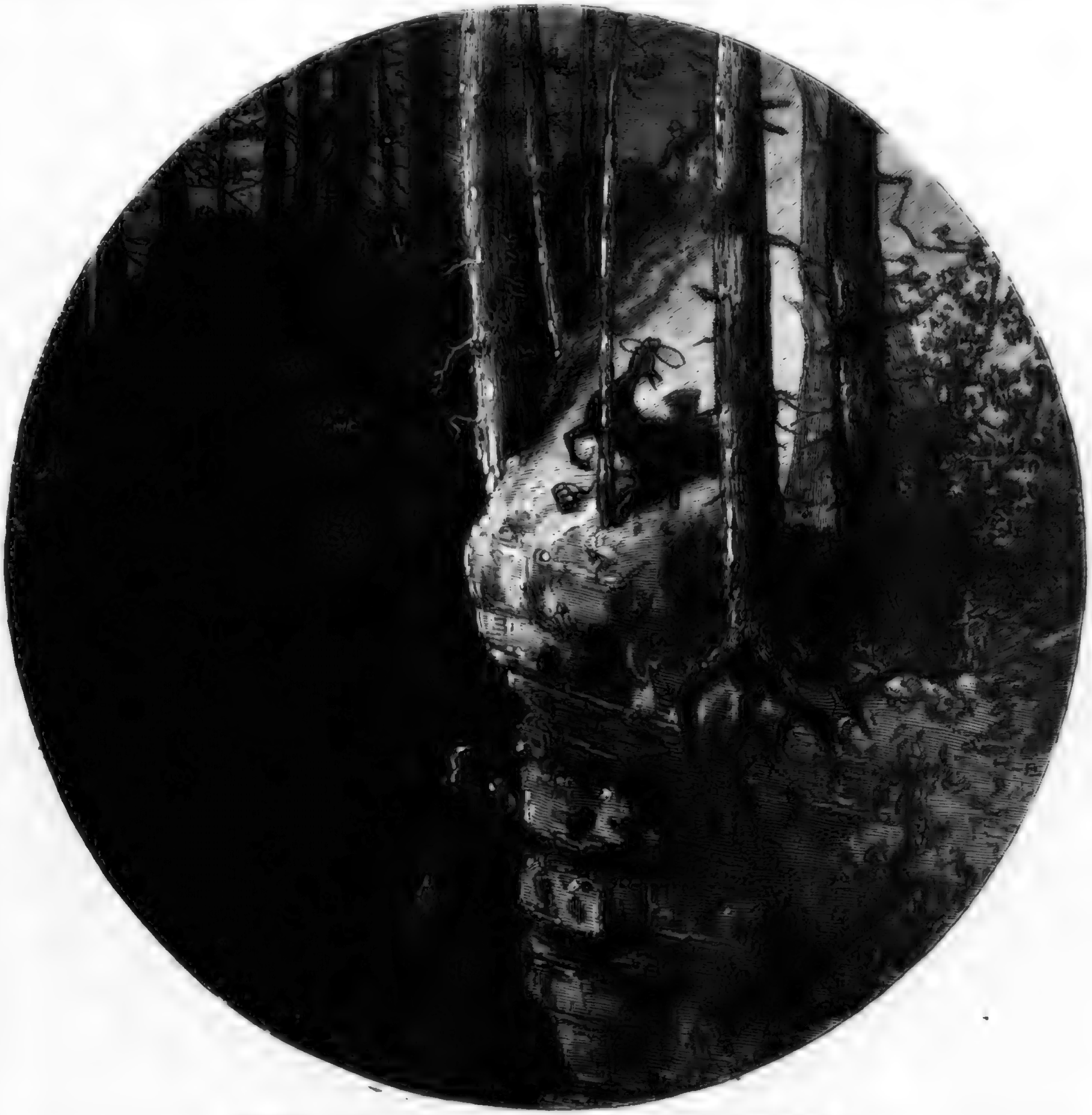
"And now tell me of your daughter," he said, shortly before his departure. "Her face tells her goodness. But is she happy?"

"She is a good girl, indeed," replied the mother, sighing. "But with her lies my deepest grief. It is useless to deny what our surroundings must show you, that we are very poor; but you cannot know that, since her father's death, almost our only means of subsistence are supplied by my noble girl, who works patiently, day after day, teaching music and French, while far from



SALOME, DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS.—FROM THE PAINTING BY REGNAULT.

making any complaint at the dreariness and emptiness of her young life, she is the light and gladness of our little home; but that is not the worst. For a year she has been betrothed to a young lawyer in New York, to whom she is devotedly attached. He returns her affection fully, but last week she decidedly put an end to the engagement, and all for my sake, I know. She has sacrificed herself and her love to her mother without a murmur, even without acknowledging that it is so, declaring that it is only because the young man has not the means to support a wife."



MOUNTAINEERING IN COLORADO.—ADVENTURE OF A MULE.—SEE PAGE 56.

"Bless my soul!" cried Jeremiah, in much excitement. "I wonder if there is any man living good enough for that girl? What did you say the fellow's name is?"

"I don't think I have told you yet. His name is Lloyd Flemyng."

"The deuce!" shouted Jeremiah. Then, seeing Mrs. Morrison's look of startled reproach, searching wildly in his mind for an expletive suitable for feminine ears: "I—I mean—good gracious! Here's a nice sort of *dénouement!* I beg your pardon, Mrs. Morrison; I happen to know something of the young man, and, upon my word, nothing could please me better than this news. We must see how this matter can be brought right. For old acquaintance' sake, Ernestine, you must forgive me if I take a sort of fatherly interest in your girl, and meddle in her affairs most abominably. You can scarcely imagine how alone I am in the world, and what a blessed difference it would make in my life to have some one but myself to think of. Will you make me happy during the remainder of my life by allowing me to make your girl's future my care?"

"It would take the greatest load from my heart," answered Mrs. Morrison, her voice trembling.

Jeremiah's visit in Philadelphia lasted only four days, but in that time a great deal was accomplished, and certainly Jeremiah could remember but few happier days in his life. He left Mrs. Morrison and her daughter installed in a large house on one of the brightest and airiest streets of the city, surrounded with every comfort and as many luxuries as he could induce them to accept. Miss Morrison's pupils had been informed that they must find

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another instructress, and scarcely had an hour passed since the grateful little family had bidden a brief farewell to their benefactor, when a letter to this effect from one of the prominent lawyers of the city was handed to the completely overwhelmed Ernestine:

> "MISS ERNESTINE MORRISON, DEAR MADAM: We are requested to say that we have this day paid into the —— Bank $50,000 to your account, the gift of Jeremiah Thomson, of New York. The sum is at your disposition, awaiting your orders.
>
> "Yours, respectfully, D——."

Immediately upon reaching New York, Jeremiah sought his nephew at the address the young man had previously given him. Fortunately he was at home, and Jeremiah, with his customary abruptness, lost no time in broaching the object of his visit.

"My dear boy," he began, after the first greetings were over, "I have a story to tell you, which will certainly surprise, if it does not please, you. Did you ever know that your mother had a brother?"

"No, Mr. Thomson. My mother never spoke of her family, and I fancied she was an only child."

"And she never told you of the brother who heartlessly cast her off at her marriage, and never offered help or sympathy in all the trials which followed that unlucky event? Your uncle is not a pleasant sort of man, Lloyd, but such as he is, he now stands before you; will you give him your hand?" Then, as the young man hesitated and drew back a little: "I like you the better, my boy, for resenting your mother's wrongs, but I honestly repent my conduct at that time, and would give years of my life to be able to atone for it!"

And Lloyd Flemyng cordially shook the hand extended to him.

"It is better to have matters understood at once, Lloyd," said Jeremiah, a few moments later. "I swore once that I would never assist you financially during my lifetime, nor should you inherit any of my property, and this oath I cannot, of course, retract. Yesterday I made a will, bequeathing everything I have to the daughter of an old friend. I cannot give you the money which in justice should be yours, but if you should happen to take a fancy to this young lady, and she puts no obstacle in your way, I, of course, should have no right to interfere."

"Mr. Thomson," answered his nephew, rather haughtily, "the interest you seem to take in my affairs is, doubtless, kindly meant, but I hope to be able to support myself without the assistance of a wife. I have no intention of marrying at present."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed rude Jeremiah, rubbing his hands in glee, while his nettled and astonished nephew scowled darkly at him, until a few apologetic words restored something like order.

"You are not looking well, my boy; rather down in the mouth, in fact," remarked Jeremiah, before taking his departure. "I am going to Philadelphia to-morrow for a few days. Come with me; a little change may help you. I should like you to call on the young lady I spoke of."

"Very well, uncle, I will go," answered Lloyd, flushing a little as his uncle spoke of Philadelphia; "but I must remind you that your scheme in regard to the lady can certainly come to nothing."

"All right, my boy!" responded Jeremiah, cheerfully. "I dare say she wouldn't have you. But before I go I will trouble you for my overcoat in exchange for this one I have been wearing for the past week."

"And was it really your coat I was stupid enough to take at the theatre, instead of my own? What a strange coincidence!" cried Lloyd, in surprise. "I have been trying ever since to find an owner for the property I appropriated. What put you upon the right scent?"

"I will explain that when I have more time," replied Jeremiah, glancing at his companion with an odd expression, very mysterious to the latter, after which he rather hastily took his departure.

Jeremiah left his nephew alone in Mrs. Morrison's pretty drawing-room the next day, pondering upon the fallibility of human judgment.

"All along I have been taking my respected relative for a regular thundercloud of the stormiest kind," he reflected, "and suddenly he shows himself to be such a loquacious, jolly old cove, that I should certainly have suspected him of taking a drop or two more than was good for him, if he hadn't been so uncommonly clear about those business matters we were talking over this morning."

Meanwhile Jeremiah, on his way to prepare Mrs. Morrison for what was about to take place, met Ernestine in the hall. The young girl began a few eager, tremulous words of gratitude for the last great benefit she had received from her mother's friend, but was interrupted.

"Never mind that now, my dear. The nephew of whom I told you is in the drawing-room. Kindness shown to him is the best thanks you can give me."

And the unsuspecting girl entered the room, leaving Jeremiah chuckling to himself from pure lightheartedness. The old man was certainly growing young again.

The occupants of the drawing-room had been left to themselves for nearly an hour, when Jeremiah, with several significant, premonitory coughs, and much unnecessary rattling of the door-knob, finally entered; but, in spite of the ample time so considerately given, matters seemed to have progressed very slowly. A few almost incoherent words of gratitude and a shake, or rather wringing, of the hand, which spoke volumes from Lloyd, and—yes, actually!—a pair of soft arms around his neck, accompanied by the first kiss that had touched his forehead for twenty-five years, were the greetings to which the old man had to submit, followed by Ernestine, exclaiming, in a voice which seemed wavering between tears and laughter, while her sweet face glowed as red as the roses in the *étagère:*

"You will help me, I know, Mr. Thomson, but what will you think of me when I tell you that all this time I have been imploring your nephew to marry me, and he objects because I am no longer poor. He hasn't quite consented yet."

"My dear, I have forgotten my cane; will you go to your mother's room and bring it?" answered Jeremiah, irrelevantly, and the young girl obediently went to do his bidding.

"Lloyd," began Jeremiah, when the two men were alone, laying his hand on his nephew's shoulder, and gazing at him with eyes full of an earnest gravity, contrasting strongly with his previous demeanor, "I can, of course, scarcely hope my words to have more effect with you than those of the girl who just left us; but as every little helps, perhaps the knowledge that my hopes of peace and happiness during my few remaining years depend mainly upon your decision, may induce you to change your mind. As I told you before, I swore long ago that you should never inherit my wealth, but I did not tell you that this has been weighing upon my heart and conscience ever since I knew you—to whom alone my money should hereafter justly belong—until now a merciful Providence has seemed to intervene and—by your marriage with the girl whom I had already made my heiress before I knew of your connection with her—avert the consequences of that rash, cruel oath. Will you allow a mistaken pride to destroy the happiness of three people, my boy? How could I hope to meet your mother in the hereafter if I had carried my vindictive, revengeful spirit to the grave—or, what is the same, had done nothing to ward off its evil results? I don't profess to be disinterested, you see, but men are apt to grow selfish as old age comes on after a life spent alone, and this has grown to be such a bright hope to my heart, Lloyd: such a blessed release from the web in which my own folly has entangled me."

"Uncle," exclaimed Lloyd, cordially, "I could have resisted Ernestine about five minutes longer, I fancy; but if anything could have been needed to add weight to her words, it would be what you have said, for certainly your kindness to Ernestine when she sorely needed a friend, gives you every claim upon my gratitude. Here she is now."

"I am so sorry that your cane is not to be found, Mr. Thomson," said the young girl, as she entered the room. "Could you have——"

"Oh, never mind; it is probably in the hall with my hat," interrupted Jeremiah, cheerfully. "I dare say you two can spare me now, my dear, so I will say good-by for a few days. Don't forget, Lloyd, my boy, we must return to New York by the five o'clock train."

As he smokes in his library again in the evening, Jeremiah is scarcely conscious that he is alone, so filled seems the place with pleasant visions of the future, and the pictures that his life's one tried and true friend—his pipe—shows him, all tell of an old age of peace and usefulness. Regretful memories of the past, that now and then arise, only make brighter in comparison the hopes of the future, where glad young faces about his fireside seem to restore his own youth, while chubby baby fingers close and cause to be forgotten like a tale that is told the dreary, selfish record of years.

"Yes," he murmured, softly, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe, and restored it to its velvet case, "I have kept my oath, and yet I think little Claire would be satisfied."

A QUEEN'S NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

A noted antiquarian, Dr. Drake, has expressed the opinion that the wardrobe and jewelry of Queen Elizabeth were principally supported by these annual contributions on New Year's Day. He cites lists of the New Year's gifts presented to her, and from these it appears that the greater part, if not all, the peers and peeresses of the realm, all the bishops, the chief officers of state, and several of the Queen's household servants, even down to her apothecaries, master-cook, sergeant of the pastry, etc., gave New Year's gifts to Her Majesty—consisting, in general, either of a sum of money, trinkets, wearing apparel, etc. The peeresses gave rich gowns, petticoats, shifts, silk stockings, garters, scent-bags, doublets, mantles, etc. Although the Queen made presents in return, she took sufficient care that the balance should be in her own favor.

A Talking Dog.—The learned Liebnitz drew the attention of the French Academy to a dog which a Saxon peasant-boy had trained to pronounce certain words. The animal was three years old when its lessons commenced, and after three years' patient and daily tuition it could articulate thirty words, calling for tea, chocolate, and other things, repeating the words after its master on every occasion, and with great apparent reluctance.

PRAISE-GOD BAREBONES.

In troublous times, when the worship was changed to "the Presbyteriall way," lived, in the parish of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, London, the notable person called by the quaint and forbidding name of Mr. Praise-God Barebones.

To say that he was a Puritan is not defining his character very accurately, for that class of men were composed of great varieties of character and principles. He was a leather-seller in Fleet Street, and possessed a house near Crane Court, known by the name of the Lock and Key; we first hear of him as preaching in a conventicle in Fetter Lane, in the year 1641, along with Mr. Green, a feltmaker. What was the subject of his discourse we do not know, but he probably held forth against the faithlessness of the King and his party, and against prelatical domination in the Church.

In the year 1648 the vestry voted that all who had served the office of constable of the parish and upward should belong to the vestry, except such as were scandalous in their lives and conversation. At the succeeding vestry meeting Mr. Praise-God Barebones is named as constable, and he afterward appears in the following year, 1649, as Common Councilman.

At this time the title of Saint, as applied to St. Dunstan, was dropped, being thought to savor of idolatry, and the parish is called for a few years by the name of the Parish of Dunstan's. Our friend Barebones's opinion gained strength and influence in the vestry, and we may see this indicated in the following language, used in the records of that time: In the year 1650, it is ordered that "six pounds shall be paid to Mr. Strong, the lecturer, for his extraordinary paynes in preaching in the afternoon."

In 1653 Oliver Cromwell, with the well-known scene in the House of Commons, dissolved the Long Parliament, and in their stead he called a new kind of Parliament of his own, issuing summons "for divers persons fearing God, and of approved fidelity and honesty." About 120 of them came together on July 4th, 1653, and sat continuously till December 12th, in the same year. This Parliament has been called Barebones's Parliament, because this worthy parishioner of St. Dunstan's was a member of it. It has been the fashion to cry it down as an assembly of hypocritical and fanatical men, but if we look at what was attempted and passed by them, though it was afterward repealed, we see nothing to justify such censure, but rather the contrary. They were hasty, enthusiastic, and too little acquainted with the art of legislating, but they only desired to bring about reforms, many of which the British people are anxiously endeavoring to achieve at present. As Carlyle says, "it was the first and last attempt at bringing religion heart and soul into the management of politics, and it did not fail in itself, but in not satisfying the expectations of those who set it up in order to knock it down."

Barebones often spoke in this Parliament, and was evidently an active member of it, although we should certainly have had a better opinion of him had he not so often been connected with sequestrations and spoliations. He seems to have been a thorough-going Puritan, but much more consistent as such than those who, as Blake and George Monk, were joined with him as members of that Parliament. It was dissolved at the end of 1653, and we do not hear of Barebones till 1659, when we find him appointed Comptroller of Sequestrations, at a salary of £300 a year. This office, however, he did not hold long, for the tide was on the turn; the word "Saint"

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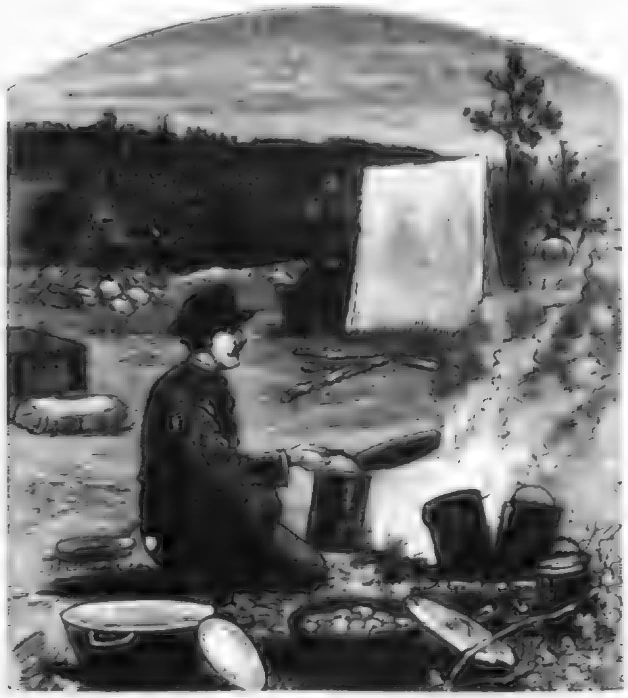


COOKING SUPPER.

reappears in the registers as applied to St. Dunstan, and Charles II. was preparing to return.

Barebones made one last effort to prevent it, and raised the feeling of the people to such a pitch of excitement that Monk, who was already planning the King's return, trembled for the success of his measures, and used all the means in his power to frustrate the opposition of the stanch republican. Nothing daunted, Barebones appeared before Parliament with a petition, desiring that no one should be admitted to any public office who should favor the return of the rule of Charles Stuart, or of any *one* person, and prayed for the passing of a law declaring that to entertain the wish for this should be a crime of high treason.

But the tide had now fairly turned against Barebones, both in the Parliament and in the city, through the presence of Monk's army; and if we suppose ourselves walking down from Whitehall with Samuel Pepys on the night of the 11th of February, 1660, we shall see all Fleet Street in a blaze of fire, from the bonfires lighted to celebrate the success of the soldiers in getting the better of the Parliament; there were no fewer than fourteen bonfires between Temple Bar and St. Dunstan's; and on looking into Pepys's Diary of the day after, we find that the boys of that time were like the boys of this, and had their share, and probably a large one, in the disturbance; for we read: "The boys had last night broke Barebones's windows"; and this was repeated on the 21st, for we read in the journal of the 22d: "I observed this day how abominably Barebones's windows were broken last night."

And yet this was simply because our friend kept to his point and remained the same, while others altered. If he had been the troublesome and unprincipled fanatic which Hume, Clarendon, Macaulay, and others, represent him to have been, he would have been afterward molested or turned out of the country; but he continued peaceably in St. Dunstan's, attending the vestry for a year after the Restoration, and only ceasing to be found there when vestrymen were elected by a different rule. The last occasion on which we hear of him is, when he appeared on an appeal before Mr. Justice Hale and other judges, who sat in the Hall of Clifford's Inn, to hear and settle complaints as to the boundaries and rights of property destroyed by the calamitous fire of London, which had consumed his house in Crane Court.

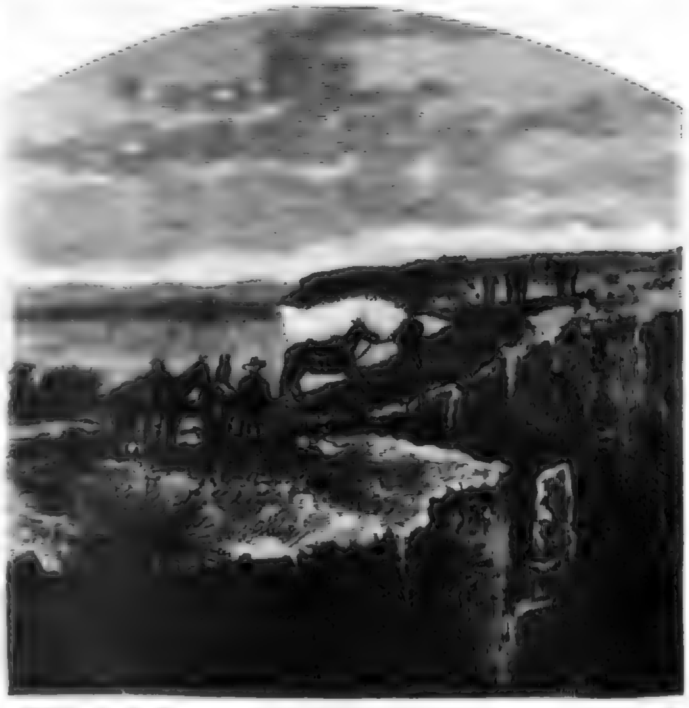
MOUNTAINEERING IN COLORADO.

By Alvan S. Southworth.

Colorado, recent as has been her admission to the Federal sisterhood, enjoys the deserved reputation of being the chief sanitary State of the Union. Thither hie from all lands tourists who are afflicted with pulmonary disorders, who are rheumatic or dyspeptic, in a state of nervous prostration, or worried or dilapidated by business cares and the manifold worries which belong to all degrees of Old and New World civilization. Bodily and mental repair are speedily obtained by those who will go there and abandon the cities and organized routes of travel; who will go into the mountains west of the Main Divide provided with appropriate camp equipage, shoot deer, mountain-sheep, grouse, elk, bear and antelope, and bait for trout in the cool and swift streams which water this great mountain upheaval. The lowlands of Colorado in this longitude are about 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the loftiest peaks, like those of Uncompahgre and others lying in the lateral ranges to northward, reach summits nearly 15,000 feet above the ocean tide.

From any mountain-top superb views of the vast outlying country can be had, taking in a view on a clear day embracing an area as large as the State of Massachusetts, and affording distinct vistas in all directions, where one can count as many as 300 peaks rising above the horizon, with green bottoms watered by wide and numerous streams, on whose banks may be seen, drinking of the refreshing rivers, the wild animal life, from the doe and the roe to the gigantic elk, from which latter these mountains take their name.

But it is the camp life which is the health-restorer, which brings color to the cheek, vivacious spirits, a strong appetite, sweet sleep, and hard, manly flesh, and a hearty ringing voice, strengthening the lungs, and giving energy to the frame and a wonderful and renewed elasticity to the mind. This is, perhaps, because all is primitive freshness—that the food is rich and that no French *cuisine*, iced drinks, or death-dealing stimulants are either craved or obtainable. Even to the laziest native disposition there is little tendency to lay or bask in idleness. The scene, the opportunity, the very air invite constant effort, and the health-seeker is not slow to



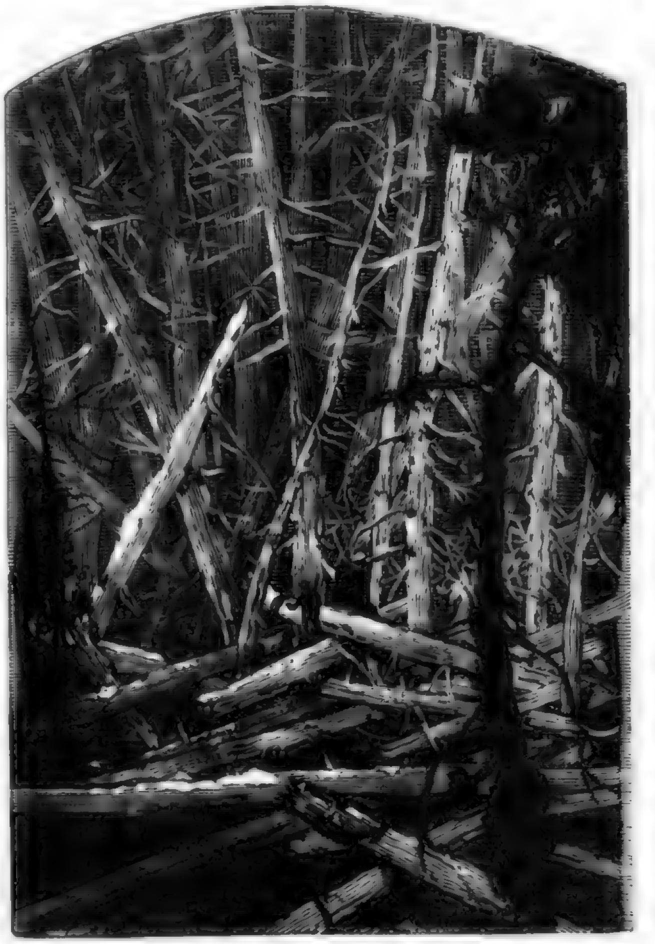
CROSSING THE RIDGE.

become thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the mountaineer.

Let us look at a day of camp life as we draw it from our memory of happy experiences had among these mountains.

The fatigue of ten hours in the saddle going from peak to valley is healthy in the end, but as the closing hours of the day draw on, a hungering for repose is evident in the serious mien and silent tongue.

The pack-train does not come to its camping-ground, therefore, with the joyous hilarity, flux of spirits, with which it sets out in the morning. If the march has been a serious one—thirty miles up-hill and down-dale—the mules are jaded, the horses catch at the green shrubs for a passing bit of provender, and the packs become cruel burden. The head packer, the all-in-all of the expedition (for such may be called a properly organized party, the basis of which is congeniality), assumes the gravity of the executive officer of a ship bringing the vessel to anchor in an unprotected roadstead. Like the thoughtful seaman, he must ignore the men and consider the safety of the cargo and transport, for they are menaced by many dangers. His first anxiety is water. The camp must be pitched beside a stream. He must have timber for the cook, grasses for the animals, and a mountain-locked park, so that they cannot wander to a fugitive distance; for by sunrise the animals must be again at our tent-doors for a fresh start. Such a place the head packer found one evening on the bank of the Roaring Fork—a swift mountain stream in the Elk Mountains. The men descended the side-hill of a deep gulch, thickly timbered by spruce and pine; in the bottom below were acres of waving grasses, and here and there the conical Indian lodges, showing that it had been a favorite camping-ground of the Utes. The head of the train, the cook, mounted on a large bay horse, forded an arm of the Roaring Fork, and the "outfit" came to a halt in the shadow of a steep mountain. Alternate showers of rain and bursts of sunshine, common in the Elk Range, were giving variety to every hour. The cook selected a large cedar under which to build his fire. He unpacked his mess-boxes, took them there for shelter, while the party assisted to unload the other mules, placing the cargo in line of battle, near the mess-boxes, covering all with tarpaulins. The five tents were up in the twinkling of an eye. The horses and mules with long lariats are turned loose to graze, the bell-horse keeping up the monotonous ringing which keeps them in common company. When dusk comes on the packers go out to picket the animals at half-lariat, and the truant occasions no little trouble and anxiety. It generally takes two mounted men, who are swift riders, to drive him to the rendezvous; and this is not accomplished without a cunning resolve, stubbornly adhered to on the part of the mules, to make the chase a lively affair indeed.



IN THE FALLEN TIMBER.

The mule is the locomotive of the forest. Without him what could indeed be done? He is intelligent, "shifty," clear-headed, sure-footed, patient, and, withal, a picturesque and fairly good companion. He captures your heart, too, and you know him by such names as "Haggy," "Jake," "Mollie," and "Mike"—an indignity you would not think of putting on the superb and magisterial horse. Under way the mule is alert in keeping sure that he is on solid ground, although he sometimes touches on a treacherous bog, when his spasmodic action is a rapid exhibition of *sauve qui peut.* On one occasion during the expedition the pack-mule on the brow of a side hill 600 feet high, with all of the scientific notes and valuable instruments of the party, embracing three months' labor of the scientific corps, valued at $30,000, missed his footing on the Elk trail, slipped into a bog, and went rolling over and over down the mountain-side, and was only arrested in his downward flight into the deep and precipitous cañon, 2,000 feet below, by a slender sapling, which proved the salvation of animal and pack. In the fallen timber, caused by storm and forest-fire, they show great astuteness, as also when threading the narrow passages which connect great upheavals of columnar rocks, where, if they made a false step, they would be dashed to pieces in the chasms thousands of feet below. These dangers are faithfully portrayed by the artist.

Parties seeking the mountains are already outfitting at Denver, Cañon City and Leadville, and beyond the Main Divide, and they usually spend three months in this health-giving life in valley and in mountain-top, whence thousands annually return with renewed constitutions to tell their friends who go to Saratoga, Long Branch and Newport that, after all, Summer fashionable dissipation may be cheerful for the time, but that there is nothing so salutary for a fresh ten-years lease of health as "roughing it" in the wilds of Colorado.

Glass Mirrors.—It is in the thirteenth century that we find the first undoubted mention of glass mirrors covered at the back with tin or lead. Johannes Peckham, or Peccam, an English Franciscan monk, who taught at Oxford, Paris, and Rome, and who died in 1292, wrote, about the year 1279, a treatise on optics, which was once printed. In this work, besides mirrors made of iron, steel, and polished marble, the author not only speaks often of glass mirrors, but says, also, that they were covered on the back with lead, and that no image was reflected when the lead was scraped off.

THE NATIONAL MUSIC OF SCOTLAND.

The Scottish nation has in every age been famed for its poetry and music. The poems of Ossian, written at a period when Scotland had scarcely assumed the garb of civilization, bear testimony to the conspicuous part she has played in the cultivation of the muse, and her poets, more than those of any other country, embody in their works the leading characteristics of their nationality. In her music, Scotland fills a no less honored place than in her poetry.

Of the precise state of national music in Scotland, history affords no information prior to the fifteenth century. The artless simplicity and emotional feeling which characterize several of the older airs would lead to the conclusion that they must have been the product of a very remote age, before any musical instrument was introduced beyond that of the shepherd's pipe, with its plain, diatonic scale of full tones, and before the application of any rules of composition such as now prevail. It has been conjectured by some writers that several of the Scottish airs were composed by James I. of Scotland, though there is no positive evidence to lead to such a conclusion. It has been frequently asserted that the Scotch owe many of their melodies to Rizzio; but we think a little inquiry will show that this is nothing more than a vulgar conjecture. Rizzio was by birth an Italian, and is said to have received his education in France. He came to Scotland as a lutenist to the court, and remained only three years. For more than a century and a half after his death there is no hint that Rizzio every composed any music in any style.

Granting that Rizzio was a first-rate musician—of which there is no historical evidence—it is extremely improbable that any one single Scottish air was invented or composed by the unfortunate Rizzio.

In examining the melodies of Scotland we are struck by the almost complete absence of semitones, and the general elimination from the scale of two of its notes. These peculiarities are not to be looked upon as the result of ignorance or barbarity, but are conformable to the principles of composition which prevailed in Scotland in the remote period at which these airs were produced. The common major scale, as now used, was unknown in Scotland until a comparatively recent date. The difficulty of producing the fourth of the scale in proper tune, and of fingering the seventh in quick passages, was admitted; and it is not improbable that this may have acted as a deterrent against the use of these notes in the construction of the popular airs. It is evident, at least, that the limited scale of the national instrument had considerable effect in determining the style of music in general use. Such melodic forms as G, F, G, at the end of lines, or even A, G, A, need not have been so persistently employed had the voice been the only consideration. But while to modern ears such progressions sound inartistic, it is partly from their use that the national music of Scotland receives its peculiar coloring.

Modern arrangers have, in many cases, destroyed these rough and weird cadences, by altering them to suit the exigencies of harmony, forgetting that they were composed without reference to the rules of part-writing. In this way the beautiful air, "John Anderson, my Jo," has suffered by the penultimate note having been changed from a natural to a raised seventh, in order, we are told, to form a true leading note!

Another peculiarity of Scottish music is the frequent use of what has been termed the "snap." This consists of a short note followed by a longer one, the former receiving the accent. The dance-music of Scotland overflows with this characteristic device, but many vocal pieces also contain specimens more or less marked. Examples may be found in the well-known airs, "Comin' thro' the Rye" and "Whistle o'er the lave o't," in both of which a semiquaver on the accented part of the bar is frequently followed by a dotted quaver.

The excessive popularity of Scottish music in England during the reign of Queen Mary led to many unprincipled Londoners concocting Scotch tunes, and dispatching them over the Border as melodies of native composition. At several of the places of amusement in London it was customary for those in charge of the musical affairs to manufacture their own Scotch songs. The following, taken from one of these spurious songs, is contemptible:

> "Woo is me, what *mun I doe!*
> Drinking water I may rue;
> Since my heart *soe muckle* harm befel,
> Wounded by a bonnie lass at Epsom well.
> *Ise ha bin* at Dalkeith fair,
> Seen the charming faces there;
> But all Scotland now *geud feth defye*,
> *Sike a lipp* to show, and lovely rowling eye."

The italics are ours. Many more songs of a like character may be found in D'Urfey's "Pills to Purge Melancholy," and Mr. Chappell has referred to the subject in his "Popular Music of the Olden Time." The music of Scotland is of a much more extensive nature than might at first be supposed. If we were to reckon up all the vocal pieces—including many traditional ballad airs—pibrochs, strathspeys, reels, marches, hornpipes, jigs and battle-pieces, the number would probably reach 7,000 or 8,000.

MY FIRST QUEZAL.

By C. N.

"*Esta café, Don Carlos!*"

I was dreaming of home. Was once more surrounded by the dear home folks, and enjoying the sweet home pleasures, when these words recalled me to the realities of life, and I gathered my scattered faculties, to find myself in an Indian's hut, on the slope of the volcano Yrazu, in Costa Rica, Central America. A sputtering candle standing on the rude table was making a sickly attempt to light up the single room of the "adobe" hut, the faint glimmer of early dawn being excluded by the heavy shutters over the only window.

Francisca, the Indian girl who acted as housekeeper in this establishment, had placed some *tortillas* (a thin cake made of maize, and innocent of yeast or salt) and a cup of coffee upon the table, and it was her voice that had broken in upon my pleasant dreams with the announcement that coffee was ready. Having learned to appreciate the custom, prevalent throughout Spanish America, of drinking a cup of this fragrant beverage the first thing in the morning, I obeyed the summons at once. Having accomplished this duty, I strapped on my "machete" (a long, swordlike knife), slung my collecting-basket over my shoulder, took down my shotgun, and was prepared for the business for which the United States National Museum had sent me to that out-of-the-way corner of the world, *i. e.*, the collecting of birds and other objects of natural history.

The previous day, Francisco, the brother of Francisca, had brought me a single, golden-green feather, which I recognized as belonging to the Paradise trogon (*Phasomacrus mocirino*), or Quezal, the sacred bird of the ancient Aztecs.

Francisco told me that he knew where there were "muchas" of these birds, and being exceedingly ambitious to secure specimens, I had gladly accepted his offer to guide me to their haunts on the wooded heights of the volcano.

This expedition was the particular order of the day of which I write. My guide met me at the door with a pleasant "Buenos dias, señor." He was accompanied by his little son, Juan, a bright-eyed, ragged little rascal of about ten years, who carried a bag containing our dinner slung over his shoulder. The first flush of the morning barely tinged the east, and the glorious constellation of the Southern Cross was still undimmed as we started on our tramp up the mountain-side in the cool, fragrant air of the tropical morning.

The occasional twitter of some frightened sparrow or angry scolding of a disturbed wren, and frequent "Car-r-rambas!" from my guide, as he stubbed his bare toes in the darkness, were the only sounds heard as we trudged along the windings of the ascent.

But twilight is of short duration in the tropics, and the sun was shining brightly almost before we knew it, and the woods were filled with the melodies of thousands of feathered songsters. The prevalent idea that tropical birds are not good musicians is a slander on some of God's best vocalists, for never in my life have I heard sweeter bird-music than frequently bursts from the woods and fields of Costa Rica. And especially in early morning do these lovely choristers delight to give their spontaneous concerts.

Having proceeded about four miles, we came to a cane hut in a clearing, which Francisco proudly called his "hacienda!"

While he was tying up a break in his house with some strong, flexible wires, I improved the time by shooting several specimens of a pretty woodpecker (*Melanerpes striatipectus*), which was very abundant there.

We then plunged into the deep forest, Francisco going in front, following, as if by instinct, a trail imperceptible to more civilized eyes, and constantly slashing to right and left with his murderous-looking "machete," handling it with surprising dexterity as he cleared away the constantly impeding vines and underbrush. Every now and then he would stop to point out some interesting specimen, and upon the report of the gun plunged into the thicket to secure the prize, bringing it to me with many a congratulatory pat on the shoulder and affectionate caress of my shotgun, which he never seemed tired of admiring, and to which he gave the suggestive name "El Diabolo."

Although amazingly lazy in all other pursuits, the Costa Rican Indian is passionately fond of hunting, and tireless and active in its pursuit.

I could always secure native companions, who would follow and serve me all day, partly for the sport and partly to secure my empty paper shotgun shells, though what earthly use they made of them I never could discover.

At noon, having selected a cool place in an open glade, we investigated the contents of little Juan's dinner-bag, and enjoyed the tortillas, meat and salt as we lazily watched the gorgeous humming-birds swarming around a flowering tree close by, and admired the gleaming, quivering iridescence of their plumage, or wondered at the blazing colors of the orchids, which fairly clothed the grand old tropical forest.

Our repast over, we proceeded on up the mountain side, securing several valuable specimens, but no Quezals, until the guide reluctantly admitted that we had passed through that part of the forest where he had seen them before, and we turned our faces homeward.

I was disappointed. Francisco had been so sure of finding them, and I so longed to get a shot at them, that I had to summon all my philosophy not to be a trifle "down in the mouth," and was just beginning to be resigned when we suddenly heard a loud chorus of querulous, parrot-like notes.

Francisco fairly danced for joy as he eagerly signaled me to follow him to the spot whence the sound proceeded.

We necessarily made some noise in cutting our way through the undergrowth of bamboos, so dense as to be impenetrable without the constant use of the "machete." The notes ceased as suddenly as they had begun, but we had taken our bearings, and worked toward the spot in a bee-line, till Francisco stopped, and pointing upward, uttered the single word, "Quezal!"

Looking up as directed, I saw, perhaps, twenty of these gorgeous creatures circling round the top of a lofty tree, some fifty yards distant, as though disturbed, but still reluctant to leave it.

Their flight was extremely graceful, being in easy curves, which displayed their wonderful plumes to the best possible advantage as they streamed backward in gentle undulations, and glinted in the sunlight like golden pennants, forming a beautiful contrast with the rich crimson breasts of the birds.

Lost in admiration, I was, for the time, utterly oblivious of my gun, and the purpose for which I was there. The long-looked for moment came and passed without my even thinking of securing the prize before me, until the birds ceased their airy evolutions, and made off as if seized with a sudden premonition of danger.

They did not fly far, however, and, having marked the tree in which they lit, we once more pushed and cut our way through the tangled mass of vegetation till we were directly under it.

But, strange to say, although we had seen the exact spot where they lit, and knew that they could not have left without our knowledge, we failed to see them, and looked in vain for several minutes, until keen-eyed little Juan uttered an exclamation of delight, and eagerly pointed out the spot where he declared he saw a Quezal. His father soon discovered it also, and, silently pointing upward, endeavored to show it to me. But his eyes were sharper than mine, and I looked long and carefully without success, although my guides were doing their best to aid me, fairly quivering with excitement, as they gesticulated wildly and whispered a thousand directions in such rapid Spanish that I failed to understand a word.

Finally, just as my friends were driven fairly frantic by my stupidity, I noticed a slight movement of what I had mistaken for the long streamers of the parasitic plants with which the tree was covered. Following them up with my eye, I discovered that a supposed branch of orchids was in reality a Quezal nestling down on a moss-covered branch, and almost concealed by the surrounding green leaves.

Francisco uttered a grunt of satisfaction as I brought the gun to my shoulder. The loud report rang through the depths of the forest, followed by the cries of the Quezals, as they flew screaming from the tree; all but one, which clung for a moment to the branch and then fell revolving through the air, crashed through the undergrowth, and struck with a thud on the ground, about thirty yards distant.

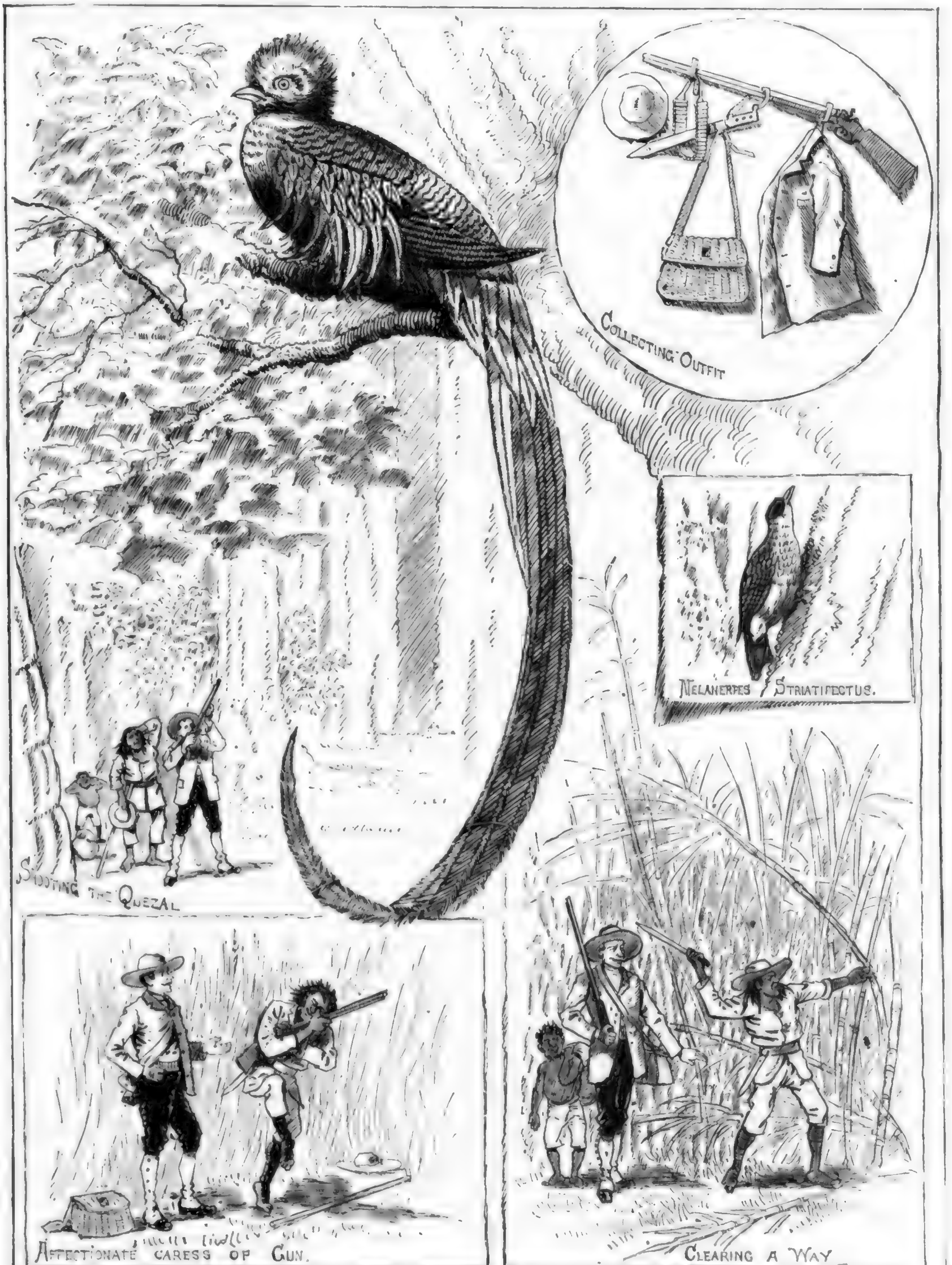
With yells of delight, my companions forced their way through the bamboos to the spot. I called anxiously after them not to touch the bird, as I feared damage to its delicate plumage in their unpracticed hands, and so they waited until I, half running and half tumbling, reached them, and picked up my first Quezal.

GOOD FRIENDS.

In that supreme moment, as I held in my hand this the most beautiful of all New World birds, and stroked its glistening plumage, I felt that all the fatigue and hardships of a journey of nearly 5,000 miles from the Continental Divide, in Colorado, to the spot where I now stood, was more than repaid by the knowledge that I was one of the few Americans who had actually shot the sacred bird of the Aztecs. For although these birds are found in many museums, they are almost always secured by the collector from natives, as it is generally cheaper to buy the birds than to climb the densely-wooded heights of the mountains with an exceedingly small prospect of happening to meet a flock.

My companions fully shared my delight, and Francisco fairly hugged "El Diabolo," which he seemed to regard as something miraculous in its achievements, and actually forgot to pick up the empty shell as he stood gazing at the wonderful prize in my hand.

The head, throat and entire upper parts of the body are a rich golden-green, so lustrous and vivid that it can only be compared with the color found in some of the *Trochilidæ* (Humming-birds). At certain angles the light changes this green to a brilliant deep-blue. The long, graceful plumes (sometimes improperly called “tail”) are of the same lustrous shade, and constitute what is probably the most remarkable development of the tail-coverts to be met with among the birds of the Western Hemisphere. The wing-coverts are also lengthened, falling over the black wings and bending gracefully forward, their ends showing in rich relief against the brilliant breast. The feathers of the head are bristly, radiating from the eye, forming a dense crest.


Collecting Outfit
Melanerpes Striatipectus.
Shooting the Quezal
Affectionate caress of Gun.
Clearing a Way

MY FIRST QUEZAL.—SEE PAGE 58.

The golden-green of the throat is sharply defined against the deep crimson of the breast, which in turn lightens toward the abdomen into a rich Chinese vermilion, reaching to the black-and-white tail.

Measurements (adult male): "Length, exclusive of plumes, fifteen inches; wing, eight inches; tail, eight inches; plumes, twenty-six inches.

An adequate description of this royal bird would be an impossibility. Specimens are on exhibition at the Smithsonian Institution and several other museums, but much of the exquisite lustre is lost in preserved specimens, while the live ones, sometimes seen in menageries, are but caricatures of the bird as it appears in the free life of its tropical home.

Ancient Spanish writers tell us that the Quezal was held in the hands of the Aztec high priests as they performed the mysterious rites of their now-forgotten religion.

By the time our prize was tenderly placed in a bed of soft moss in my collecting-basket the sun was low in the west, and we commenced our walk down the mountainside.

Darkness overtook us long before we reached the hut, but a good warm supper and smiling faces welcomed us. Full justice was done to the meal, after which Francisco related the wonderful exploits of "El Diabolo" to an admiring and enthusiastic audience. My first Quezal was brought out, to the delight of the dusky señoritas, who damaged it somewhat by the handling; but it is hard to deny the ladies, if they are dusky.

Since then that Quezal has been the subject of many an exclamation of delight from the fair ladies of the North as it stands on its gilded perch in the cabinet of the writer.

"THE GHOST OF M. SCARRON."

In 1694 a few copies of a libel, entitled "The Ghost of M. Scarron," were circulated in Paris and Versailles. The pamphlet was adorned with an engraving which parodied the monument raised by Marshal Lafeuillade, on the Place des Victoires, to the glory of his master. Instead of having four statues chained at his feet, the King was represented chained between four women: La Vallière, Fontanges, Montespan, and Maintenon.

It was among the princes of the blood and at the court that the "old woman," as the Palatine Princess called her, had most enemies. This hatred defeated the vigilance of the police; before the prefect, M. de la Reynie, knew of the existence of the work, the King found a copy under his napkin at breakfast, and Madame de Maintenon received another copy at the same time and in the same way.

This outrage, inflicted, as it were, in the midst of his palace, exasperated Louis XIV. M. de la Reynie, the Prefect of Police, was immediately called to Versailles; the King bitterly upbraided him for what he called his guilty indifference, and ordered him to discover the authors of the libel and to punish them without pity.

Either the persons who had given cause for royal anger were very powerful and clever, or the means of action of a Lieutenant of Police were limited, for the best agents of M. de la Reynie were unsuccessful. Still the King was as angry as ever; he even seemed as vexed at the failure of his agents as at the insult, and whenever he saw the the lieutenant he did not spare his reproaches to that unfortunate official.

At length chance smiled on M. de la Reynie, who saw his disgrace fast drawing near. One morning he was carelessly listening to the complaint of an artisan, from whose dwelling 5,000 livres had been stolen the day before. The poor fellow obviously took the lieutenant for providence itself, and, supposing that he could get his money restored, he was loud in his lamentations. While he was speaking, the secretary of the lieutenant entered and hurriedly handed a letter to this magistrate, begging him to read it at once.

The lieutenant had scarcely glanced at the paper than he jumped into his armchair with every sign of strong excitement. At his bidding the secretary went in quest of a police officer, while M. de la Reynie was feverishly writing a few lines on a piece of parchment bearing the seal of the state.

His emotion was so great that he altogether forgot the presence of a third party; and he did not notice that the despoiled artisan, who was standing within a yard of him, could read every word he was writing. The man was looking on with the candid confidence of one who is so convinced of the importance of his business that he cannot doubt but that the magistrate is engrossed by it; but the secretary, who had returned with an officer, roughly pulled him back.

M. de la Reynie looked up, and appeared disagreeably surprised by the presence of the artisan.

"Write down your name," said he, in a harsh voice; "your affair shall be seen to."

Profound astonishment appeared on the face of the man; he hesitated for a few seconds, went to the table, took up a piece of paper and a pen, and then turning round:

"Allow me to observe, monseigneur," said he, "that I have had the honor to acquaint you with my name and occupation; and further, that you remembered my words so well that I was marveling at the strength of your memory, when, a moment ago, I saw you writing my name down as correctly as I could do."

M. de la Reynie bit his lip, and made a sign to his secretary to draw closer to the artisan.

"Your name is Jean Larcher," said he to the latter.

"It is, monseigneur."

"You are a bookbinder of the Rue des Lions-Saint-Paul."

"Monseigneur is quite right," answered poor Jean Larcher, who was smiling, while he crumpled in his fingers the piece of paper he was about to write upon.

M. de la Reynie was smiling also, although in a different way. He took the police officer aside, whispered a few words in his ear, and then introduced him to the bookbinder:

"This gentleman," said he, "will accompany you to your house; he will do all in his power to discover your thief, and we shall take care that you meet with such justice as is due to you."

The lieutenant laid stress on these last words, and the bookbinder, astounded at meeting with so gracious a reception from a high magistrate, could scarcely find words to express his thanks and gratitude.

He left the residence of the Lieutenant of Police without any apparent escort than that obligingly tendered by M. de la Reynie. On the way the police-officer questioned the bookbinder, who furnished him with all the information he had already given to the lieutenant, not omitting to give the topography of his house, concerning which his companion seemed particularly interested. Master Jean Larcher was overjoyed at the great attention shown by M. de la Reynie's man; he did not doubt but that his 5,000 livres would soon be returned to him, and he insisted on regaling his companion with the best wine they could procure in a wine-shop.

After this halt they went in the direction of the Rue des Lions-Saint-Paul. Soldiers and policemen were standing around the bookbinder's house. The good man manifested more satisfaction than surprise at this military display. He observed to his companion that if his house had been as well guarded on the preceding night, so many good people would not have to be troubled now. The house inhabited by Larcher was narrow, but rather deep. It consisted of a ground floor composed of two rooms, one on the street side which was used as a shop and a dining-room, the other being a workshop. An alley led to a staircase which communicated with the first floor, composed of two more rooms. One of these was Master Larcher's bedroom; the other contained the books and papers reserved for binding To this last room the police officer asked to be taken. But while Larcher was showing the cupboard wherein his money had been secreted, M. de la Reynie's man took quite another direction, and climbing up to the top of another cupboard, he brought down a small bundle of pamphlets upon which a commissaire, who suddenly turned up, pounced like a vulture.

Master Larcher, greatly astonished that so much attention should be given to what appeared to him of no import concerning his own business, was pulling the officer by the sleeve to show him how the cupboard had been forced open. But this last gentleman's manners toward him had considerably changed; he scarcely listened to the man who, a few moments before, was treated by him as an intimate friend.

However, the commissaire began to question the bookbinder. He showed him the pamphlets, and asked if they were his property.

In his impatience, Master Larcher answered with some rashness that all that was in the house belonged to him or to his clients. The commissaire then untied the bundle, took a copy of the pamphlet, thrust it under Larcher's eyes, and asked where it came from.

When he read the title of the pamphlet, "M. Scarron's Ghost," of which he, as well as others, had heard, he turned white, trembled, took his head in his hands, and for a few moments remained quite stupefied. He, however, recovered his powers of speech, and swore that he had no knowledge of the presence of the fatal pamphlets in his shop, and that he now saw them for the first time. M. de la Reynie's people shrugged their shoulders disdainfully. In vain did he repeat his assertions and try to exculpate himself by reminding them that he himself had brought the police to his house with the calmness of a faultless conscience. The officers told him he could explain himself before his judges; and they prepared to take him away.

In a corner of the apartment Jean Larcher's wife, concealing her face in her apron, was weeping, and giving every token of violent grief. As Larcher was crossing the threshold he begged the officer with whom he had been at first on friendly terms to allow him to say farewell to the woman he scarcely hoped to see again. Hardened as he was, the policeman could not refuse this slight favor; he signed his men to relent, and the unfortunate husband exclaimed: "Marian, Marian!" But Madame Larcher's sobs became more violent, and she did not seem to hear her husband's call. Those who stood around her pushed her toward the prisoner; she hesitated, and then rushing into Larcher's arms, she embraced him with many demonstrations of grief and tenderness.

Jean Larcher appeared alone at the bar. He was tortured three times, and he suffered with more firmness than might have been expected of a poor man already advanced in years. He constantly refused to name his accomplices. When questioned, he said that the death of one innocent man was enough for his judges, and that he had no wish that, through him, the latter should have to answer for more blood.

Sentenced to be hanged, he was led to the gibbet on Friday, November 19th, 1694, at six o'clock in the evening. He was seated in a cart with a man named Rambault, a printer of Lyons, convicted of a similar crime. Larcher was fidgety, and seemed filled with thoughts not relating to his approaching end. He, however, behaved with courage, and died protesting his innocence.

Before dying he earnestly begged Sanson, the executioner, to take a scapulary he had, and to give it to his son if he claimed it. Some years after, Sanson had an opportunity of accomplishing the poor man's wish. It led to a fearful tragedy, and at the same time to the demonstration of the bookbinder's innocence. The scapulary contained the name of a man who was Master Jean Larcher's assistant. Nicholas Larcher, the son, who had been in England, discovered that his mother had, immediately after the execution, married the man designated by his father as a culprit. Seized with frenzy, he broke into their house in the dead of the night, and murdered both his mother, who confessed her crime, and her second husband. The young man was arrested, but died in prison of brain fever.

Charles Mathews used to tell, with great glee, a little story of Charles Lamb, which he vouched for as authentic, and believed to be unpublished. One evening Mary Lamb took a sudden and violent fancy to have some Stilton cheese for supper—an article of which they had not a scrap in the house. It was very wet, and getting rather late; but Charles, with that self-denial which showed itself in a lifelong devotion to his sister, at once volunteered to try whether any could be got. He sallied forth, and reached their cheesemonger just as the shutters were being put up. In reply to his demand, he was assured that he had some fine ripe Stilton; and the shopkeeper proceeded to cut off a slice. As it lay on the scales, Lamb's attention was forcibly arrested by the lively gambols of a number of maggots which came to the surface of the "fine, ripe Stilton." "Now, Mr. Lamb," said the cheesemonger, "shall I have the pleasure of sending this home for you?" "No, th-th-thank you," said Charles. "If you will give me a bit of twine, I cou-cou-could p'rhaps l-l-l-lead it home!"

Charles I. was the first English sovereign who had a statue raised to him in London. It stands in Whitehall, the work of Hubert le Seueur in 1638. London next stood indebted to Tobias Rustat, a page of the back stairs, for statues of Charles II. and James II. There are two of Charles II., one in front of Chelsea Hospital, by Gibbons, and one at Windsor. One of James II., by Gibbons, the best of the royal statues, stands in a quiet spot at the back of Whitehall Chapel. William III. next finds an equestrian statue in St. James's Square, by Bacon, and Queen Anne three, one in front of St. Paul's and two in the squares called after her. George I. stands on the campanile of Bloomsbury Church, and there are two of George III., a very effective one by Bacon in the courtyard of Somerset House, and an equestrian one by Wyatt in Pall Mall. George IV., by Chantry, finds place on one of the pedestals in front of the National Gallery, William IV. in Cannon Street, and Queen Victoria on the Royal Exchange. There are two of Prince Albert, one by Bacon, on the Holborn Viaduct, and one under the canopy opposite Albert Hall, by the Irish sculptor Foley, which is greatly admired.

XUM

TO THE LAST.

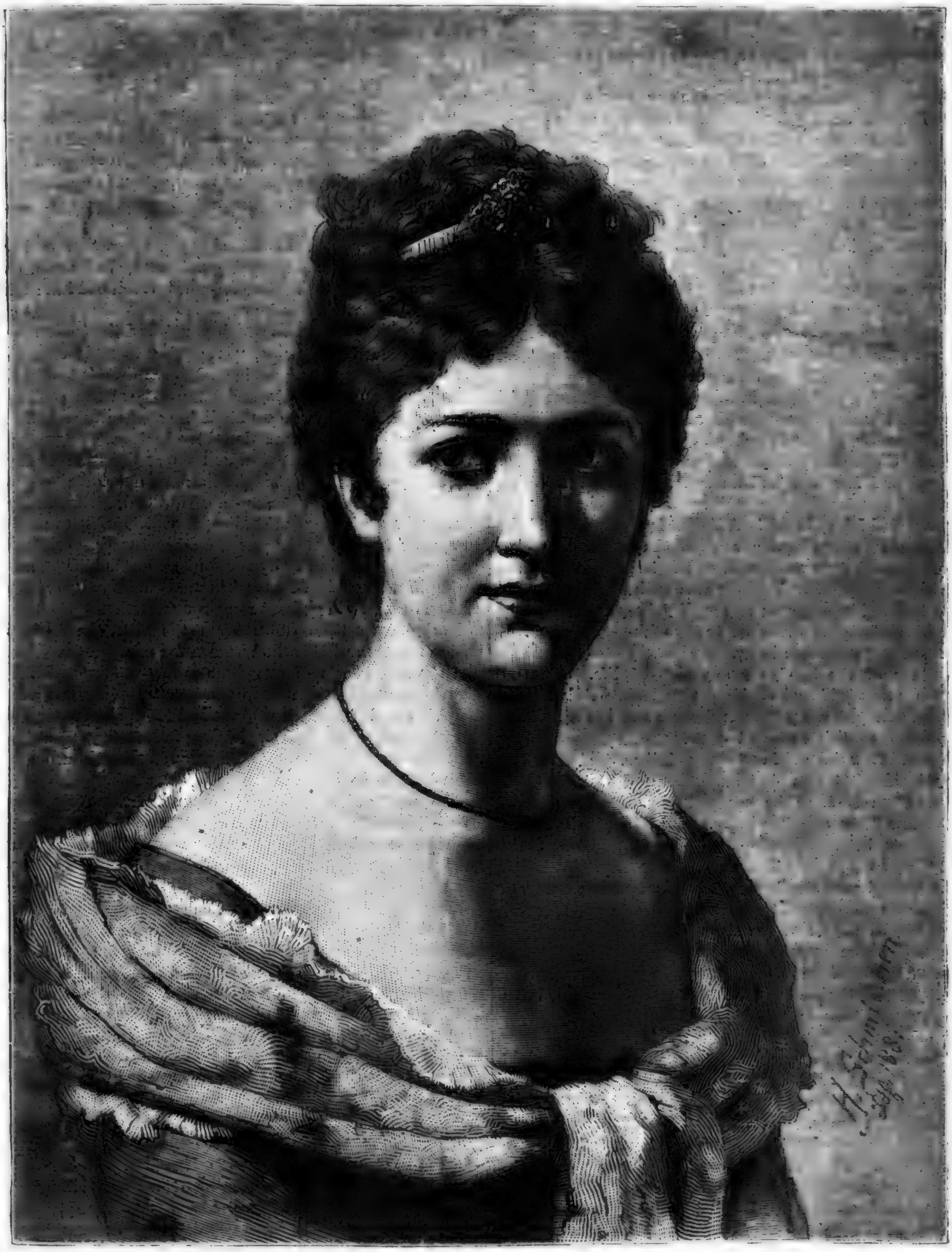
ONCE the west for each morrow
Prepared a wreath red,
As the roses undulled,
In the gardens I culled
For my brow and my bed.
Ah, me! how estranged
Is youth's Summer—how changed!

Are the paths that once led
To the dance—to the bower,
When my heart was in flower.
Now the white snows of sorrow
Have wintered my head;
With life's sweet morning hour
All its beauty has fled.

Let those sighs of dejection
Belong to the past,
Tho' the rose-leaves o'erblown
On the dim winds have flown,
And the bower be o'ercast,
All that's precious and pure
Will exist and endure,

In the spirit thou hast.
Like the stars, true affection
Reigns high o'er the blast;
All that's truly divine,
In thy life and in mine,
To the will shall reshine
In our souls to the last.

T. C. IRWIN.



H. Schmiechen '88.

STELLA.—BY H. SCHMIECHEN.

A DARK DEED.

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

Chapter XXV.—Dark Days.

Godfrey Greylock, returning from a late dinner in the town, had just reached the rising ground near the salt-pits, when that first cry of agony met him in a curve of the road—amazed him, too, and chilled his blood.

“Hold ?” he called to his driver. “What can that be ?”

“Lord only knows, sir !” answered the servant, in consternation. “It came from the pits—the ghosts are walking, most likely.”

XUM

"Stop the horses, blockhead! That was a woman's voice."

"She-ghosts or he-ghosts, they're all the same thing, I reckon, sir," shivered the man.

A second scream came shuddering across the field, piercing the night with its sore distress and desperate need. Before the occupants of the Greylock carriage could collect their wits, another vehicle dashed out from under a clump of trees near at hand, swept furiously by, and vanished in the direction of the town.

"There is something wrong here!" cried Godfrey Greylock, springing promptly into the road. "Follow me, Carton."

Carton, who feared his master even more than he did ghosts, was compelled to obey. The twain hurried down the path, and at the base of the cairn stumbled straightway on a black, motionless heap, lying there on the cold, wet earth, under the dismal evening sky.

Two women, drenched in blood—the uppermost a girl in plain working-clothes, with arms flung convulsively over the other, as if to shield and protect her. And that other? Godfrey Greylock bent and put away her clinging vail and fair hair, and an awful cry burst from his lips.

"My God! it is Ethel! A light, Carton, a light!"

Carton struck a match against the rocks. Its blue flame wavered over the scene, and lo! there at his feet, he saw the heiress of Greylock Woods, her white face set in a look of agony and terror, her hands desperately clutching the poor dress of the working-girl who had fallen prone upon her body.

Neither of the two gave any sign of life.

"Do you see!" said Godfrey Greylock, wildly; "it's my granddaughter, Carton; and some one has killed her here—*here*, on this accursed spot!"

Carton lifted the girl in working-clothes.

"I'm blest if this one isn't the new maid at Cat's Tavern!" he said, as he scrutinized her ghastly face. "The inn folks call her Polly. Lord love us! Look, sir! She's been stabbed—she's bleeding like a stuck pig!"

Master and man stood overwhelmed with consternation.

"There's no help nearer than the villa," cried Godfrey Greylock, as he raised Ethel in his own arms. "God only knows the meaning of all this! I wish we had stopped the carriage which passed us just now on the road. Quick, Carton! Come with me. I am old, but I have still a little strength."

"What's to be done with this girl, sir?"

"We cannot leave her here, neither must we lose sight of her at present. So fetch her along."

He bore his granddaughter to the carriage. Carton followed with Polly.

In this manner the two girls were conveyed to Greylock Woods. Their arrival threw the whole place into dire confusion. Polly was given over to Hopkins—little thought had anybody for *her*. The attention of all was centred on the heiress of the Woods, who had, as yet, given no sign of consciousness.

In an incredibly short time Dr. Vandine was on the scene. A thorough examination revealed the fact that Ethel Greylock was quite unhurt.

"She has sustained some great mental shock," said the doctor, "but no physical injury."

The blood that drenched her garments was not hers, but Polly's. In the working-girl's side Vandine found an ugly wound, made by some instrument like a stiletto, and another of the same kind had pierced her shoulder. He felt for her heart. It still fluttered, but feebly.

"Polly! Polly!" he cried out, involuntarily, "into what scrape have you got yourself now?"

But Polly was past replying. To that voice, dearer to her ears than any other sound on earth, she now remained deaf.

"I call this a very strange affair," said Vandine, addressing Godfrey Greylock, who had followed him to the servants' quarters. "I know Polly," nodding toward the girl whose wounds he had just dressed. "I have known her for years. She is thoroughly good, upright and trustworthy."

Godfrey Greylock bowed slightly. Apart from her connection with his adored grandchild, Polly was no more to him than some common weed which had intruded into his elegant garden-beds.

"From the position in which you found the two at the cairn," continued Vandine, "it appears to me that some murderous assault was made on Miss Greylock to-night, and that Polly sought to assist the lady at the peril of her own life. I believe we shall hear some explanation like this when your granddaughter revives."

But Ethel did not revive, and no explanation of any kind followed. All that night there was hurrying to and fro at the villa, and when morning dawned, Polly, in the servants' quarters, was still alive, though unable to move or speak; and Ethel Greylock, on her downy, perfumed bed, watched anxiously by the whole household, lay muttering in delirium. It was plain that the mystery of the night must for the present remain unsolved.

Dark days settled down upon the villa, the darkest which the grand house had known for many years. The anxiety and efforts of every one were fixed upon Ethel Greylock, struggling now in the agonies of brain fever. Hopkins and Dr. Vandine alone had thought also for the working-girl, Polly, fainting, dying in a distant chamber from the wounds inflicted by Regnault's stiletto—wounds intended not for her, but for Ethel Greylock.

The master of the Woods had set the local authorities to work looking for suspicious characters about the town; he had also summoned a city detective to Blackport; but time passed, and nothing came of either of these aggressive measures.

Meanwhile Dr. Vandine was doing all that medical skill could do for both his patients. His hopeless passion for the heiress of the Woods, his genuine brotherly interest in Polly, stimulated him, no doubt, to put forth his best efforts in their behalf. Even Godfrey Greylock, whose anxiety for his granddaughter was something terrible, could find no fault with the young practitioner.

"My darling is in your hands," he said. "I trust her entirely to you. Save her, for God's sake, and name your own reward!"

"I will do my utmost," answered Vandine, quietly.

The first person to hasten to the villa when the tidings of Ethel's illness flew abroad was Mrs. Iris. As only the nurse and physician were allowed in the sick girl's chamber, Godfrey Greylock met her in his library. She looked pinched, haggard, greatly disturbed.

"Oh, this is dreadful!" she broke out wildly. "I do not understand it—no more do you, as I see by your face. Is it possible that traitor, that villain—— But, no! do not mind me, I am talking at random. Tell me, will Ethel die?"

"God forbid!" shuddered Godfrey Greylock.

"But brain fever is extremely dangerous—its victims seldom recover!" she persisted, nervously. "In case Ethel *should* be taken from us, what am I to expect of you? Will you stop my allowance?—will you consider my claims upon you at an end?"

"Madam," he answered, indignantly, "you seem to have far more anxiety for yourself than for your daughter. I decline to consider for a moment the possibility of Ethel's death, or any consequences that might follow it. She must not—shall not die!" wildly. "I am now an old man—I could not live without her. She is the only being in the wide world that I love. Adieu, madam. When you are wanted here I promise to send for you."

Mrs. Iris went her way, baffled and chagrined, and the next visitor to arrive at the villa was Mercy Poole. She came stalking up the avenue, like a hussar in petticoats, and presented herself before Hopkins in the servants' quarters.

"Is it life or death here?" she demanded, in her usual crisp fashion.

"As yet we can't tell," sighed Hopkins. "Your servant will have to stay with us for the present. She can't be moved—it would kill her at once—of course, Dr. Vandine has told you that."

"Yes," nodded Mercy Poole. "Heaven above! What can that child Polly have done, that anybody living should want to murder her? And at the old pits, too! Why, it's a deed a thousand times worse than the one that was done in the same place, years and years ago."

"Oh, gracious me! don't speak of *that*, Mercy Poole!" shivered Hopkins.

The landlady of Cats' Tavern turned abruptly on her heel.

"There was a man at the inn a few hours before this thing happened," she said, slowly; "he belonged to the singing company. Long after his mates left, he hung about the place, and had a good many questions to ask concerning Blackport and its people. Regnault was the name by which he called himself, but you may be sure it wasn't his right one. The night of the assault on Miss Greylock and my servant, he paid his score early, and disappeared. Did that man have anything to do with the stabbing of Polly, and what was Ethel Greylock about at the old salt-pits that night?"

"We know no more about the matter than the dead in their graves!" answered Hopkins.

Mercy Poole shrugged her shoulders, and departed as she had come.

Weary days succeeded—days when death seemed brooding over the great house, and the servants stole about with noiseless tread—when Dr. Vandine's face grew grave and careworn, and Godfrey Greylock paced his library in agonies of apprehension—when Aunt Pam hovered on the verge of distraction, and Ethel Greylock lay on her embroidered pillows, so changed and sunken that even the eyes of a lover might have failed to recognize her. It was Polly who first regained consciousness, and came drifting slowly, but surely, back to life. The girl was as tenacious of existence now as she had been in the days of her childhood. One morning she lifted up a feeble voice in the silence of the chamber where Hopkins watched her, and, as if wrestling with an overwhelming memory, said, "Was Miss Greylock hurt?"

Her first thought was of the girl for whom she had twice gone down to the very gates of death. Hopkins flew to her side.

"No," she answered, "Miss Ethel is not hurt; but she is ill and delirious—you, too, have been wandering in your mind—from weakness, I suppose, and loss of blood. Do you know where you are?—At Greylock Woods. You were brought home with Miss Ethel from the salt-pits. Now make haste, and tell me about that night. We are all dying to hear the story of it, and our poor darling has not yet been able to speak one rational word to us."

Polly looked at Hopkins with hollow, apprehensive eyes. Then she struggled as if to rise.

"I want my clothes," she whispered, hoarsely. "What made them bring me here? I can't stay—I must go back at once to Cats' Tavern, and I've nothing to tell you—no, not one word!"

Hopkins stared in amazement.

"Who stabbed you at the pits, girl?" she demanded, "and how came Miss Greylock there with you? Fie! fie! You must tell everything, and immediately!"

A strange look passed over Polly's thin, bloodless face.

"Ask me no questions," she panted, "for I will tell nothing—you cannot force me—I will not—I will not!"

Hopkins sent at once for Dr. Vandine.

"This reminds us of the old hospital days—eh, Polly?" began the doctor, as he advanced to the bedside of the wounded girl. "It is plain that you were born under an unlucky star. Your talent for getting into difficulties is something marvelous. Now be a good girl, Polly, and tell me who the scoundrel was that assaulted you and Miss Greylock at the cairn."

For the first time in her life she eyed him distrustfully.

"I would not speak one word concerning that night, Dr. Vandine," she cried, with sudden vehemence, "if you would give me the whole wide world."

His was the voice, above all others, that had power to move her; yet now he coaxed and pleaded in vain. She was as immovable as granite. It was a new phase of Polly's character. Vandine was puzzled and provoked. As he turned away from her he said:

"I know you, Polly; you love to do noble, generous things. By your silence you are trying to shield somebody—not yourself, I feel assured."

One night in the late Summer came the crisis of Ethel's fever. Dr. Vandine and the nurse held possession of the sick-chamber. Outside its door Godfrey Greylock walked the corridor in an agony of dread. Would she live or die? In this terrible hour he realized, as never before, that he loved his granddaughter more than family pride or name—more than lands or gold—more than the whole wide world.

Hour after hour wore on. A deep bay-window at the end of the corridor was flooded with silver moonlight. A night-bird sang in the chestnut-trees of the avenue. The wind, full of the scent of late violets, swept up the green knolls, and through an open pane blew in upon the wretched man like a breath from heaven. Ay, would she live or die? The question beat upon his brain with regular strokes, clutched his heart like a demon-hand, choked his breath.

"Spare her, oh, God!" he prayed, "and take instead all else that I have on earth!"

The door of the sick-room opened, and Dr. Vandine stepped forth. Godfrey Greylock gathered himself up as if to receive a blow.

"Speak!" he gasped. "Is it life or death?"

Vandine's face for a moment was positively handsome.

"Thank God!" he answered, "it is life!"

Godfrey Greylock staggered to the deep window, flung up the sash as if suffocating, and dropping his gray head against it, burst into tears. His darling was to live, and not die.

When Ethel Greylock came drifting back from the gates of death, she found her grandfather kneeling by her bed, murmuring over her tender, broken words. She was not assailed with questions, as poor Polly had been; nothing was allowed to disturb her. Her life still hung by a thread. For a while she seemed too weak even to

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remember the tragic night at the pits; but days passed, and strength returned to the heiress of the Woods, and one morning, when Godfrey Greylock came to pay his usual visit to her chamber, she stretched out her snowflake hand to him in sudden entreaty.

"Grandpa, I wish to ask you something," she faltered.

"Ask on, my darling."

"Who found me that dreadful night?" shuddering. "Who brought me home to you, grandpa?"

"*I* found you, Ethel. I brought you home."

A wild, frightened look came into her wasted face.

"But how, grandpa?—how did I escape from that man *alive?* Some one came between us—it was not *you!*"

His haughty old heart seemed to stop beating.

"What man, my darling?"

She flung her arms around his neck.

"Oh, will you promise to pardon me if I tell you everything?" she sobbed. "I do not deserve your forgiveness, grandpa, and yet I cannot live without it."

"Speak, Ethel; there is nothing that I will not forgive you. Speak freely."

The nurse had retired to an adjoining room, and the two were alone together. Ethel Greylock bowed her head, like a broken lily, upon her grandfather's shoulder, and told him all.

He listened, without a sign of anger or resentment. He had been so near to losing his idol that he could feel no wrath against her now, even for the grievous offense of which she had been guilty. When her story was ended he embraced her, kissed the tears from her white cheeks, and said, in a perfectly composed voice:

"I cannot reproach you, Ethel; you have already suffered enough for your folly, poor child! By driving from you the man you loved—and it is plain to me that you *do* love Sir Gervase—you have ruined your whole future happiness. Even if such a thing was desirable, we should now find it useless to attempt the proper punishment of Regnault. He was in the carriage which passed me near the pits that night, and without doubt he has found a safe refuge long before this time. Who, think you, was the person that saved you from his murderous attack, Ethel?"

"I do not know," she shuddered; "it was all so sudden! I caught one glimpse of a white face in the darkness—the flash of a knife. I heard a dreadful cry; we were pushed apart; some one received the blow intended for me. I felt the hot blood in my face, and then I fainted from the terror of it all."

He looked very grave as he told her whose bleeding body he had found stretched over her own at the cairn.

"Oh, I am glad you brought her here to the villa, grandpa," cried Ethel. "I am glad you have cared for her here. Surely, surely I owe my life to her!"

"From what you tell me, there can be no doubt of it."

"She must have been near, and witnessed my peril, and generously interposed her own person to shield me—an utter stranger, too! Noble deeds do not belong to any class or social condition, grandpa."

"True, my dear."

"How good of Polly to maintain strict silence on this dreadful subject, in spite of all your questions! It is plain that she had determined in her own mind never to betray me. Is she fully recovered—is she able to come to my chamber? I long to speak with her."

"Vandine says she is still very weak. By-the-way, he has known the girl for years, and seems much interested in her. You can see her if you ring at once. She is going back to Cats' Tavern to-day. I have ordered the carriage to take her away at noon For some unknown reason, she is so restless and homesick under this roof that the doctor declares she will make no further progress till she returns to the inn."

"Going back to Cats' Tavern!" cried Ethel, "and without exchanging one word with me! I cannot allow that, grandpa! Surely you mean to reward her for what she has done?"

He nodded.

"Certainly. That will be an easy matter. The thing which she probably needs most is money. You have my permission to give to her as your own heart may suggest."

He rang the bell. Five minutes later, Polly, dressed for immediate departure, entered the sumptuous room. Luxury and repose steeped the very air of the place. The light was carefully softened, a delicate scent of musk-rose pervaded the atmosphere. On a carved bedstead, all afoam with lace and fine embroideries, Ethel Greylock lay, like a hothouse lily, with the proud old master of the Woods watching by her side.

Polly stepped upon this scene—an incongruous object, indeed. Her garments hung loosely upon her emaciated figure; her small face, with its large pathetic eyes and night-black braids, had a painfully sharpened, transparent look. She seemed terrified also. The heiress of the Woods stretched out to her a languid, reassuring hand.

"Come nearer—do not be afraid," she said, gently. "I have just heard of your brave, generous conduct, Polly. Thank you for keeping my secret so well. I have now told grandpa everything."

The nameless servant of Cats' Tavern had paused so near to Godfrey Greylock that her mean garments actually brushed against him, but she did not touch the hand which Ethel held out to her—he was glad of that—contact with persons of this kind always tried him sorely.

"How white and ill you look!" continued Miss Greylock, as the other remained silent. "Oh, you have suffered much, I know, and all for *me*. I fear I can never thank you enough. Polly, pray tell me how you came to be at the cairn that night?"

Polly's hollow eyes fell. Godfrey Greylock saw that she was trembling with weakness, and he pointed to a chair at the foot of the bed. She paid no heed to the gesture—she meant to make the interview short, and in thinking how she could best do it, she forgot to answer Ethel.

"Come, girl!" cried the master of the Woods, impatiently; "do you hear my granddaughter? She asks you to explain your opportune arrival at the salt-pits on the night of the assault?"

Polly fairly jumped. This old man, with his cold, severe face and haughty bearing, filled her with strange fear. She moved further from him, and stammered:

"I had heard some talk at the tavern. I had reason to believe Regnault was bad—I feared he might mean harm to Miss Greylock, and so I followed him by stealth to the pits."

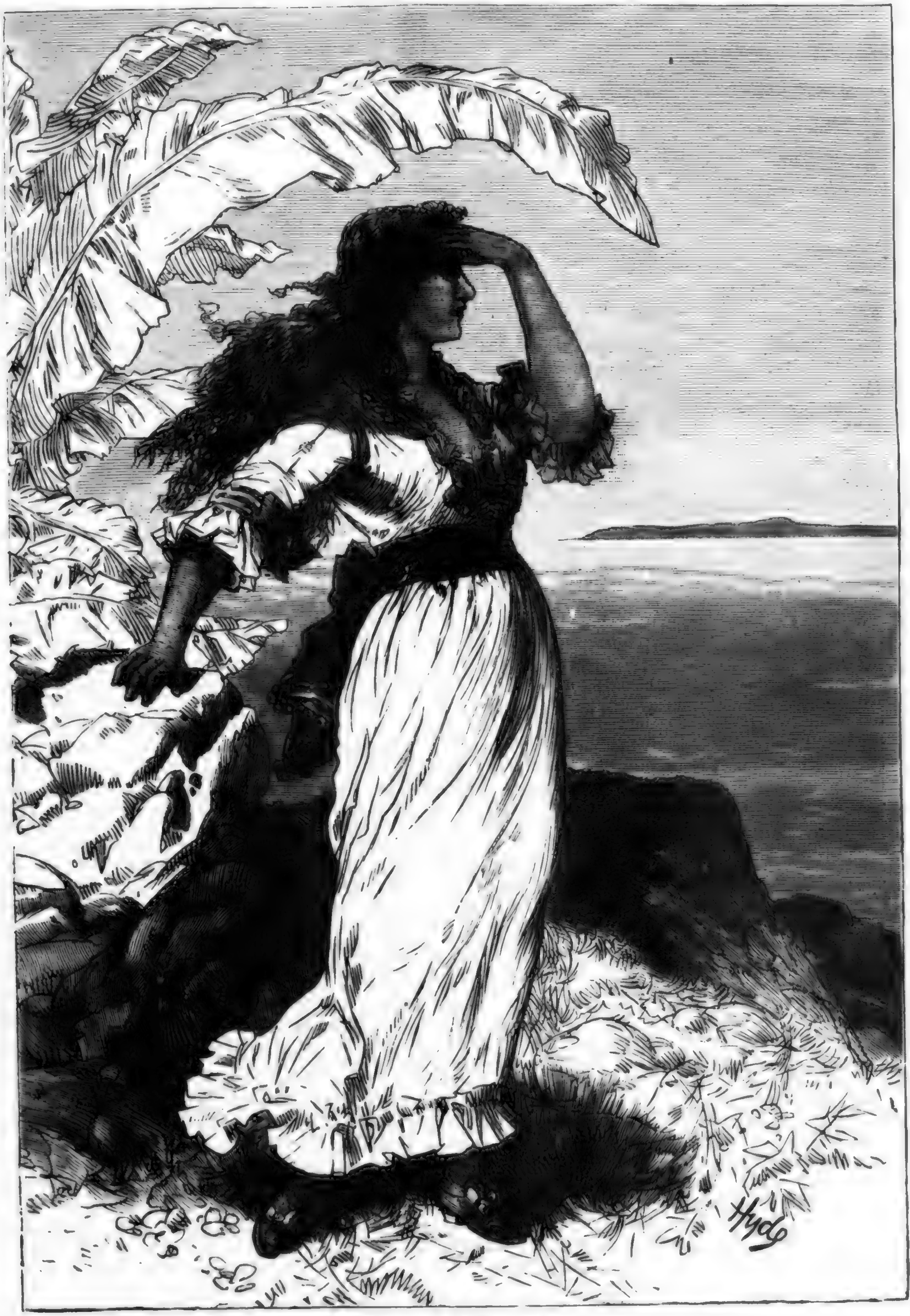
"Ah, yes," mused Ethel Greylock, "you brought his letter to me—you must have known its contents. But why did you risk your own life to save mine, Polly?"

Polly cast one wild glance at the terrible old man, whose fixed gaze seemed searching her very heart, and then, out came the truth, in spite of herself.

"Because I loved you!"

Miss Greylock looked surprised and touched.

"You loved me!" she echoed, "and yet I never saw you but twice, Polly, and what did I do then to win your love?"



A MAIDEN OF TROPIC LANDS.

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"You had no need to do anything," said Polly; "I saw you, and I loved you!"

"It is a very solemn thing to owe one's life to another person," said Ethel Greylock. "You came to the cairn to help me, if necessary—you did not hesitate to throw your own body betwixt death and me, when the peril appeared. I am amazed at your courage and generosity—I am more grateful to you than I can tell." Her eyes grew tearful, her voice tender. "Grandpa and I are most anxious to reward you, Polly. How can we best do it? Surely you will not leave the villa to-day? You are still weak—too weak to resume your work at the inn."

"Mercy Poole is a kind-hearted woman—she will lighten my tasks to suit my strength, Miss Greylock."

"Nevertheless, I beg you will stay here—for a time, at least. You have placed us under a heavy debt. Shall we give you money? Can we help you to change your condition in life? Perhaps you would like—for you look very bright and intelligent—to be something more than a servant, Polly. Confide in me as you would in a—a—sister."

Polly kept her hollow black eyes fixed on the velvet carpet. Her face betrayed nothing of the tumult in her heart. That lordly old man was still watching her closely, and her terror of him increased every moment.

"You are very good, Miss Greylock," she gasped, "but, if you please, I must go back to the inn to-day—I cannot stay here longer—this is no place for me. Money I've but little use for, and I'm fit for nothing but my present work—I have always been a servant."

Ethel Greylock fell back on her pillow, with a disappointed air.

"You are heroic, Polly," she said, with a faint smile, "but you are also commonplace,"

And she closed her eyes as if weary of the matter.

Godfrey Greylock made an impatient movement.

"This is an unfortunate affair," he said, haughtily. "It is not pleasant for my granddaughter to find herself indebted to anybody—especially to one so far below her own social station. I insist, girl, that you accept something which may be called a suitable recompense for the service you have rendered her. Take this"—he thrust a slip of paper into Polly's passive fingers—"and if you have friends in your own walk in life, consult them regarding the best use you can make of such a sum. Should you need further aid at any time in the future, you are at liberty to apply to me."

Polly looked not at the check, which represented more money than she had ever seen in her life, but at the disdainful old aristocrat who was seeking to overwhelm her with his generosity. Quietly, deliberately, she tore the slip of paper in pieces, and dropped it on the floor.

"If you please," she answered, in a low, firm voice, "I must have my own way about this thing, sir. I do not wish you to feel under obligations to me, neither will I take your money. You stare—but I do not want it. I will not have it. Forget the service I have done you. Heaven knows that I have no desire that you should remember it! And now be kind enough to let me say good-by to you and to Miss Greylock."

He was transfixed with angry amazement. That a nameless workgirl should dare assume that tone to him, and tear up his check and throw it, if not in his face, at least under his feet, was something too audacious for belief. But Ethel, on her embroidered pillows, opened her eyes with an amused smile.

"Ah, Polly, you are not lacking in pride or spirit! What is to be done with a person like you? Well, of course, you must have your own way. I will ask but one favor of you," graciously. "Should you ever require help of any kind, will you come to me?"

"Yes," answered Polly, in a choking voice. "Yes."

"Your hand upon it!" insisted Ethel, still smiling.

The work-roughened hand of the servant, the satin-soft one of the heiress, met for an instant, then fell apart.

"Good-by, Polly; and remember, I am always, always your friend."

"Good-by, Miss Greylock, and thank you kindly."

With these words Polly retired, empty-handed, from the presence of the pair. The Greylock carriage conveyed her back to Cats' Tavern, where, quietly, silently, she took up her daily tasks again, as if nothing had happened. Neither Mercy Poole nor Dr. Vandine tormented her with questions. The latter regarded Polly with a sort of puzzled approval.

"I see," he said, "that you are determined to be a heroine. Brave, good child! Into what mäelstrom of peril will you throw yourself next?" Then his rugged face grew grave and sad. "Thank God that you had the courage to save her, Polly! She can never be anything to me," and he sighed heavily. "But all the same I shall bless you for that deed as long as I live! I know some of the facts of the case. Her assailant was a rejected lover—poor devil! Of course he was mad; small wonder, too, since he had lost *her*."

A sickening pain struck to Polly's heart of hearts.

"Dr. Vandine," she answered, "you love Miss Greylock, and for that reason I am glad—glad that I received the blow meant for her. I owe you so much that the person who is dear to you must be dear to me also."

"You owe me nothing!" he cried. "What nonsense you talk, Polly! And, by-the-way, it cuts me to the heart to see you looking so pale and weak. Your brave spirit is held in a very frail body. As your physician, I command you to take care of yourself."

He did not dream of the exquisite misery he was inflicting upon her. Polly's secret passion was still a secret—he had never guessed it, he never would.

No steps were taken to apprehend Regnault. The whole matter was covered up as secretly and effectually as possible. Meanwhile Summer died. The great salt marshes lay brown and dim under the Autumn clouds, the winds began their Autumn riot upon the sea.

Up at Greylock Woods Ethel was now moving about the great house like a lovely ghost. Sometimes she walked the faded terraces, leaning on the arm of the old man who, having forgiven all her transgressions, seemed now to love her more than ever. Sometimes she rode beside him through the rusty woods, or down by the melancholy shore, with a shadow, not born of recent illness, upon her face. Flesh and strength returned to her—beauty returned, but still she was greatly changed.

One unlucky day Dr. Vandine found the heiress of the Woods sitting at her piano, in the same room and by the very window where she had rejected Sir Gervase long weeks before. The resplendent peacock was again strutting upon the terrace outside. Wrinkled leaves fluttered, like birds, against the pane. In a voice as sweet as heaven, yet full of unshed tears, Miss Greylock was singing, as the doctor entered, these lines:

"She turned the ring upon her hand—
The fields are heaped with rusty sheaves
The fickle swallows fly the eaves,
The black frost nips the pleasant land.

'My hopes are as the yellow leaves
That fill the faded garden spot,
My sad heart like the east wind grieves,
Because he cometh not!"

Vandine stood motionless, voiceless, till the climax of the ballad was reached:

> "She had a lover o'er the sea—
> God rest her!—toll the passing bell.
> Why Love in all his ways should be
> So hard a master, who can tell?"

Then he strode up to the piano.

"There's a great deal of that unhealthy stuff written nowadays," he said, irritably. "Ah, I regret to see you looking so pale to-day, Miss Greylock! You are not progressing as well as I could wish."

Her hands fell listlessly from the keys.

"It is this disconsolate October weather!" she stammered.

"Nothing more?"

"Do not be analytical. I fear I try your patience sorely, Dr. Vandine."

"Yes," he replied, in a hoarse voice, "but you do not deceive me. Imagine the torture I suffer in seeing you pining for a distant lover, while all the time you remain blind and deaf to one who is near—yes, at your very feet!"

Her shocked, indignant look told him that his case was even more hopeless now than it had been months before.

"Has not a man the right to sue twice—yes, twenty times, for the thing he most desires on earth?" he cried out, rebelliously. "But you need not speak—I have annoyed and agitated you for naught. You no longer need my services, and it will be better for me if I see you no more. Indeed, my only safety lies in keeping far from you." She arose with dignity.

"I am sure you are right, Dr. Vandine," she answered. "Do not come here again. More than this I need not say—less than this, would be mistaken kindness."

He went, and so Ethel was freed from all her lovers.

She shed a few foolish tears, and then, determined to shake off the heaviness that oppressed her, she ordered her pony-carriage, and, attended by the dogs, went out for a drive through the Woods.

Not far from Rose Cottage, a woman appeared suddenly at the pony's head, and made a sign for Ethel to stop.

"I'm glad to see you out again, Miss Fairy," said Hannah Johnson, flashing one dark look over the dainty carriage and its occupant. "You're going to Rose Cottage, most likely?"

"No," answered Ethel, briefly, contemptuously.

Hannah Johnson grinned.

"La! And you haven't been to visit your dear mother since your sickness. How you do love her, to be sure! It's a beautiful thing to see parent and daughter so fond of each other."

The woman's tone jarred unpleasantly on Ethel's nerves.

"Go on, Lancer," she said to the pony, for Lancer stirred not, for Hannah Johnson remained immovable at his head.

"Miss Fairy, I hear you've been at death's-door with brain fever, and a mixture of too many lovers." And she laughed, offensively. "The Old Mogul came near losing you, eh? Well, well! There are worse things in the world than death. It might have been better for you if you'd died of your disease. See if you don't say the same yourself before many weeks, miss!"

She bobbed a mocking courtesy and stepped aside. The pony went on his way. Ethel's heart beat fast with a sudden foreboding of evil. Then she smiled at her own weakness. The ignoble, impudent creature! It was absurd for the heiress of Greylock Woods to give one thought to her idle words.

Away trotted Lancer under the evergreens, and through the hollows, heaped now with tawny leaves. A dreamy haze tempered the afternoon light. No living thing moved anywhere in the wide paths, save the birds and squirrels. After these Chasseur and his fellow-canines barked and raced in vain distraction.

Ethel's spirits began to fall again. How strange it seemed to find life stripped of all its old brightness, the rose-tints gone, the fair promises of the future blotted out! Where was he this Autumn day—the lover whom she had driven from her side, even while she loved him? Still roaming the Far West, or back in his own ancestral manor across the sea? If he knew the truth he would despise her—if he did not know it he would, to the end of his days, think her a heartless flirt. She had been well punished for all her folly. Love was over, life was over. She hated the past, the future had nothing more to offer her, and she was barely eighteen!

Lancer jogged lazily on. The fair head of his driver drooped on her breast, her eyes absently followed the roll of the wheels over the brown earth. And so, when a tall gray figure swung suddenly into sight, coming up the drive from the direction of the entrance-gate, and all the dogs rushed toward it, yelping joyful recognition, Ethel, absorbed in her own meditations, saw nothing, heard nothing.

Nearer and nearer drew the figure, with the canines fawning around it. Directly a firm step paused by the wheel of the pony-carriage.

"Pardon!" said a voice that made Ethel's heart stand still. The tall gray apparition lifted his hat in the westering light.

She was once more face to face with Sir Gervase Greylock.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PLIGHTED.

THIS meeting nearly took her breath. He looked as brown and bold and grand as some soldier fresh from a victorious campaign. The reins dropped from Ethel's hold.

"This is a great surprise," she managed to say.

"I left the West some days ago," he answered, "and while waiting in Boston for the arrival of a member of our party, who had been unexpectedly detained in Chicago, I, by chance, heard of your late illness. Pardon me, I could not resist the temptation to run down to Blackport to express my regrets, and also to take a final leave of the relatives whom I shall probably never see again. To-morrow I sail for England."

She extended her hand over the side of the carriage. He clasped it eagerly. "How pale you are!" he said, searching her face with his keen tawny eyes. "It is plain that you have suffered. And I never dreamed that all was not going well with you here. News did not penetrate to the cañons of the Yellowstone."

She felt a thrill of guilty relief. Then he knew nothing about Regnault, or the affair at the salt-pits! Heaven grant that he would know nothing—at least, till he had bidden her farewell for ever.

"For the few moments that we are now permitted to remain together," she inwardly prayed, "let him still think of me as one above reproach!"

The dogs were leaping upon him rudely. Chasseur seemed determined to devour him alive. Sir Gervase smiled a little sadly as he submitted to the brute's caresses.

"Your dogs have kept me in kindly remembrance, I see. It is pleasant to find that absence has not diminished their old affection. Are you wholly recovered,

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Miss Greylock? And your grandfather and Miss Pamela—are they well? Shall I find them at the villa?"

She answered him with tolerable coherence. The blood by this time was coming back to her face. Lancer began to move on of his own accord, and Sir Gervase fell into place by the side of the pony-carriage, and so walked away to the villa, talking only of commonplace things.

Godfrey Greylock and Miss Pam met the baronet with open arms—he had no reason to complain of his welcome. But the twain looked grave when Sir Gervase announced how brief his visit was to be.

"What!" cried Godfrey Greylock, "is it imperative that you should sail to-morrow?"

"Yes," answered the baronet, quietly. "Delays are always dangerous. I have now been absent from England for months. Several important reasons urge my immediate return."

Everybody avoided the subject of Ethel's illness. The elders were as anxious as Ethel herself that Sir Gervase should take his final leave of them in happy ignorance of what had passed since the rejection of his suit. Luckily the baronet asked no questions. His behavior was perfect. Whether or no he had recovered from his disappointment nobody could tell. His manner toward Ethel was courteous, quiet, unmoved.

The heiress of the Woods went up-stairs to dress for dinner in a fevered frame of mind.

"Five o'clock!" she said to herself, as she looked at her watch, "and at nine the Boston express leaves Blackport. Four hours! and into them I must crowd all the happiness that is left to me. To-morrow is bankrupt—it holds no promise. I have just two hundred and forty minutes to live. After that I care not what happens!"

She put on a dress of black satin, bordered with grebe, and a Medici ruff of yellow Mechlin, out of which her snowy throat and pale face arose like a lily from its sheath. In her corsage she fastened a great bunch of red leaves. Her yellow hair, heaped in a mass of waves and curls, made a crown of sunshine to this sombre costume. She went down to the drawing-room with no flush, no tremor, but in her eyes burned a strange brilliancy.

The dinner passed like all others. We eat, we laugh, we talk of common things, even when our hearts are breaking, and every moment is big with fate.

The party arose from the table, at last, and went to Godfrey Greylock's library. How fast the moments were going! Ethel could have screamed aloud at this pitiless flight of time. Soon she would hear the carriage in the drive—it would stop at the door, then the last word must be spoken, the last look given. Her heart rose up in mad rebellion at the misery she had brought upon herself. Oh, if something would but happen! Oh, the dire necessity of keeping a smile on her lips, and light in her eyes, during this terrible hour, which, when it passed, was to take from her all earthly joy.

Something *did* happen. Aunt Pam, regardless of the baronet's presence, succumbed to an after-dinner doze in one of the deep chairs. At the same time Godfrey Greylock vanished suddenly behind a portière at the other end of the room. Ethel was alone with Sir Gervase, for Miss Pam, in her present condition, could not be called company.

She stood leaning against a glass door which opened on the terrace. Day died swiftly—a moon rose over the tree-tops—its light poured upon her satin dress and grebe feathers and yellow crown of hair. Without, the whole landscape lay dark in shadow—within, an ormolu clock on the mantel ticked the moments remorselessly away.

Like a man in a dream Sir Gervase arose from his chair and crossed the room to her side—drawn irresistibly, perhaps, by that regal shape—by the white shining of her face in the gloom.

"For all time and all eternity," he said, "I should like to remember you, Ethel, as you stand—like this!"

She made a sudden movement, and the red leaves dropped from her corsage. He caught them as they fell.

"With your permission I will keep these," he continued, his voice growing thick and uncertain. "Could I carry away from Greylock Woods a more fitting memento than a handful of withered leaves?"

She caught her breath curiously.

"I hear the carriage," she stammered, craning her fair neck toward the driveway.

"It is not yet in sight," he answered, with a touch of resentment; "are you in haste to say good-by? I was angry with you when we last parted, Ethel. You had said some unjust things to me—do you remember?"

"Yes," she answered.

"I was angry, and I tried my best to forget you, out there in the wilds of the West. God knows how vain the effort was! You haunted me everywhere—by midnight camp-fires, in vast solitudes, in the depths of lonely cañons, in daylight, in darkness! And so I have brought back to the East the same things that I took away—a disappointment, for which I can find no consolation—a dead hope, that leaves my future empty and dark."

"Did you come to Blackport to-day to tell me this, Sir Gervase?"

"No," he answered, bitterly; "why should I wish to torment you further? But you have forced the words from me, in spite of myself. I came to Blackport simply because I could not avoid it. A power as irresistible as death drew me hither for one last look at you."

"The carriage is coming—it is here!" she gasped, as the horses' heads appeared in the moonlight below the terrace.

He held out his hand.

"This time, at least," he said, in a shaken voice, "I do not part with you in anger. It was not your fault, but my misfortune, that you could not love me, Ethel! Your hand one moment—there, good-by!"

The strain upon her nerves had been grievous and prolonged. As his fingers closed about her own the moonlit terrace vanished, the dark, rich library swung round before her sight. She called his name once, and the next thing she knew strong arms were clasping her. Sir Gervase's kisses rained like fire on her face and hair.

"Ethel! Ethel!" he cried. "Is it possible that you care for me after all?"

She dropped her face against his heart and sobbed.

"I have cared for you from the first day of your coming here. No, do not think that I tormented you for my own pleasure. I shall conceal nothing from you now—I shall tell you the miserable truth, even as I told grandpa, and when you know all you will despise me!"

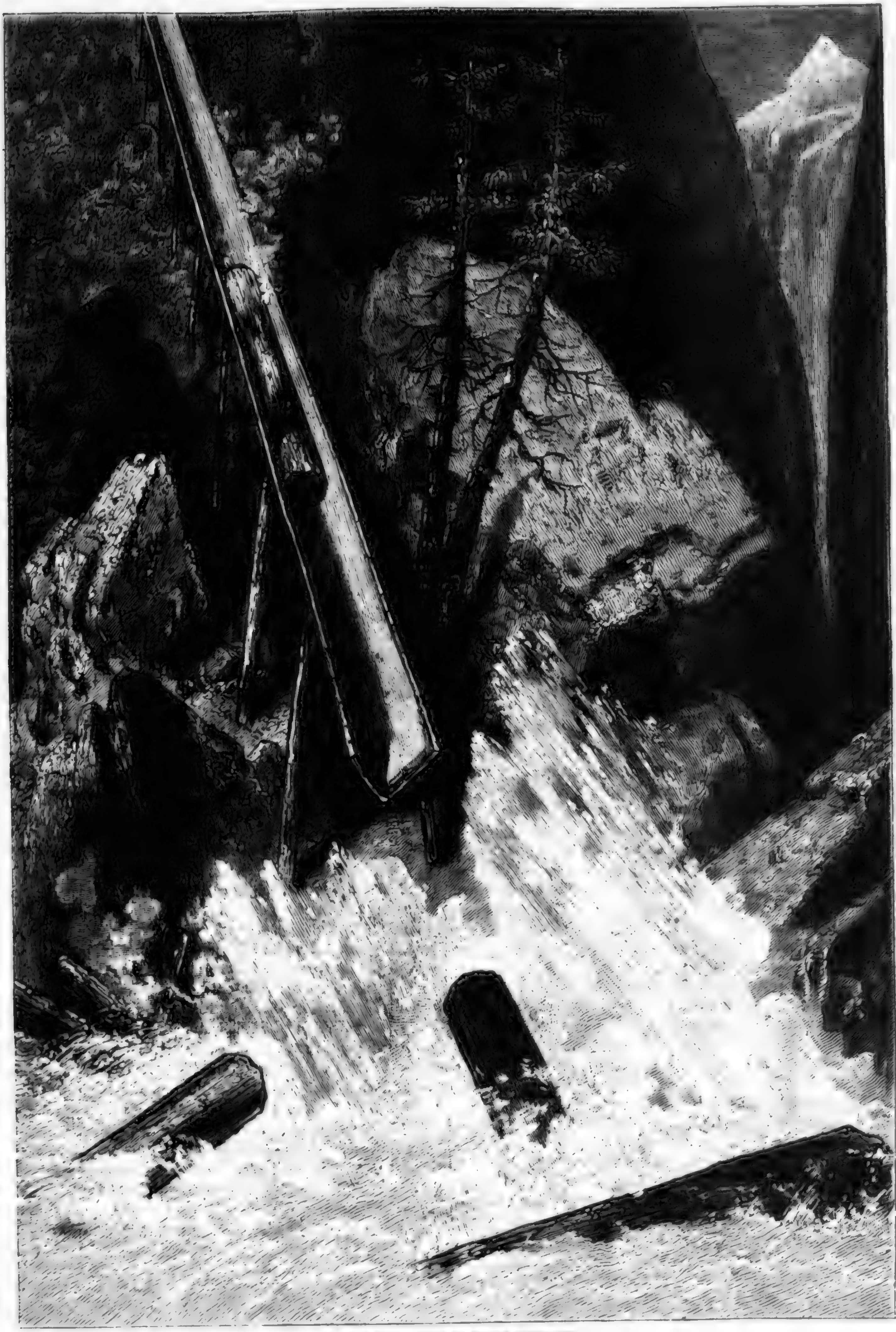
His brown cheek pressed her white one.

"Darling, darling, what can you mean?"

"Wait, listen! Gervase," she faltered, trying to hold him off, but failing ignobly, while she faltered forth her confession.

With great gravity, in perfect silence, he listened. When all had been told he gathered her still closer to his heart.

"Poor child!" he said, tenderly. "How wickedly you have been tormented! Ah, why did you not tell me your secret weeks ago? I might have helped you—I might have saved you from a part, at least, of this



A TIMBER-SHOOT IN THE MOUNTAINS.

wretched experience. It was the mistake of a schoolgirl. Forget it, Ethel; we will never speak of it again. And so you loved me even when you sent me away? How blind I have been—how stupid! But to-night," exultantly, "to-night I am the happiest man on earth, for," with a mighty contempt for the reserve powers of Fate, "nothing earthly can part us more!"

After that no sound broke the silence of the library save the happy murmur of lovers' voices. Aunt Pam slept serenely on. The horses waited impatiently below the terrace; their trampling startled Ethel at last.

"Oh," she faltered, "the carriage is still waiting! Will you go *now?*"

He smiled.

"I think not. I must crave your grandfather's hospitality a little longer. My plans for the future are now entirely changed. I shall not sail for England till I can take my wife with me. You owe me some recompense, Ethel, for what I have endured in the last two months, and I shall require it of you in the form of an early marriage-day."

A hand lifted the portière, and Godfrey Greylock stepped into the room. The attitude of the young pair seemed not to surprise him—he had had his own reasons for leaving them to each other. Sir Gervase led Ethel to her grandfather.

"She has told me everything," he said, simply, "and she has also promised to become my wife!"

* * * * * *

Iris Greylock came up from Rose Cottage next day to congratulate her daughter. She put her arms around Ethel and kissed her effusively.

"My dear child," she cried, "what an unexpected turn of affairs! I am unspeakably glad that you are so well quit of your romantic, villainous Regnault. Let that experience be a lifelong lesson to you, foolish girl! And now, when are you going to marry your spotless Sir Galahad—I mean the baronet? Your grandfather sent word to me this morning that everything was arranged—such extraordinary condescension from my great enemy made me suspect that joy had turned his head."

Ethel neither blushed nor stammered. There was something solemn in her new and sudden bliss. She had come so near to losing her life's happiness that even now she scarcely dared to believe in its perfect security.

"I am to marry the baronet the first week in December, mamma," she answered, in a low voice. "He wishes to reach England in time for the holidays. It seems very strange, does it not, that I am to be Lady Greylock, after all?"

"You are quite equal to the position, love. These English marriages are getting to be everyday affairs with American girls in good society. The first week in December!" with an anxious knitting of her faded brows. "I wish it was even sooner. I long to see you well settled in life."

She tapped the carpet with her sound foot. Ethel was secretly wondering what it was that made her mother look so worn and old this morning. Presently the truth broke from Mrs. Iris.

"I have had another tiff with Hannah Johnson, my dear. Six months ago I doubled her wages, and to-day she had the impudence to demand another increase."

"Of course you discharged her at once," said Ethel, dryly.

Mrs. Iris glanced askance at her daughter, then frowned.

"Do not be absurd, Ethel. I have explained to you again and again that I cannot get on without Hannah. I must keep her—I really have no choice in the matter. But you do not know how I am vexed and worried. My life is becoming a burden to me. I envy you because you will soon be far away from—from—this place and everybody in it. And then your prospects! What girl could ask for brighter ones? Godfrey Greylock cannot last much longer, and you are sure to come in for his entire fortune. Ah! you must remember *me* then, Ethel! You were certainly born under a lucky star. But never forget that you owe everything, even your titled English husband, to my shrewd management, child."

"I will not forget, mamma," replied Ethel, rather wearily.

There was small danger of such a catastrophe while Mrs. Iris had a tongue. After a pause the elder woman asked, abruptly:

"Ethel, what has become of Regnault?"

Ethel started, shuddered.

"Mamma, how should I know"

"What! have you heard nothing from him, nor of him, since that night at the pits?"

"Nothing."

"Well, I hope he will give you no further trouble; but you need not feel quite sure about it. He is a man without heart or conscience—that is," hastily, "of course he must be, from the manner in which he has treated you."

Regnault! Only with dread and aversion could Ethel think of him now. Whither had he fled? She did not know nor care. It was certain that he had no further power to harm her, since she herself had revealed everything to her nearest and dearest. She was so sheltered now, so hedged about by love and care, that surely he would never dare to approach her again.

The Autumn days went on, full of the light that never was on land nor sea. All her life long Ethel would remember this time of perfect tranquillity. Wonderful tints of crimson and gold filled the woods. The winds breathed balm, purple hues clung to the sea and the marshes; marvelous light hovered over the paths where she walked with—her lover, her life, her king. He was constantly at her side, and the villa rang with preparations for such a wedding as Blackport had never known before. Verily, Ethel was happy in these days! Every cloud had vanished from her horizon, the past was covered up, the present seemed a paradise, the future dazzled her with its radiant promises. And all the while, alas! a tempest darker than death itself was gathering over the unconscious heiress of Greylock Woods.

One night Sir Gervase took fond leave of his betrothed in the great hall, and stepped out upon the terrace to smoke a solitary cigar before going to bed. It was November now, frosty and cold. The leafless chestnuts raised skeleton arms in the midst of the evergreens. The imposing villa looked higher and darker than ever on its grand knoll. He could almost fancy that both house and woods knew of their impending loss, and that, in consequence, they had already assumed a dejected air. She was going with him to a new home across the sea, and the places of which she was the pride, the light, the crowning glory, would know her no more.

"Sir Gervase Greylock!" said a voice. The figure of a woman, in shawl and hood, leaped suddenly up at the far end of the terrace, and advanced toward the baronet. "I've something to say to you, sir," she began, with a deprecatory gesture.

He flung down his cigar.

"Who are you?" he demanded

"A friend," said the woman.

"That is good, but indefinite. I must trouble you to be more explicit."

As he approached the figure it immediately made an alarmed retrograde movement.

"Never mind who I am," she stammered; "it is enough for you to know, sir, that I've something of great importance to tell you."

"Concerning what?"

"The girl you are going to marry—Miss Greylock."

"Ah!" said the baronet, dryly; "this is too mysterious by far! Upon such a subject no stranger can possibly have anything to say to me which I could wish to hear."

"Don't be too sure of that."

He turned on his heel. She ran after him.

"Stop, sir! You're very particular! Well, since you *must* know, you've seen me before, on shipboard and at Rose Cottage. I belong to the household of Mrs. Greylock."

Reluctantly she pushed back her hood, and revealed the sullen, dark face of Hannah Johnson. It was a full moment before he recognized her.

"I remember," he said, at last. "You are Mrs. Greylock's maid."

"Yes, that's what I'm called. I've lived with Mrs. Greylock for years and years. What I don't known about her and Miss Fairy ain't worth the knowing, sir!"

He stared coldly.

"They haven't treated me right, those two," she went on. "I hate them both! Moreover, I don't like to see anybody walking blindfolded into a trap. I'm English born myself, though perhaps you wouldn't guess it, and I know the pride of men like you, Sir Gervase Greylock. You'd rather die than be hoodwinked, victimized, disgraced. Then take my advice and leave the Woods tomorrow, and everybody and everything here, and go back, as fast as wind and tide and steam will carry you, to England!"

At last he understood the drift of her talk.

"That will do," he said, sternly. "I decline to listen to you further!"

"Sir, I've a whole history to tell—you haven't heard a word of it yet, and it concerns you more than anybody else. You'd better let me go on."

"Not a syllable more!" he answered. "Do not dare to mention Miss Greylock's name to me. I advise your mistress to look after you a little closer, since it is plain that you are scarcely a servant to be trusted."

She was furious at this repulse.

"And so you will not stoop to take a warning from such as me, sir?" she hissed.

"Assuredly not," he answered, with cold disdain.

"Then," she cried, fiercely, "I swear to you, Sir Gervase Greylock, that the hour will come when you'll be forced to listen, whether you like or not! Your wedding-day is set, all goes well with your love affair, but bear this in mind—never, on this side of the grave, will you marry Ethel Greylock!"

With this Hannah Johnson turned and vanished down the terrace.

CHAPTER XXVII.

POLLY SPEAKS.

THE Winter closed in early, an old-fashioned New England Winter. Tremendous storms swept the coast. Night after night I lay in my chamber at Cats' Tavern, and heard the rafters rock and the old windows shake with the violence of the gales. Blackport harbor was locked in ice, vessels went by sheathed in rattling mail. Snow covered the marshes, and spread a white desolation over the town, which had grown very dull and silent after the flight of its Summer population.

In fair weather and foul Dr. Vandine was abroad. His practice had rapidly increased. Throughout Blackport, and in adjacent towns also, he was constantly in demand. We saw but little of him at the inn, and even when there he was always shut up with his books, always absorbed and silent. Perhaps it was this continual labor which made him look so grave and changed. Indeed, he began to seem like a stranger to me.

The hurts that I had received from Regnault's knife at the pits still troubled me. I did not gain flesh or strength, and I was often weary and depressed.

One day, while toiling up the inn-stairs with a basket of fuel for one of the guest's chambers, I was overtaken suddenly by Dr. Vandine. He snatched the burden from my hand and carried it himself to the room above.

"No more of this, Polly," he said, sternly. "Do you want the wound in your side to re-open? You must do no hard work at present. Mercy Poole assured me she would not require it of you."

"And she does not," I answered. "But I cannot receive full wages at the inn and not work."

You see, Mercy Poole had paid me for all the time of my absence at Greylock Woods—not a cent had she deducted from my weekly dues, and I thought it wonderful generosity, for Mercy loved money, and though kind to her help, she exacted from them all that was her lawful right.

"Never mind that," said the doctor. "I shall not allow you to kill yourself before my eyes. I have settled your affairs with Mercy Poole—that is," hastily, "she knows that you must rest until you have regained your strength. If you go about, getting the knife-wounds intended for other people, and losing, in consequence, the wages of two or three months, how will you ever accumulate money enough to begin the search for your lost sister—the Nan, of whom, by-the-way, I have not heard you speak of late. Are the distractions of Blackport driving her, at last, from your memory, Polly?"

My heart thumped violently.

"No," I faltered; "oh, no!"

"And you haven't abandoned your original design of finding her, eh?" he urged.

I did not answer. I was thinking of what he had said about my wages. Suddenly it burst upon me that *he* was at the bottom of Mercy Poole's generosity, and that from his pocket, and not hers, my full pay for the last two months had come! Besides all this, he had absolutely refused to accept anything from me for professional services.

"You always called me sharp, Dr. Vandine," I flashed out, "and so I am—at least, sharp enough to see what you have done. And I do not like it—I cannot bear it—oh, I cannot bear it!"

He put on a highly aggrieved air.

"Look here, Polly—no nonsense! For years I have regarded you as something belonging to myself. Have I not tried again and again to keep you out of an untimely grave? Didn't I consign you to that mob of Steeles, who drudged you nearly to death? and wasn't it I who brought you down here to Blackport, where the knife of a ruffian all but made an end of you at once? Are these the favors you cannot bear, Polly? Poor, deluded child. I never did a decent thing for you in my life! You are under no more obligations to me than to the man in the moon; but wait!" His brown face lighted up with some of its old, gay glow. "Heaven knows, Polly, I would fain have helped you to better fortune long ago; but the fact is, I never, at any one time, possessed five dollars that I could honestly call my own. Impecuniosity has

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ever been my besetting trouble. Of late, however, the wheel of fortune has taken a new turn with Dick Vandine. The freakish, fickle goddess is smiling, where formerly she frowned. My prospects grow brilliant. I now have a plan for you, Polly. After the holidays, which are, as you know, close at hand, I am going to take you from Cats' Tavern and send you to school—in fact, I have already engaged board and tuition for you at the best young lady's seminary in the State."

I was speechless. He did not wait for an answer, but added, simply:

"I have long had this project in mind, but could never execute it till now. I feel as if I had a perfect right to lead you into pleasanter paths. Thus far you have had a hard life, you brave little thing! You shall be educated for a teacher, or something of that sort, and to soothe your pride, of which you have an inordinate supply, I will say that years hence—ten, twenty, fifty, may be, when I am poor and old, and you rich and still young, you can, if you like, repay me. Now get some flesh on your bones, and some color in your cheeks, Polly, and look forward confidently to better days."

The next moment I heard him descending the stairs. I dropped on the floor by the fuel basket, buried my face in my old dress, and cried and cried till I was exhausted. To go to school—to become a teacher! Ambition awoke within me. Life of a sudden teemed with possibilities. Ah, it was too good to believe!

Days passed. He did not speak to me again—indeed he was seldom at the inn, except to eat and to sleep; but he left books for me in the living-room, and Mercy Poole began to treat me as a guest, rather than a servant. It was plain that he had told her of his plans concerning me.

Meanwhile happiness reigned up at Greylock Woods. News reached the inn of all that was transpiring there. With unspeakable joy I heard that Miss Greylock had regained both her health and her English lover, and that she was to marry Sir Gervase, and sail at once for the Old World.

"Thank God!" I thought, as I lay upon my bed in the silent night-watches, when the storms were whistling around the inn, "her happiness is now secure! She is an innocent participator in a great fraud. Once the wife of Sir Gervase, no harm can reach her, for he loves her—he will shield her through all the future. Though I may never see her more, it will be blessed for me to know that she is happy with the man she loves across the sea."

One morning my sister—no! I must not call her that—the heiress of the Woods and Sir Gervase, her lover, appeared at the inn in a splendid sledge, with prancing horses and jingling bells, and asked for *me*. I hurried to the sleeping-room.

Miss Greylock, wrapped in furs, and looking so bright and lovely that I held my breath as I gazed at her, rushed forward and kissed me on both cheeks. Then, still holding my hands, she turned, with tears in her eyes, to the baronet.

"Gervase," she said, "this is the good, brave girl who risked her own life to save mine."

That he was noble in every sense of the word I could not doubt. He took my hands from Miss Greylock, pressed them kindly, and thanked me with a simple earnestness that went to my heart.

"My dear Polly," said Ethel Greylock, with a bright color in her oval cheek, "I am here this morning, to beg, as a particular favor to myself, that you will attend my wedding. Oh, you must not look so astonished! My happiness would not be complete if you were not present at the ceremony. Sir Gervase knows how positive my wishes are upon this point."

And the baronet, with a quiet smile, answered: "I do, indeed! And I am sure your good little friend, to whom you owe so much, will not refuse this contribution to our joy. If she disappoints you, she disappoints me, also!"

Then Miss Greylock put her gloved hand coaxingly on my shoulder, and said:

"Ah, you *will* come to the church to see me married, will you not, Polly? Think how sincerely I must desire it, when I bring the baronet to urge you in person! I assure you," laughing, "I have favored no other friend in like manner."

As she stood there in her beauty and happiness, with her future stretching out so bright before her, how I longed to take her in my arms, as I used to do when we were poor little street vagrants, and hold her close to my full, faithful heart! She was my sister, and I loved her tenderly, and she would never, never know it! The secret must live and die in my own breast.

"I will come to see you married, Miss Greylock, and thank you," I faltered, "and I wish you and Sir Gervase joy—much joy!"

They remained at the inn but a few moments. After their departure a box, marked with my name, arrived from Greylock Woods. I opened it, and found a dress of shining silken stuff, an elegant mantle, a Paris hat, fine lace, gloves, ribbons, and last of all, a little note from Miss Greylock, begging me, for her sake, to accept the gifts, and wear them at her approaching wedding. Mercy Poole shrugged her shoulders. Dr. Vandine made himself conspicuous by his utter silence. Alas! I knew only too well that there was another besides myself who would long remember the fair, fatal face of Sir Gervase Greylock's bride.

One bitter night the doctor was called to visit a sick fisherman in an outlying district of Blackport—a lonely place, among frozen creeks and marshes. He had been in the saddle all day, and was just ready to seat himself at supper when the summons came.

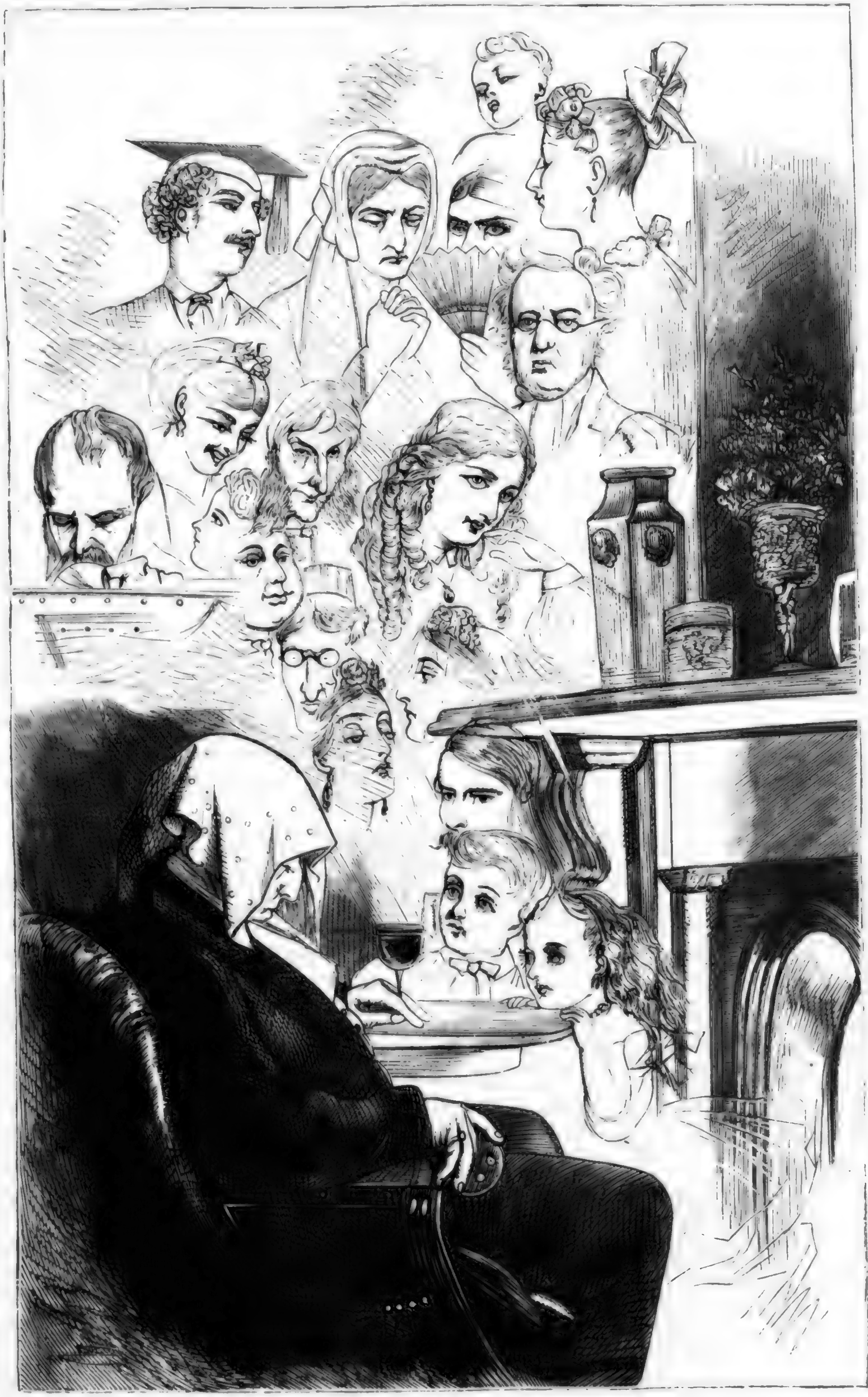
"Never mind," he said, as he promptly arose from the untasted meal, and struggled into his overcoat; "it is evidently a bad case. I cannot delay. But keep the tea in a warm corner, Miss Poole; I will return in an hour." And off he hurried through the cold and darkness.

One hour passed, but he did not appear. Another and another came and went, but brought no doctor. Mercy Poole put the cats in their baskets, and then betook herself to her own bed.

"Doubtless the doctor found the man so sick, that he concluded to stay with him through the night," were her last words to me; "you'd better bolt the doors and go up-stairs yourself, Polly."

By scratching the frost from the window I could see that snow was whirling madly outside. The wind tore in great gusts around the inn, and set the old signboard creaking over the door. On the beach the high wintry tides roared. It was a fearful night, and as I looked out into the storm and darkness, somehow I could not accept Mercy Poole's explanation of the doctor's prolonged absence. A premonition of evil assailed me. I strained my eyes to catch some sign of his approach, but in vain. Blackport streets were now deserted, the lights had gone out in the houses. It was nearly midnight, and only wind and snow moved in the town.

I dressed myself in my warmest garments, and lighted a lantern. By this time everybody in the inn was fast asleep. Softly I stepped out of the weather-beaten door,



FACES IN THE FIRE.

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and, through the clamorous night, started off to find Dr. Vandine.

The wind cut like a knife, the snow flew in blinding clouds. Being slender and not over strong, I could not at first make much headway against the tempest. It snatched away my breath, it beat and buffeted me, it blew me about like a weathercock. But my resolution increased as my body grew weak. I clutched my lantern and struggled along.

The town was soon left behind me—the road became a vague gray track, which the snow was fast blotting out. In the near darkness roared the sea. All around were dreary creeks and lonesome marshes, solitude and bitter silence, with not so much as a light anywhere to relieve the gloom.

Presently I stopped in the whirling snow, filled with sudden shame and consternation. What would he think of me? What right had I to sally forth like this, in search of him, because he had failed to return to Cats' Tavern at the appointed time? Was I bold, unmaidenly? I was about to turn back discomfited, when I heard a loud tramp, and a horse dashed by me in the darkness, and disappeared in the direction of the town.

My heart leaped into my throat. The lantern had shone full upon the animal—I recognized him as the property of Dr. Vandine, and he was riderless.

Fear gave me fresh strength. I flew forward like a wild creature, lifting my voice, and shouting his name as I went on.

"Oh, Dr. Vandine," I cried, "it is I—Polly! Do you hear me—can you answer? Are you anywhere near?"

But there was no answer.

I crossed a bridge that spanned an arm of the creek, and on the other side, at a sharp curve in the way, I found him stretched on the snow, the thick flakes falling fast upon him, his white face upturned to the midnight sky.

I put down my lantern and knelt by his side. He lay like one dead. I called his name, but he was past replying. Fortunately in the pocket of his coat I found a little flask of brandy. I took his head on my lap—how heavy and helpless it was!—and forced a few drops of the fiery liquor between his lips. Then I drew the gloves from his icy hands, and chafed them in my own. At last he opened his eyes in a bewildered way, and, by the lantern light, looked straight up into my bending face.

"Great God!" he groaned; "is it you, Polly?"

"Yes," I answered, as steadily as I could. "Can I help you to rise?"

He made an attempt to lift himself up, but fell helplessly back.

"My horse stumbled and fell with me—fell *upon* me," he gasped; "I had concluded that I must lie here and freeze to death. What brought *you* to my help, poor child?"

"I feared something was wrong," I faltered, "because you did not come back to the inn, as you promised, and so I set forth to seek you."

"Heaven bless you, Polly! And now what is to be done?—I cannot move—every bone in my body seems fractured. A few rods back—on the road—you'll find a house——"

His voice failed. Overpowered with the intense cold and the pain of his injuries, he fell back unconscious.

The house of which he spoke was a half-mile beyond the bridge. Before many minutes I was beating on the door, and calling loudly for help. Luckily for the injured man, who lay perishing in that wild midnight, help was there.

Strong men carried Dr. Vandine home to Cats' Tavern, and the inmates of the house arose from their slumbers to minister to his pressing needs.

"He has sustained a compound fracture of the leg," said Mercy Poole, dryly; "I wonder what disaster we may look for next, Polly?"

Ah, I never dreamed of the one that was waiting, even then, at the door! *(To be continued.)*

ODORS.

A KNOWLEDGE of perfumes reaches to remote antiquity. The Jews made use of them in the time of Moses. They were used by the Greeks in the time of the wise but rigorous Solon. Their use was carried to excess by the Romans; and finally, in our times, they appear to have arrived at their utmost perfection and delicacy. It has been reserved also for the present day to use them in the greatest profusion. But if the perfumes that are everywhere found, and can be extracted by certain means, may be used with safety, this cannot be said in every case of the odors that are naturally exhaled by flowers, leaves or fruits.

Their action on the economy in a limited space, and especially during the night in a closed chamber, deserves to be noticed. It manifests itself by serious disorder, headache, syncope, and even by asphyxia if their action is prolonged. In nervous persons numbness may occur in all the members, convulsions and loss of voice, but in general only somnolence, accompanied by retardation of the action of the heart. This state is often associated with well-marked dimness of vision. Among the flowers that are most deleterious are the lily, hyacinth, narcissus, crocus, rose, carnation, honeysuckle, jasmine, violet, elder, etc. In addition to the danger caused by their smell, should be mentioned their action on the air. During the night, flowers actively produce carbonic acid, which is injurious to health. Magendie even cites a case of death caused by a large bouquet of lilies which the sufferer, a previously healthy woman, had slept with in her bedroom. Among the more dangerous plants may be mentioned the walnut, baytree, and hemp. The action of these is well-known, the latter producing a sort of drunkenness.

EARLY AMERICAN EAST INDIAMEN.

THE credit of opening India, China, and, indeed, the entire East to American commerce is due to Elias H. Derby, a Salem merchant, born in the port in 1739. This gentleman possessed a courage and enterprise that no obstacle could daunt, and he determined to enter the rich field then monopolized by the English and Dutch East India Companies.

Accordingly, in 1784, he dispatched the ship *Grand Turk*, under Captain Jonathan Ingersoll, to the Cape of Good Hope on a mercantile reconnissance, to discover the needs and capacity of the Eastern market.

She returned in less than a year with the information sought, was quickly reloaded, and on the 28th of November, 1785, cleared for the Isle of France, with instructions to proceed thence to Canton by way of Batavia.

The ship was laden with native products—fish, flour, provisions, tobacco, spirits—and made a successful voyage, returning in June, 1787, with a cargo of teas, silks, and nankeens; the first vessel from New England, if not from America, to enter into competition with the incorporated companies of the Old World. Her success seems to have electrified the merchants of Salem, Boston, and New York, and an eager rivalry for the trade of the Orient ensued, with the result that when Mr. Derby's ship *Astrea* entered Canton two years later she found fifteen American vessels there taking in cargo, four of them belonging to our merchant, however, who had not been slow in improving his advantages as pioneer.

This was not the only pioneer work that he did. His bark *Light Horse*, in 1784, first opened American trade with Russia. In 1788, his ship *Atlantic* first displayed the American flag at Surat, Calcutta, and Bombay. Another did the same in Siam; the third was the first to open trade with Mocha. In 1790, it is said, his vessels brought into Salem, 728,871 pounds of tea, these ventures being among the first in the tea trade.

THE POOR PRIEST AND THE DOCTOR.

Dupuytreu was a famous surgeon, but brusque and unpolished. One day as he re-entered his house, he found installed in the anteroom an old priest who had long been awaiting his return.

"What do you want with me?" growled Dupuytreu.

"I wish you to look at this," meekly replied the priest, taking off an old woolen cravat, which revealed upon the nape of his neck a hideous tumor. Dupuytreu looked at it.

"You'll have to die of that," he coolly remarked.

"Thanks, doctor," simply replied the priest, replacing his cravat; "I am much indebted to you for warning me, as I can prepare myself as well as my poor parishioners, who love me very much."

The surgeon, who was never astonished at great things, looked upon this priest, who received his death-sentence unmoved, with amazement, and added: "Come to-morrow at eight to the Hotel Dieu and ask for me."

The priest was prompt. The surgeon procured for him a special room in the hospital, and in a month's time the man came out cured. When leaving he took out of a bag thirty francs in small change.

"It is all I can offer you, doctor," he said; "I came here on foot in order to save this."

The doctor looked at the money, smiled, and drawing a handful of gold from his pocket, put it in the bag along with the thirty francs, saying, "It is for your poor," and the priest went away.

Some years later, the celebrated doctor, feeling death to be near, bethought himself of the good curé, and wrote to him. He came only just in time, and Dupuytreu, receiving from him the last consolations, died in his arms.

THE ORIGIN OF EARRINGS.

According to the Moslem creed, the reason why every Mohammedan lady considers it her duty to wear earrings is attributed to the following curious legend: "Sarah, tradition tells us, was so jealous of the preference shown by Abraham to Hagar that she took a solemn vow that she would give herself no rest until she had mutilated the fair face of her hated rival and bondmaid. Abraham, who had knowledge of his wife's intention, did his utmost to pacify his embittered spouse, but long in vain. At length, however, she relented, and decided to forego her plan for revenge. But how was she to fulfill the terms of the vow she had entered into? After mature reflection she saw her way out of the difficulty. Instead of disfiguring the lovely features of her bondmaid, she contented herself with boring a hole in each of the rosy lobes of her ears. The legend does not inform us whether Abraham afterward felt it incumbent upon him to mitigate the smart of these little wounds by the gift of a costly pair of earrings, or whether Hagar procured the trinkets for herself. The fact remains, however, that the Turkish women, all of whom wear earrings from their seventh year, derive the use of these jewels from Hagar, who is held in veneration as the mother of Ishmael, the founder of their race."

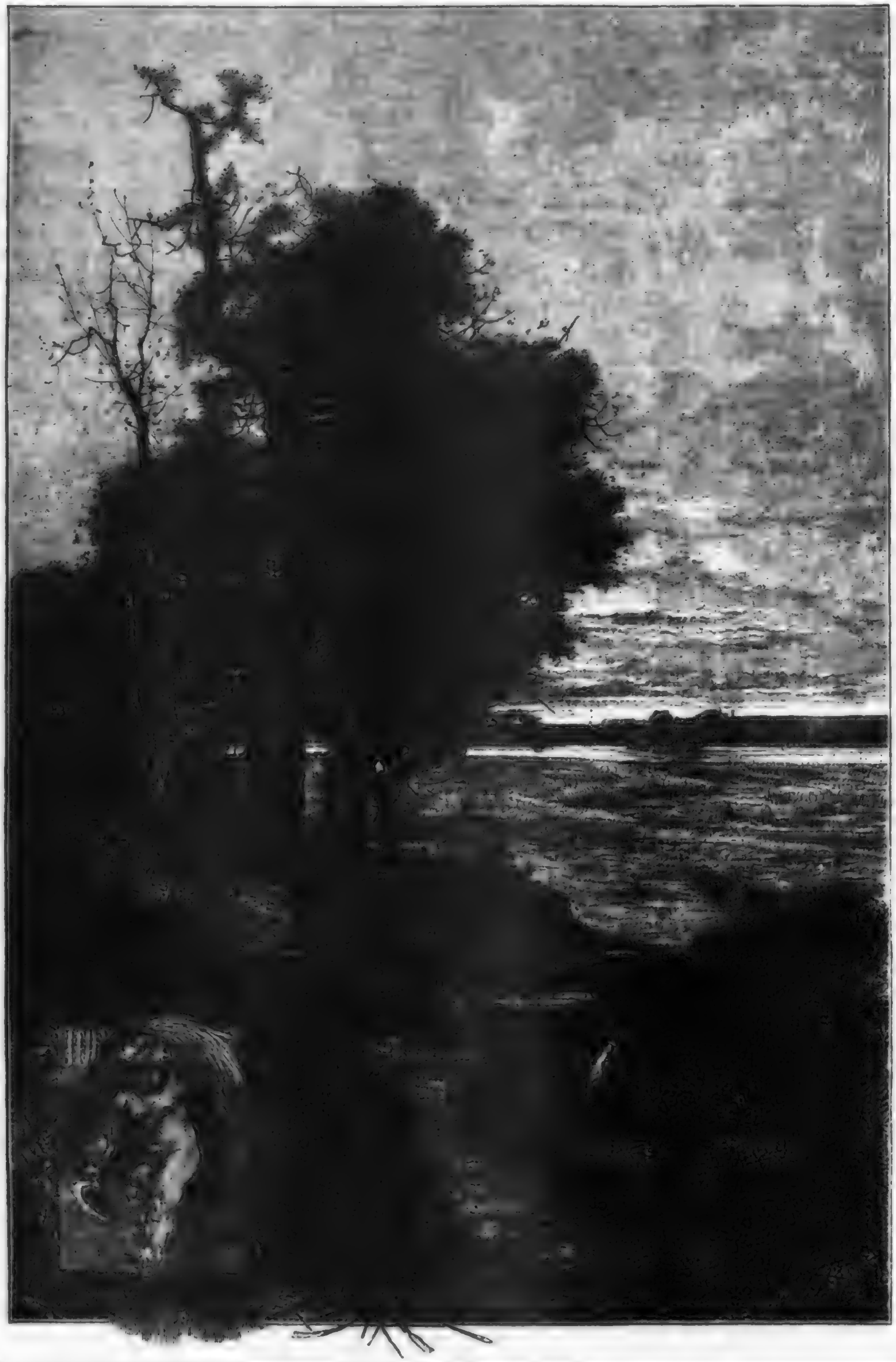
PATENT TO WEAR A NIGHTCAP.

Agnes Strickland, in her "Lives of the Queens of England," in giving an account of the rewards bestowed by Queen Mary upon her friends, after her accession, says: "The Queen's gratitude took a very odd form in the case of the Earl of Sussex. The latter was a valetudinarian, and had a great fear of uncovering his head. Considering, therefore, that the colds he dreaded respected no person, he petitioned Queen Mary for leave to wear his nightcap in her royal presence. The Queen, in her abundant grace, not only gave him leave to wear one, but *two* nightcaps, if he pleased. His patent for this privilege is, perhaps, unique in royal annals: 'Know ye, that we do give to our well-beloved and trusty cousin and counselor, Henry, Earl of Sussex, Viscount Fitzwater, and Lord of Egremont and Purnell, license and pardon to wear his cap, coif or nightcap, or any two of them, at his pleasure, as well in our presence as in the presence of any other person or persons within this realm, or any other place in our dominions wheresoever, during his life; and these, our letters, shall be his sufficient warrant in his behalf.' The Queen's seal, with the Garter above it, is affixed to this singular grant."

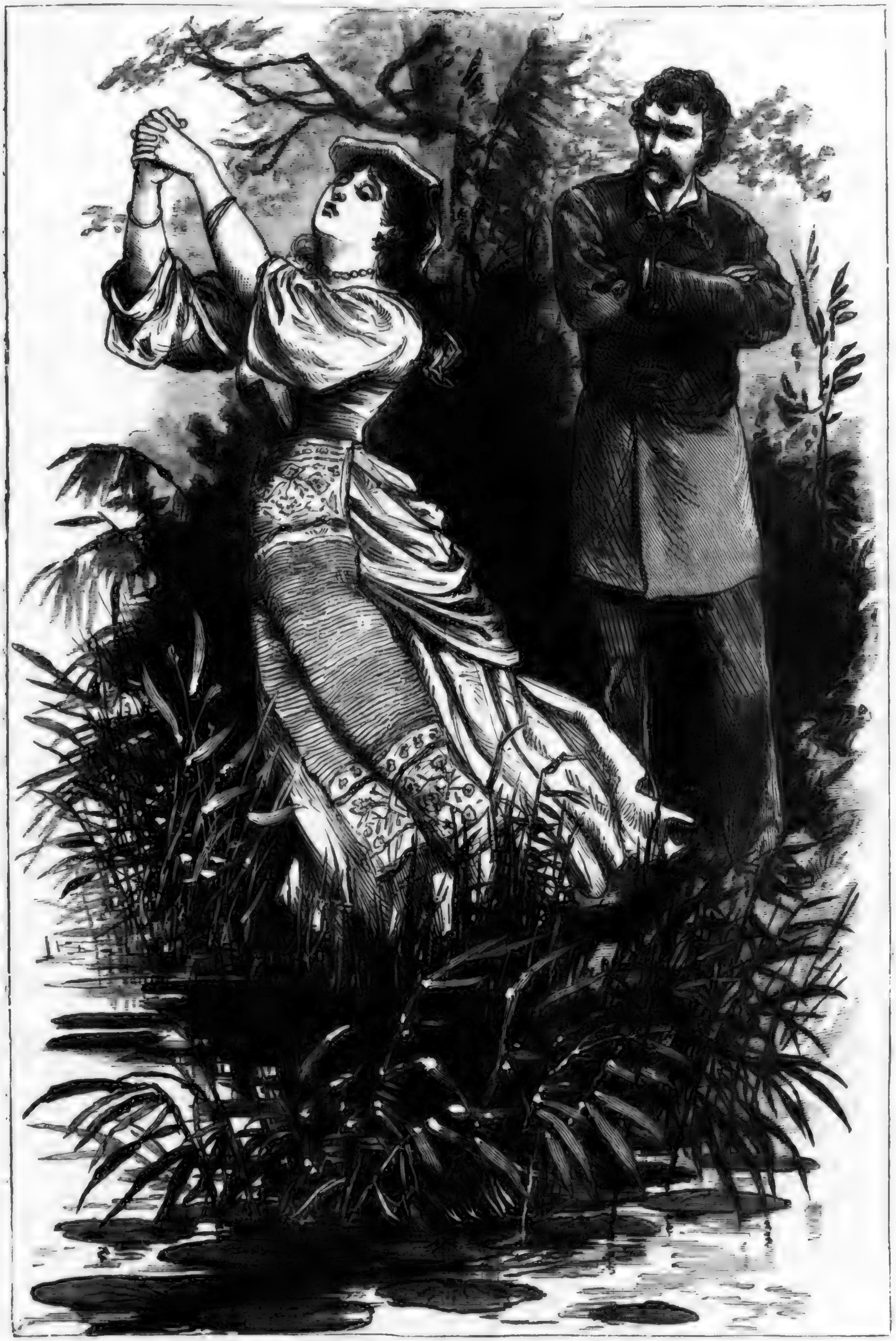
HOW THEY TELEGRAPH CHINESE.

Telegraphing Chinese cannot be done in the same manner as in any other tongue. Owing to the peculiarity of the Chinese characters, each of which represents a word, the Danish Telegraph Company (the Great Northern), working the new Chinese lines, has adopted the following device: There are from 5,000 to 6,000 characters, or words, in ordinary Chinese language, and the company have provided a wooden block or type for each of these. On one end of this block the character is cut or stamped out, and on the other end is a number representing the character. The operator receives the message in numbers, and takes the block of each number transmitted and stamps with the other end the proper Chinese character on the message form. Thus a Chinese message sent in figures is translated into Chinese characters again, and forwarded to its destination. The sending operator, of course, requires to know the numerical equivalent of the characters, or have them found for him.

A farm in the town of Eliot, Maine, has been the home of nine generations of one family, having been handed down from father to son for nearly 250 years. The first house was built of bricks imported from the old country, but in 1736 it was so shaken by an earthquake that it was torn down and the present structure built of heavy timber. Upward of seventy-five children have been born and brought up there, and it is recorded that only one unmarried person has ever died in it, except one child that was accidentally killed.



THE MONTHS OF THE YEAR—JULY.—BY MONTBARD.



AN EYE FOR AN EYE.—"'I MUST DIE,' SHE SAYS. 'WHAT YOU HAVE SAID SHOWS ME THAT THERE IS NOTHING LEFT ME BUT DEATH.' THEN THERE IS A HALF-MURMURED PRAYER, THE HOARSE SPLASH OF SUNDERED WATERS, AND CARLO DI VERGI STANDS ALONE UPON THE BANK."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

XUM

THE ROSE AND THE POPPY.

"STAND apart," said the Rose, "and taint not
The sweetness I throw on the air;
What art thou to Man, that thou claimest
His garden with me to share?

"I soothe him with beauty and odors,
I recall the loved one's face;
I am Love's own chosen emblem,
The painter's symbol of grace.

"But thou, in thy sickly whiteness,
Or hue of blood fresh spent—
What hast thou to offer the master,
That he should forgive thy scent?"

"I bring," said the Poppy, yawning,
"The gift man longs to possess,
That he racks the world in seeking—
I bring him forgetfulness.

"Canst thou cancel pain with thy beauty,
O Rose! with the prickly thorn?
I can, and therefore the Maker
Chose me to grow with the corn."

AN EYE FOR AN EYE.

AND who is that dazzling creature in the azure robes?"

"That is the hostess, Countess Vassalli."

Into the admiring gaze of the first speaker comes a look of surprise.

"She is the most magnificent creature I ever beheld!" he exclaimed. "The fame of her beauty is very great, but it fails to do her anything like justice. I was under theimpression that she was a much older woman."

"She is grand, indeed, and almost the wealthiest peeress in Italy. She is as haughty and exclusive as a sovereign. The most of her time is spent at Castle Vassalli, where all her race have lived and died, and she is the last, you know. It is for only three months of the season that she recognizes the claims Society holds upon her as of the most ancient family in the country, and, withdrawing from her proud seclusion, repairs hither to her villa. During that period it becomes the scene of brilliant and gorgeous festivities. Around Naples those three months are looked forward to with the utmost anticipation, and are termed 'the season of the Vassalli.'"

"And will she never marry?"

The handsome Neapolitan shrugs his shoulders at this eagerly put question of his English friend and guest.

"Had you asked me that last year at this time, I should have answered that she will never marry. My reasons? Well, Veronica Vassalli is of a family whose women are cold as ice. She herself is more brilliant and heartless than an iceberg. During her brief reign in the 'Vassalli season' there have been men, both Italians and from foreign courts, who have gone mad over her loveliness; but no one ever saw the pallor of her haughty face waver. She was thought to be as emotionless as stone. Besides, she is set apart from others by the immensity of her wealth, the power of her titles, the age and grandeur of her family. Who is there fit to mate with the last living representative of the famous Vassalli?"

"But now?"

Again the Italian shrugged his shoulders.

"*Now* there seems to be a change. Carlo di Vergi has wrought it. You remember Di Vergi five seasons ago? He was then a frequent visitor at Naples, where half the women went mad over him. That was before the Vassalli had come into her titles as the last living countess. Soon after that he sickened of society, and withdrew to his mountain castle in Tuscany. He is half-brigand, half-courtier, and he is not entirely beyond reproach as to dissipation. But Naples receives him back again with open arms, as he has evidently wearied of his seclusion. No court was ever quite so gay and charming as that in which Carlo di Vergi condescends to bring his graceful presence."

"But what has that to do with the countess?"

"Look at them now, and see if you have need to repeat that question. Do you observe how the Vassalli has abandoned herself to the charm of his manner—how her magnificent form yields to his embrace as they float through the waltz—that she shows attention to none of her guests save to him? And Carlo—do you remark him, too? One can see at a glance that at last Carlo has succumbed to the charms of a woman. It is known all over Naples now that he is madly, desperately in love with the countess. It is always so; these white, soulless, frozen women, without a stain, in the end yield to some sin-steeped, beautiful brute like Carlo di Vergi.

* * * * * *

Afar off stretch the starlit, azure waters of the bay. Nearer spread the beautiful grounds of Villa Vassalli, with the dewy boughs of orange-groves shaking out their fragrance upon the soft gloom of the Italian night, and the rich swell of the music floating out from where the marble walls of the villa gleam white in the purple dusk.

Under the drooping branches of the trees, with the crimson blossoms of pomegranates and the fainter, rarer bloom of the orange kissing the dark braids of maidens, stroll many a high-born lover, weary of the brilliance and the heat and the frivolous wit of the gilded *salons* from which they have escaped.

In a secluded glade of the garden, down close to the azure gleaming of the sea, sits the great lady, Countess Vassalli. But over her appearance has come a wondrous change. The weary, royal grace of her usual manner is vanished; the regal, golden head droops upon the lovely bosom, and the dusky eyes are warm with a misty radiance that never before brightened them until Carlo di Vergi came to her.

Carlo himself kneels by her side, his dark, desperate face upturned to hers in the dim gleam of shaded lanterns, bathed in a rapt, idolatrous passion that seems to touch with obscurity the deep lines traced in it by years of sin.

From his lips pour words of passionate eloquence, that scarcely do justice to the fierce but sincere love that at last possesses him.

At last the woman is roused from her sweet silence and inactivity, and lightly places her hand upon the tremulous lips of her lover.

"Cease," she murmurs, but a smile trembles upon her haughty mouth. "Though you love me, you need not blaspheme."

"Blaspheme!" he pants. "Why should it be blasphemy to call you my life, heaven, all? It is just this that you have grown to be to me—my all in all! And am I nothing to you? Will you not speak, if only one little word, and tell me that you are not indifferent to me?"

Still the lovely woman hesitates. The old pride and coldness in this moment struggle hard for dominion. To one of her haughty and reserved nature it is not an easy thing to lay down a lifelong sovereignty and come under the sway of a new dominion, even be it that of love.

"Ah, this is unendurable cruelty," murmurs her lover. "I entreat you, madame, put me out of my suspense. Is there in your heart no semblance of love for me?"

"I confess," whispers the countess, "that I am not indifferent to you—nay, my lord, hear me through!" as the enraptured lover would have folded her to his breast; "but you must remember, if you know anything of my race, that the one dark phase of our character is jealousy. I admit that this weakness has never before troubled me. But now"— a great crimson wave of color sweeps over the lovely face, testifying to the love that has transformed her, while the proud, calm voice grows tremulous. "I feel the taint of my race! My lord, I know that many an Italian noble has pages in his life that no woman whom he respects may peruse. Therefore it is not into your past that I seek to look. But I will ask you, before giving answer to your suit, is there anything *now* in your life of which I might be jealous? I am a proud woman, and no matter what were my feelings for him, I could listen to no man who came to me fresh from love-tales to another, be she ever so noble or ever so lowly."

The flush and the passion have left Carlo's dusky face; it has grown very gray and set; he has risen to his feet and stands looking down at her—this dazzling, maddening woman who has filled his world-weary love-sated being with a pagan passion, and for an instant his teeth bite his full, scarlet under-lip. Then:

"Madame," he says, "my present life is welcome to be bared for your perusal. And, could you look into the *past*, you would see there no love, no emotion of which you need be jealous. By the heavens above! you are the first woman I have ever loved."

An hour before the golden dawn he leaves her, though the revelry still continues. She has reserved her answer for the future, but he cannot doubt its favor. He tells himself that she is his, while at that thought even in the sweet, silent glades of the forest, through which he wends his way, a flush of passion mounts his swarthy face, and his eyes gleam brightly—she is his, if——

Ah, *if!* Ever versatile as his favor has been in the past, are his emotions now; and his flushed countenance swiftly pales, and his teeth crush tightly a savage oath, while a dangerous fire comes into his glance.

"It is not too late," he mutters. "As yet she has heard nothing, or she would have mentioned it."

* * * * * *

Night has again fallen over the Italian country. It is not to the Villa Vassalli with its festivities and banquets, that we now take the reader; but to the sweet, dim, leafy aisles of a forest, situated some miles back from Naples, and upon whose sylvan solitude falls no taint of her vice and evil and riotous mirth. Through the trembling leaves pierce the light from moon and stars; in the noiselessly-flowing river they live again, among the sleepy lilies and the water-plants.

Along the edge the water-fowls anon dip their beaks in the silent pools, while from the greater depths of the forest come the wild, melancholy cries of nightbirds.

At last, through the trees comes a massive figure, and pauses upon the bank of the stream where the light falls unobstructed from the heavens. It is Carlo di Vergi. Then up from a shaded knoll springs a little form, flying like a bird into Carlo's arms, while the bare, brown arms are wound tightly round his haughty throat, and the small face, laughing and winsome, archly defiant, presses close to his own.

"You are late, *caro mio*," she cries, in her sweet, glad, thrush's voice. "And I have so much to say! Do you know I shall tell you who I am to-night, *carita?*"

But the burst of joy and gratitude that she evidently expects is not forthcoming. He puts her from him. Then she sees how hard and dark his face is. Unconsciously her hand seeks her breast, where it clinches.

"What is it?" she murmurs.

Her voice is almost inaudible.

"I have come to say good-by to you, Yesondè."

His voice is severe and harsh. All over his handsome countenance are those queer, hard lines, unintelligible to the child, but which none the less are her death-sentence. There is a great and pitiful change in her little dark face; her lips are white—her eyes very wide and a trifle wild, as she stares at him in silence.

"I am going away," he continues, in that pitiless voice. "I owe you many obligations for your kindness. You have made the past weeks very pleasant; but it was only for a little while, and it is all past now, and we will each go our way, just as if we had never met. You must know that with men of the world these things are very frequent and very natural. Here, Yesondè, is a trifle to buy yourself gewgaws."

He thrusts a well-filled purse in her hands. Her fingers close over it mechanically. All the blood has receded from her brown face, and her large eyes are filled with the appalling agony of an animal pierced to the heart, and of a vast, terrified wonder.

"But you said that you loved me," she says, finally, in a dazed, stricken way.

"Well, perhaps—for the moment. But—can't you understand these things? I will spare you as much as I can; if I am indelicate you press me to it."

He spoke lightly, carelessly, and the child stands there, in one moment crushed for all eternity—she who had fallen, without a thought of resistance, under the charm of his manner and his beauty, that have ruined the peace of more than one court belle. And he looks at her unmoved.

His soul, filled with the riotous passion born of the dazzling splendor of the Vassalli, has no room for aught else—no space even for pity—for this crushed little flower that, chancing to stumble upon, he plucked in an idle moment and now ruthlessly tosses aside.

"And, Yesondè," he resumes, "it is particularly necessary for my future plans that this affair of ours should be kept secret. If you bury it in your heart, and seal your lips upon it, you shall be recompensed finally. I will never lose sight of you, but direct that a large sum shall yearly be paid you. If not"—he goes nearer her and his eyes, gathering a sudden fierce wrath, look down into the heartsick misery of her own in terrible menace—"people have died for a less offense than that."

At last the poor little stricken face wakes up. Into it rushes a fierce anger as the ignorant, untutored soul realizes the injury done it. So great is its vindictive rage that Carlo shudders for his future. This enraged, tempestuous creature is calculated to wreck his life if she confronts the countess in this manner.

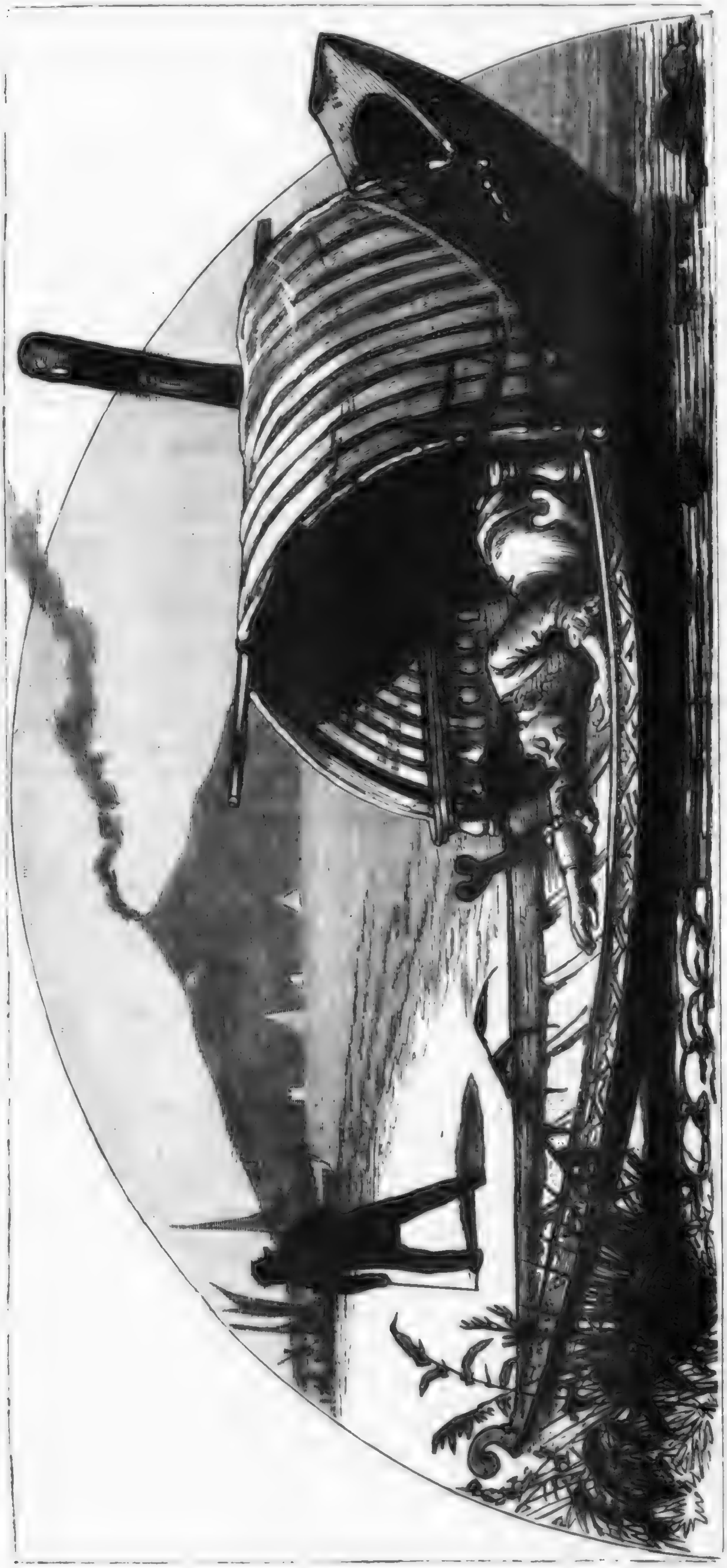
"There is a woman in this!" she cries, sharply, while her whole form is convulsed with pain and anger. "Some woman has robbed me! Who is she?"

In a moment Count Carlo is carried away with her passion.

"The Countess Vassalli," he replies, involuntarily.

The small figure seems to shiver and contract like a tender blossom over which a north blast blows; the eyes distend and grow desperate in their look; the face grows even more ashen as the anger swiftly flies from it. It would seem as if of a sudden she had become resigned to the inevitable. Her pallid lips move stiffly.

XUM



AN EYE FOR AN EYE.—"SHE HAS FALLEN FACE DOWNWARD IN THE BOAT."

"Does she love you?" she queries.

Into the countenance of her companion rushes a glad triumph—a sweet, nameless ecstasy—that seem to banish its evil.

"As she loves her life," he says, softly.

A great wordless cry sounds from the girl, and she covers her face with her hands. When she again raises it—that poor little brown, quivering face—it has grown strong and brave and solemn as a martyr's.

"I must die!" she says. "What you have said shows me that there is nothing left for me but death."

Carlo starts; his eyes grow eager and bright. It would end all trouble and perhaps save him from murder.

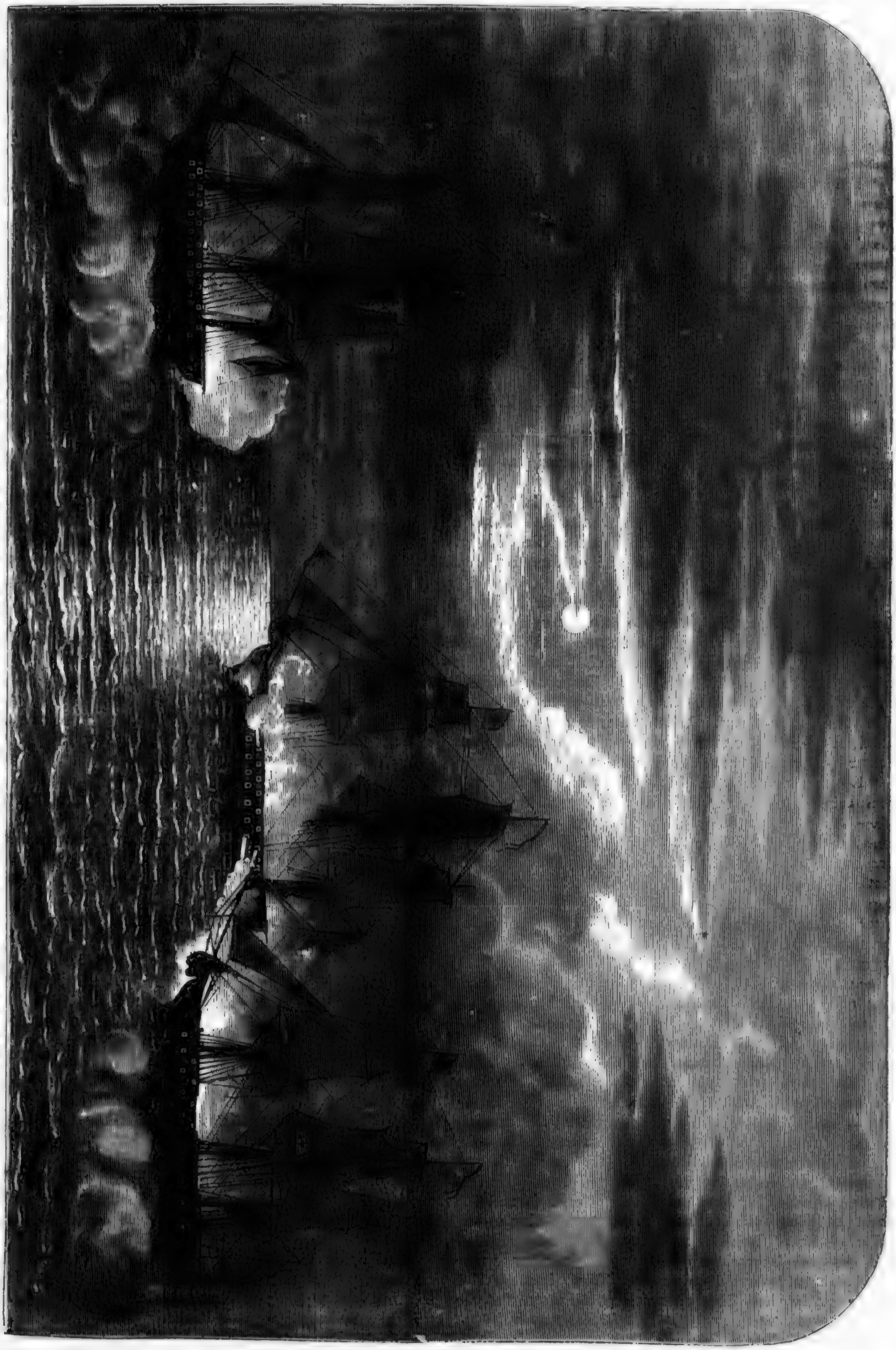
But he says not a word, merely watches the girl, whose brave, steady eyes are now looking unflinchingly at the river. Then there is a half-murmured prayer, the hoarse splash of sundered waters, and Carlo di Vergi stands alone upon the bank.

The water-lilies quiver and sway, and the dewdrops are shaken like tears from their petals. Into the wailing voice of the nightbird has crept a note like a sob, and the wind sighs tremulously among the reeds and the river-plants.

With a smile that holds all the glory of his love, all the anticipations of his coming rapture, the man turns and leaves the spot.

"And how is Di Vergi progressing with the Vassalli?" queries the Englishman, some three months later.

"Favorably in the extreme," is the reply of his Italian friend. "He is her constant attendant—her very serf. Naples has never seen such a case of complete infatuation; he is mad over her, and cares not if the whole world sees his madness. He seems to live only in her presence, to have merged his very identity in hers. And she—she likes him so well that the season of the Vassalli is far past, and yet she lingers at her villa. Never before has she been known to do this. Little wonder that she loves



TWO AMERICAN SHIPS.—ACTION BETWEEN THE "CONSTITUTION" AND THE "CYANE" AND "LEVANT."—SEE PAGE 87.

him, though; he is a handsome brute, and has grown even handsomer in his idolatry."

* * * * * *

A slim little Neapolitan barge floats down the azure stretch of the sea; under its awning of amber silk sit the Countess Vassalli and her lover. He is speaking rapidly, passionately. She reclines among the cushions, one white, jewel-flashing hand trailing idly in the blue waters.

"I must and *will* have an answer," he is saying. "You have deferred it from day to-day, feeding my passion by every art of your beguiling loveliness, until I swear to you I am a madman! For me there is no life outside your presence—you have killed everything else for me—no sun save your eyes, no heaven but in your smile, no god save yourself. At your feet I lay my honor, my manhood, my abject slavery. But if you would not drive me to madness, name the day when I may make you my wife."

There is a wild, delirious light in his heavy eyes with shows the woman she can toy with him no longer.

"Before answering your question, my lord, I will relate to you a portion of my history."

Her voice has suddenly grown cold and hard like the snapping of steel, and her whole countenance has hardened until it looks cut in stone.

"It is generally supposed that I am the last of my race; three months ago that was a mistake. I had a sister, but upon whom rested the brand of illegitimacy. Her mother, a beautiful peasant girl of Tuscany, died soon after her birth.

"My father tried as far as possible to repair the injury done his nameless child, and she was brought to the castle which has since been her home. But God only knows what she has been to me, and I to her! Our whole lives have passed together. From the cradle I watched over her, and our souls grew together in an affection that was idolatry. What fame, friends, husband, children are to other women, she was to me, made even dearer by the misfortune of her birth.

"Looking back now, I think, in the solitary and sacred companionship of our secluded lives, she grew to take the place of Heaven itself. No mother ever watched with tenderer care her first-born, than I watched over my idol, praying God to keep her pure from the taint of her young mother—that mother in whose life that which was lost I hoped to build up in her child's for ever.

"For this purpose I kept her secluded in the castle; for this purpose I maintained her very existence in secrecy; for this purpose I cut myself loose from all the pleasures and privileges of my sex, leading a silent, solitary existence, that I might better guard her from all stain and sin of the world. But where is the use of prolonging my story! In an evil hour, Count Carlo di Virgi, *you* saw her, and in a moment undid the work of a lifetime. My idol fell, shattered and soiled. You were not aware that the child you stumbled upon in her forest-retreat but a few weeks ago was my sister; but such is the fact. You were not aware that it was *my* estate—the old historic grounds of Vassalli Castle—on which you made your clandestine appointments, deliberately leading astray a child as ignorant of the ways of men and the world as though she had not yet left the cradle; nevertheless, it is so! Being away at my villa, I knew nothing of it—suspected nothing.

"It was only when they summoned me home, and I saw her as they had dragged her from the river, that the truth dawned upon me. In her breast was a letter, scarcely legible, but which, when dried, disclosed enough to acquaint me with her pitiful little tragedy. My lord, that letter was written the morning of her death, and was filled with assurances of her extravagant joy, while at the same time she deplored the deception she had practiced upon me. It informed me that she as yet had concealed her identity from her lover, but was that evening to meet him, when she would reveal all to him. My lord, she *did* meet you, and in your mad, ungovernable passion for the one sister you killed the other."

"Hold!" Carlo's face is hard and white; in his eyes is the dumb, unconscious agony that was in Yesondè's glance when she went to her rest among the lilies. "Say what you will of my conduct—heap every reproach and insult upon me—but one thing let rest, one thing do not doubt—*my love for you.* I love you, even though you have made that love the instrument of revenge!"

"Over my sister's body I swore to avenge her death!" continues the countess, still in that hard, metallic voice. "I knew that *my* lover had been hers, from the description she gave of you, and this purse found clutched in her dead hand, and which contains notes and checks on your house. I returned to the villa. Though my heart was broken, I dissembled so well that you never suspected that my sentiments had undergone any change. Yet, Heaven knows what I have suffered, how I have struggled to conceal from you every evidence of my hatred. I have endured your society, have submitted to your caresses, have listened to your words of endearment, when, had not this other been deadlier vengeance, the stiletto that has ever avenged the injuries of my race would have drunk the blood of the slayer of my darling—my nameless Yesondè!"

The man sits ghastly as death.

"She is terribly avenged," he says, simply, but in his tone and in his looks there is a travail that no words can compass. "Through my love for you, you have made me the gibe, the ridicule of all Naples—I, Carlo di Vergi! You have killed all life for me. You knew your power well; it had been more mercy to have plunged the knife of the Vassalli into me than let me live for this. Well, it is but just—I do not complain. If it be a comfort to you, I can tell you that I am shipwrecked, ruined for ever more; that from this hour I go out from your presence an alien, knowing no friends, no home, no country, with the white loveliness of your face intervening for ever between me and all semblance of rest. It is this that you have done for me."

The boat grates upon the shore, guided by her hand. He rises and steps out upon the strand.

Around his splendid form gather the amber lights of the dying day; far away stretch the gleaming, dancing waters of the sea, mocking his agony.

But he stands there silent, motionless, his gaze riveted upon the perfect face of the woman of his futile love, as if to obtain its final impress, that it may remain with him through all the dreary years to come; then, bowing low with courtly grace, he turns and leaves the spot.

He has asked for no mercy, given no moan, but has accepted his deadly punishment with unflinching courage.

And the woman? At last she is broken and abased; she has fallen face downward in the boat, her hands locked tightly, and sickening shudders convulsing her form.

But the man is not there to see. He is walking steadily downward to where Naples lies basking in the evening light of her sea, going out uncomplainingly to the shame and exile he merits.

Night steals softly over land and sea; the orange-groves send forth their fragrance to woo the swiftly coming dew ; above, in the purple shadows, the pigeons and the white doves circle homeward through the flower-scented air ; from afar float the tender chimes of the Angelus. But through it all—the gloaming shadows, the flight of birds, the softly ringing convent bells—the woman lies motionless in the boat, and away beyond Naples the man, for the last time, is leaving his footsteps upon the Neapolitan shore.

TWO AMERICAN SHIPS.

To the frigate *Constitution*—"Old Ironsides"—properly belongs the most honorable place among those famous ships of the "old navy" whose exploits shed so bright a lustre over our early naval history. She was built in Boston, in the years 1794-7, under a law approved by Washington, March 27th, 1794, and was launched on the 20th of September, 1797.

The list of her captains contains the names of Nicholson, Talbot, Preble, Decatur, Rogers, Hull, Bainbridge and others—men renowned for nautical skill, bravery and devotion to their country, and no one of whom ever brought either defeat or dishonor upon the gallant craft intrusted to his command.

Her first captain, Samuel Nicholson, sailed from Boston in August, 1798, taking the *Constitution* upon the ocean for the first time, and cruised along the Atlantic coast, from the Capes of the Chesapeake to Florida, in search of Frenchmen. But France was then too seriously involved in a war with England to spare her men-of-war from home—and the *Constitution*, finding little to do upon our own coast, soon proceeded to the West Indies, where, under Talbot, she became the flagship of what was then called the San Domingo Station. On this cruise, Isaac Hull, who was destined to become one of her most famous captains, sailed as first-lieutenant.

But the *Constitution's* fighting days had not yet dawned, and she returned to Boston in August, 1800, without having fired a shot in anger.

Peace followed soon after, and the frigate was accordingly dismantled, and remained unemployed until the Summer of 1803, when she was again fitted out and sent to the Mediterranean Squadron.

Under the command of Edward Preble, whose family name has been always connected with the American navy, she arrived at Gibraltar in September, 1803. It was her first appearance in Europe, and during the seven months that followed she showed the flag of her country in nearly every port of the Mediterranean.

The war with Tripoli, in 1804, closed the *Constitution's* peaceful career, and on the 3d of August of that year she discharged her first broadside at an enemy. It was on the occasion of the attack of the American squadron on the Tripolitan forts, and for two hours the stanch ship was under fire from 145 pieces of heavy ordnance, compelled by rocks and sunken obstructions in the harbor to remain at just the distance of their most effective range. But she suffered little injury, owing to her own rapid movements and the inefficient gunnery of her enemies.

Cooper, in his "Naval History," relates an incident, occurring soon after this fight, that shows well the character of the *Constitution's* captain : While near Gibraltar a large sail was sighted in the night. It is a well-established principle of naval warfare that every stranger is to be regarded as an enemy until known to be a friend, and Preble accordingly cleared his ship for action, and ran alongside so quietly that the stranger was completely taken by surprise. An officer of the *Constitution* twice hailed the strange ship, asking her name, and received only a repetition of his words in reply. Preble himself then seized the speaking-trumpet, and giving the name of his ship, warned the stranger that unless a proper reply was made he would fire a shot into her. "If you give me a shot I'll give you a broadside," replied the stranger. Preble sprang into the rigging and called out distinctly : "This is the United States ship *Constitution*, a 44, Edward Preble, commodore. I am now about to hail you for the last time—What ship is that ? Blow your matches, boys." "This is His Majesty's ship *Donegal*, a razee of 60 guns," was the reply. Preble doubted the truth of this statement, and informed the stranger that he would remain near her until daylight, in order to ascertain her true character. But a boat soon arrived, bringing an officer from the strange vessel, which proved to be the British ship *Maidstone*, of 36 guns. The officer explained that his vessel had been completely taken by surprise by the sudden appearance of the *Constitution*, and fearing she might be an enemy, the answer had been delayed in order to gain time to clear his ship for action.

After the close of the war with Tripoli, the *Constitution* remained in the Mediterranean, engaged in the important work of protecting our merchantmen from pirates, until the Winter of 1811–12, when she sailed for home, and reached Hampton Roads early in the following Spring. She was soon after taken to Washington and refitted—after her long and active cruise—and on the 5th of July, of the same year, two weeks after the declaration of war with England, she started again upon her active career.

The *Constitution* was now under Captain Isaac Hull, and two weeks after leaving port, while off our Atlantic coast, effected her celebrated escape from the entire British squadron, through her own good qualities and the superior skill of her commander.

A few days later, about 700 miles directly east of Cape Cod, she encountered and captured the British ship *Guerriere*, of 49 guns and 400 men, commanded by Captain J. R. Dacres, an action that will be for ever memorable in naval history, and one that made the name of the *Constitution* a household word in every home throughout the country.

She carried at this time a crew of 300 men, and so rapid and effective was her fire that in half an hour after the first shot not a mast of the *Guerriere* was left standing, and she lay upon the water dismantled and helpless. As the English captain, who was slightly wounded, came on board the *Constitution* to deliver up his sword, Hull extended his arm to assist him, saying, as if greeting an old friend, "Dacres, give me your hand ; I know you are hurt."

Dacres and Hull had met socially, before the war, at the house of a common friend, and had engaged in a friendly discussion of the merits of their respective ships.

"Hull was lively and good-natured," says Mr. Lossing, in his "Story of the United States Navy." "When they spoke of what would happen if, in the event of war, they should come into collision, Hull said, 'Take care of that ship of yours if I ever catch her in the *Constitution !*' Dacres laughed, and offered a handsome bet that, if ever they did meet as antagonists, his friend would find out his mistake. Hull refused a money-wager, but offered to stake on the issue a hat. Years after, when the conjectured encounter did occur, and when, after a desperate fight, the English frigate became a total wreck, Captain Dacres came on board the *Constitution* and offered his sword to his captor. 'No, no,' said Hull, 'I will not take a sword from one who knows so well how to use it, but I'll trouble you for *that hat !*'"

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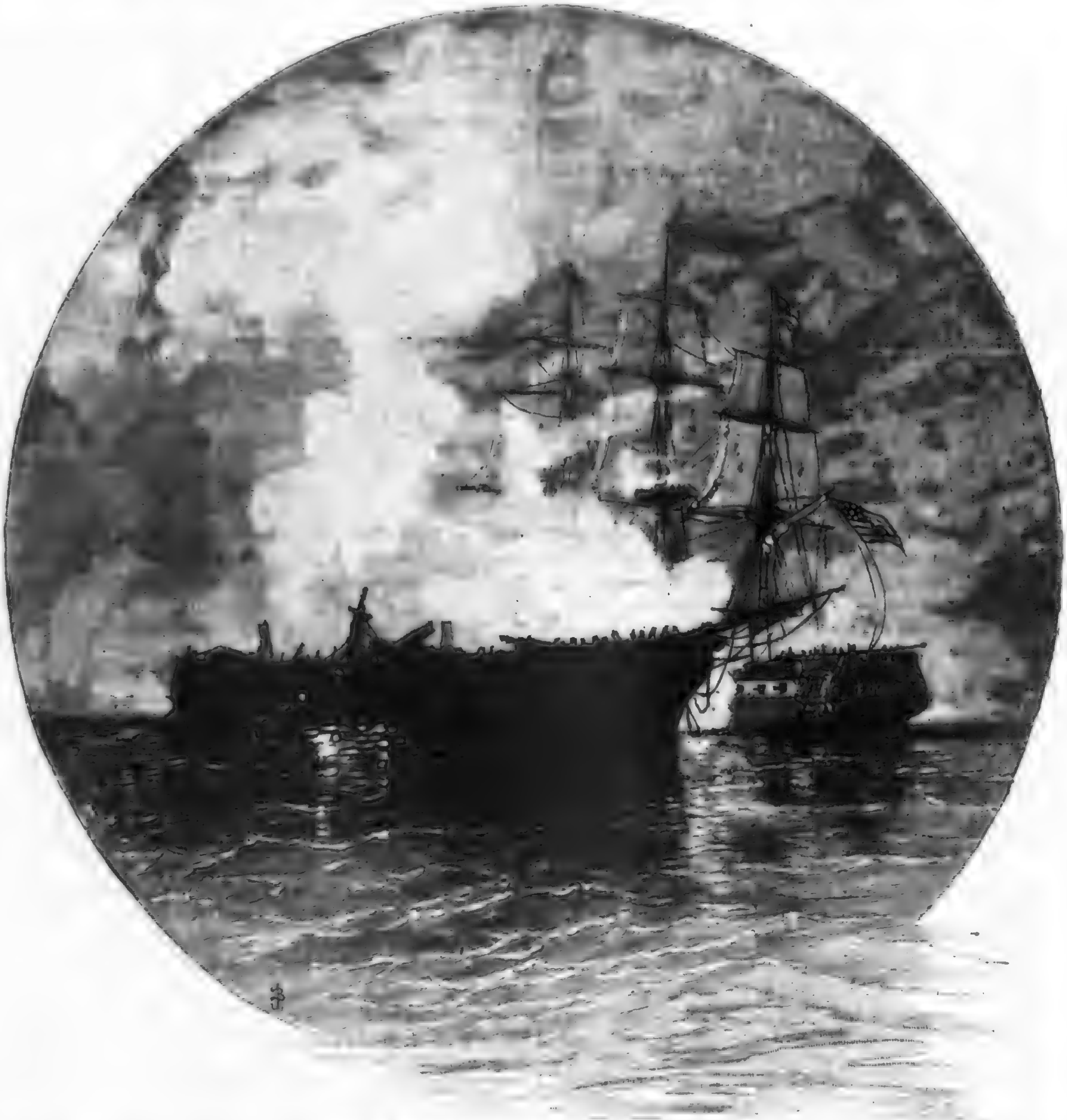
The *Constitution* sustained but little damage in the action, and in a few hours was again ready to fight. Her loss in men was seven killed and seven wounded. That of the *Guerriere*, fifteen killed and sixty-two wounded.

Hull burned the *Guerriere* and proceeded to Boston, where he was received with the greatest enthusiasm. A magnificent banquet was given him in the public hall of Boston. New York presented him with the freedom of the city. Congress gave him the thanks of the nation, and awarded $50,000 prize-money to his crew.



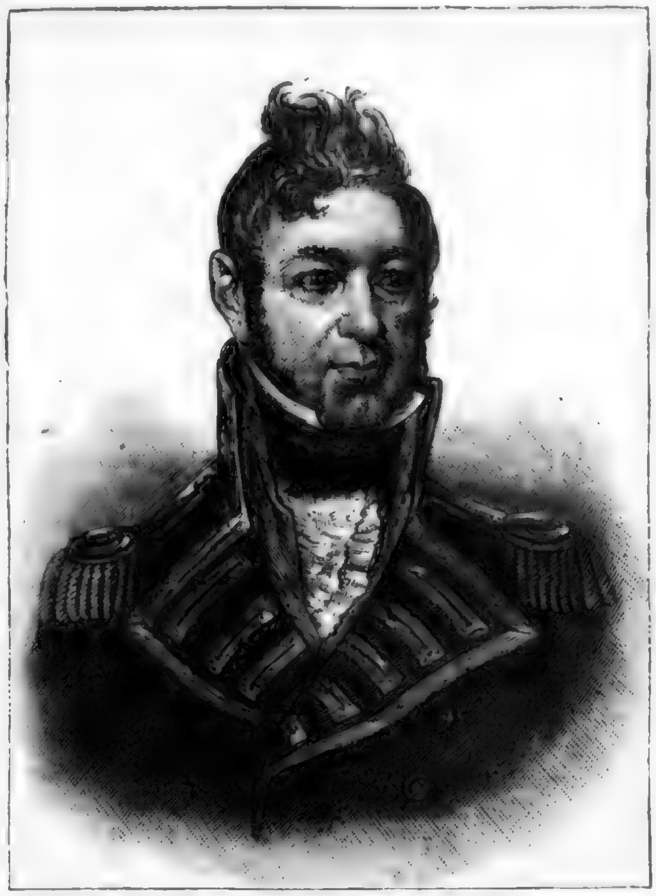
CAPTURE OF THE "GUERRIERE" BY THE "CONSTITUTION."

The *Constitution* was now to lose her gallant captain, who, at his own request, was removed from her command to give a chance for distinction to his brother-officers. But she fell into no less worthy hands, and on the 29th of December of that same eventful year, 1812, under command of Captain William Bainbridge, she fought and captured the English frigate *Java*, of 49 guns, and over 400 men.

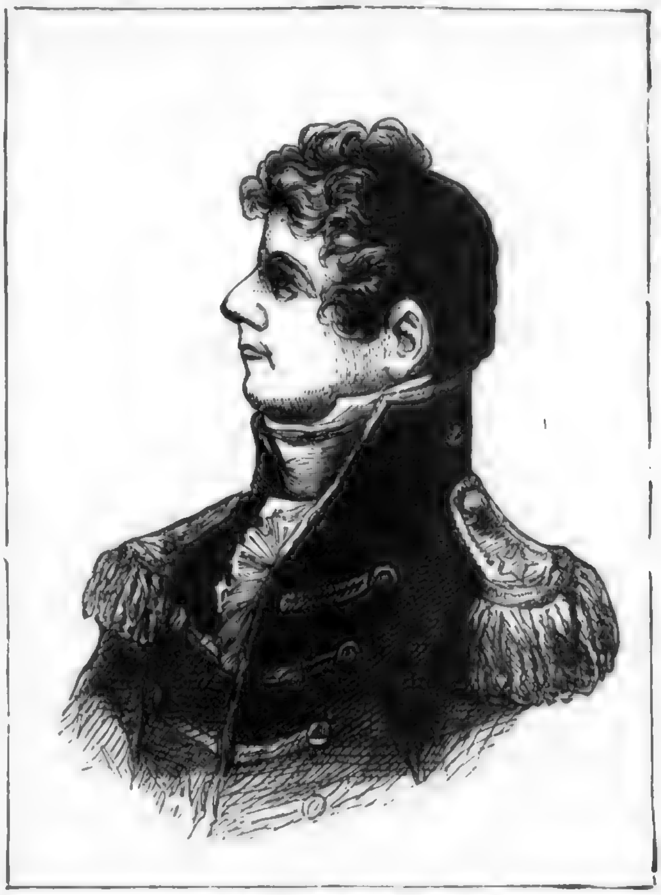
The fight took place off the coast of Brazil, and lasted over two hours; but, though victorious, the *Constitution* was so badly injured as to be obliged to return to the United States for repairs.

Her loss was nine killed, and twenty-five wounded, while that of the *Java* was more than five times as large. The news of the capture was announced in the United States from the pulpit and the stage, and the *Constitution* was from that time christened "Old Ironsides." Her captain was awarded the thanks of Congress, and of the Legislature of Massachusetts. New York gave him the freedom of the city. Philadelphia tendered him a public banquet, and Congress distributed $50,000 among his officers and men.

Previous to the capture of the *Java*, the frigate *Constellation* had been generally regarded as the champion of the navy, but the *Constitution* had now eclipsed the brilliant acts of her daring sister. She had had, too, the good fortune to encounter and defeat "Englishmen," and thus to dispel one of the strongest illusions that had



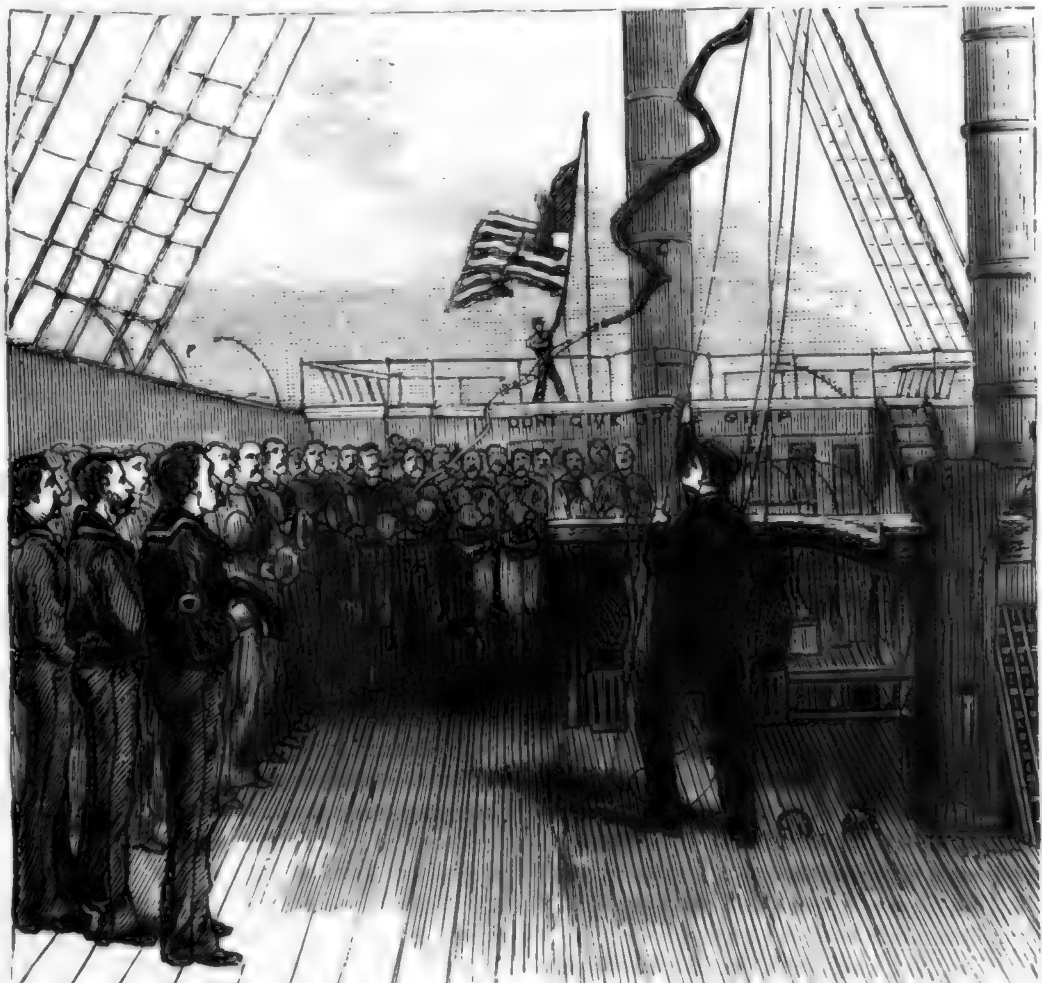
COMMODORE BAINBRIDGE.



COMMODORE ISAAC HULL.

taken hold of the public mind—that of England's invincibility upon the sea—while the success of the *Constellation* had been mostly over the French. But each had excited the admiration of the whole civilized world, and served not a little to elevate the character of the Americans in the eyes of Europe.

Early in the following year, 1813, now under the command of Captain Charles Stewart, the *Constitution*, having been thoroughly overhauled and repaired, was again sent to sea, and on the 14th of February, off Surinam, captured the British schooner *Picton*, 16 guns, and a privateer she was convoying. About a year later she achieved her last and most remarkable victory. While still cruising on the Atlantic, near the Cape de Verde Islands, she came across two English ships, the *Cyane*, of 38 guns, and the *Levant*, of 18 guns, and captured them both after a short but terrific fight of forty-five minutes.



HAULING DOWN THE FLAG OF THE "CONSTITUTION."

This action, unknowingly fought after the close of the war, ended the fighting career of "Old Ironsides," although she afterward proved herself an efficient ship in time of peace. In 1830, when she had at last begun to show signs of

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succumbing to her only conqueror—Time—a rumor that she was to be broken up and sold for her timbers called forth patriotic protests from the whole country. The national love for the old ship prevailed, and the intention to destroy her, if it ever existed, was abandoned.

Not the least powerful appeal in her behalf was the following poem by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"OLD IRONSIDES."

"Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky.
Beneath it rung the battle-shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

"Her deck—once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below—
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea.

"Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave.
Nail to her mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the God of storms,
The lightning and the gale."

In 1876, the *Constitution* was once more repaired, and, in the Summer of 1878, transported across the ocean a cargo of American goods to the Paris Exposition. On her return, she was sent to the Navy Yard, at Portsmouth, N. H., where, faithful to the last, she is now serving her country as a "receiving-ship" for recruits.

Second only to "Old Ironsides" in the affections of the people was the frigate *Constellation*. She was built at Baltimore, nearly contemporaneously with the *Constitution*, and saw her first service in the West Indies, in 1798, as the flagship of Commodore Truxtun, who was then intrusted with the difficult and important work of protecting our merchant ships from the depredations of French privateers. She carried an armament of 38 guns, with a crew of 300 men, and during the first five months of her cruise she safely convoyed over sixty American merchant vessels between the United States and ports of the West Indies, through waters swarming with privateers. But she met no antagonist worthy of her power until the 9th of February of the following year, 1799, when, off the Island of Nevis, she fell in with a large frigate showing the American flag. Truxtun's suspicions were aroused by the build of the stranger, and when she failed to answer the *Constellation's* private signals, he fired a shot across her bows. The strange ship at once hoisted French colors, and, pouring a broadside into the *Constellation*, began the battle in earnest. An hour and a half later, having been twice shattered by raking fires, the enemy lowered her flag. She proved to be the French frigate *Insurgente*, of 40 guns and 400 men. The *Constellation's* loss was one killed and three wounded; that of the *Insurgente*, seventy killed and nearly a hundred wounded.

For this victory, Commodore Truxtun received great praise both in the United States and in England—and English merchants showed their appreciation of the *Constellation's* services to their commercial interests, in driving the French cruisers from the West Indies, by presenting to her commander a service of silver plate, valued at $3,000, and having engraved upon it a representation of the battle.

The *Constellation* was so greatly damaged in the action that she was obliged to return to the United States to refit. In the early part of the next year, still under Truxtun, she returned to the West Indies, and, on the 1st of February, gained a victory over the French ship *La Vengeance*, of 54 guns and 400 men, near the island of Guadeloupe. The action began at eight o'clock at night, and lasted until midnight, when the enemy, badly crippled, managed to escape in the darkness. The French commander afterward acknowledged that he had twice struck his colors during the combat, but that his act, owing to the darkness, was unperceived by the Americans. In this fight the *Constellation* lost fourteen killed and twenty-five wounded. The loss of the *Vengeance*, according to the statement of her captain, was fifty killed and one hundred and ten wounded.

The *Constellation* was now again repaired, having lost a mast in the fight, and two years later we find her in the Mediterranean, under Captain Murray, where she performed her last aggressive act by attacking and scattering a fleet of seventeen Tripolitan gunboats.

She has since been so often refitted and repaired, that the *Constellation* of the present day bears little more than the name of the old frigate. She is now employed as a "practice-ship" for the cadets of the Naval Academy, when on their Summer cruises, and is one of the fastest sailing ships in the navy.

A TROPICAL SHOWER.

By O. C. Auringer.

A pulseless languor lay upon the sea,
The solemn mountains rested in their calm,
The mighty forests slumbered, and the palm
Above the warm sands brooded breathlessly;
The heavens bent down in dark expectancy,
Then suddenly the clouds burst 'midst the strain
Drenching the roads with torrents of warm rain,
Till in their deeps they roared tumultuously!
It ceased—the sun broke forth with fire, and then
Oh, how the birds sang! Such a joyous choir
Woke in the heart of hidden glade and glen,
As when a god immortal strikes his lyre
In deep Parnassian groves afar from men,
'Midst smoke and incense from his altar fire.

THE DIAMOND AIGRETTE.

VEXATION.

Mrs. Ethel Dunstone received company at her husband's house in West Thirty-eighth Street, in the City of New York, during the very cold weather with which the year 1880 closed—that is to say, on the evening of the 29th of December. As this narrative is written in the interests of justice, and to correct some misconceptions that have gained currency, it is well to be exact concerning dates and circumstances.

The narrator is not well enough acquainted with the changing customs of what is termed Society to inform the reader whether the occasion spoken of was styled an "evening," a "reception," or what not. He can simply state that Mrs. Ethel Dunstone had sent cards to many of her friends, assuring them that she would be "at home" on the evening mentioned, and that they responded to that assurance by visiting her.

Mrs. Dunstone was late in coming down to her parlors on the evening specified, and the duty of receiving the earlier arrivals of guests devolved upon her husband and her sister.

Edward Dunstone, her husband, a staid business man of Broad Street, was fully fifteen years older than his wife, who was a very handsome young woman of twenty-five, with one child, a babe in the nursery. Her sister, Agnes Henning, was about two years younger than Ethel, and was also a very attractive young lady.

The only member of the family remaining to be specified was Sarah Dunstone, Edward Dunstone's aunt, a maiden lady of such a certain age that she was willing to state it as a round *six score!*

Although she had a fair income of her own, she lived with her nephew, to whom she was tenderly attached, and who gave her a comfortable and pleasant home.

The tardiness of Mrs. Dunstone was due to the requirements of her toilet, which detained her in her own apartment. Her maid, Betty Briggs, a very nice young woman, with expectations and an engagement, had assisted Mrs. Dunstone in attiring herself, and had performed the difficult feat of dressing that lady's hair to her satisfaction. She crowned her labor by fastening in her mistress's *coiffure* an elegant and costly *aigrette* of diamonds.

This ornament had been presented to Mrs. Dunstone on Christmas by her husband, and he had particularly requested that she should wear it on the night of the reception, or whatever the occasion should be styled.

Mrs. Dunstone, as it happened, was not pleased with the position in which Betty had fastened the *aigrette*. Having expressed herself to this effect, she removed the ornament from her hair and laid it on the dressing-case, saying that she would place it to suit herself; she then crossed the room to cover with a cloth the cage of a favorite bird.

While she was thus employed, her back was turned to Betty, as well as to the dressing-case.

When she had finished taking care of the bird she answered Betty, who requested permission to go down-stairs. Mrs. Dunstone allowed her to go, having no further need of her services, and Betty left the room by a door that opened on the back stairway.

Shortly afterward Mrs. Dunstone went out by another door, passing through the nursery and thence into the main hall, and down the broad stairway to the parlors.

At her entrance there was an instant murmur of admiration, a compliment to her toilet as well as to her personal beauty.

But her husband did not join in this murmur. There was a frown on his brow, and the expression of his countenance was that of severe displeasure.

She easily perceived that he wished to speak to her, but it was fully half an hour before she could give him the opportunity. When she at last got him apart from the guests, she looked in his face inquiringly.

"Ethel," he said, "I would not have thought that you could disregard such a particular request as I made, and one that you might so easily have granted."

"I am not aware of having disregarded any request."

"I asked you to wear my Christmas present to-night, and you promised me that you would wear it."

"My diamond *aigrette*. Well, am I not wearing it?"

"Indeed you are not; or, if you are, I cannot see it."

"I hope you are not hoaxing me, Edward," she said. "It would be a cruel thing to frighten me without cause."

"I am not trying to hoax or annoy you, Ethel. Do you really believe that you are wearing that *aigrette?*"

"I do. Please look again, and make sure that it is not in my hair."

He examined her *coiffure* carefully, and assured her that his present was not visible anywhere upon her person. She tried to collect her thoughts, and then made her explanation.

"Betty Briggs fastened the *aigrette* in my hair," she said; "but it did not please me as she had placed it, and I took it out, intending to replace it to suit myself. I supposed that I did so."

"Do you not remember whether you did or not?" he asked.

"I must confess that I have no further recollection of the matter. Suppose, Edward, that the *aigrette* should be lost?"

Her agitation was go great that her husband at once soothed her.

"Let us suppose nothing of the kind," he said. "No doubt you forgot about it, and left it in your room. Run up there as soon as you can and get it."

As soon as possible she slipped away from her guests, and mounted the staircase with faltering steps.

After an absence of about half an hour, Mrs. Dunstone returned to her guests; but she was far from being the bright and radiant creature who had greeted them earlier in the evening.

Her suffering was so apparent that her husband and sister, regardless of social restraints, ran quickly to her, and their faces spoke their sympathetic inquiries in better language than their lips could frame.

"It is lost," she said, in a frightened whisper. "It is not in my room. I have looked everywhere for it, but cannot find it."

"It is very strange," remarked Mr. Dunstone, with the air of one who plunges into a sea of doubt. Then, perceiving his wife's need of sympathy and encouragement, he changed his tone.

"Never mind, my love. Whatever has happened, it is nothing that you need fret about. We must put a good face on our loss, if it is a loss, and get through the evening as well as we can."

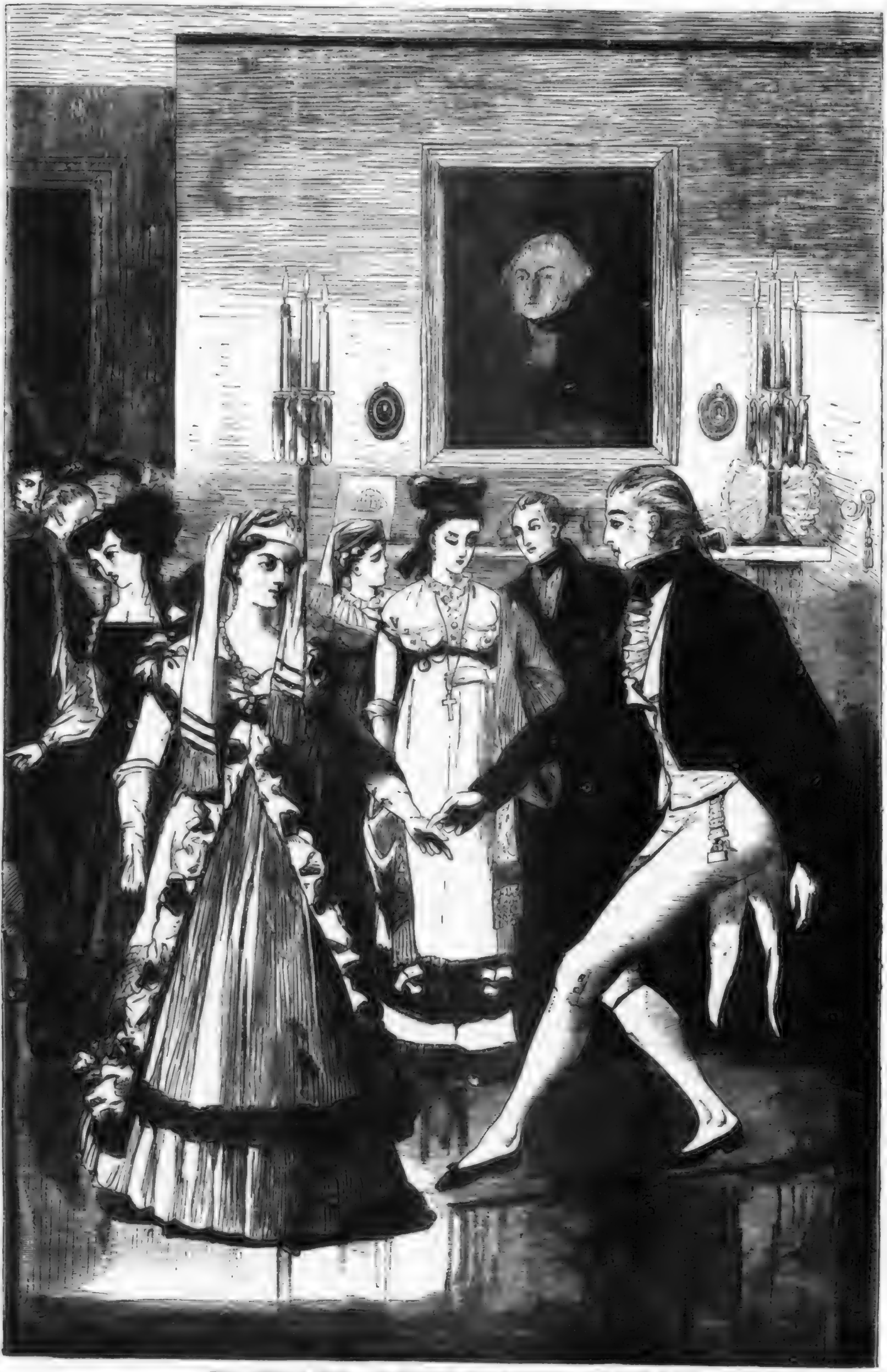
Mrs. Dunstone was helped by her husband's kind words, but not much, as it was impossible for her to recover from the depression into which she had fallen. The infection was communicated from her to her sister, and from both of them to the guests. Thus the evening which had been so pleasantly anticipated came to a dismal end.

When the festivities should have been at their highest point, the guests had all left the house with one exception, and the aspect of things generally was doleful and dreary.

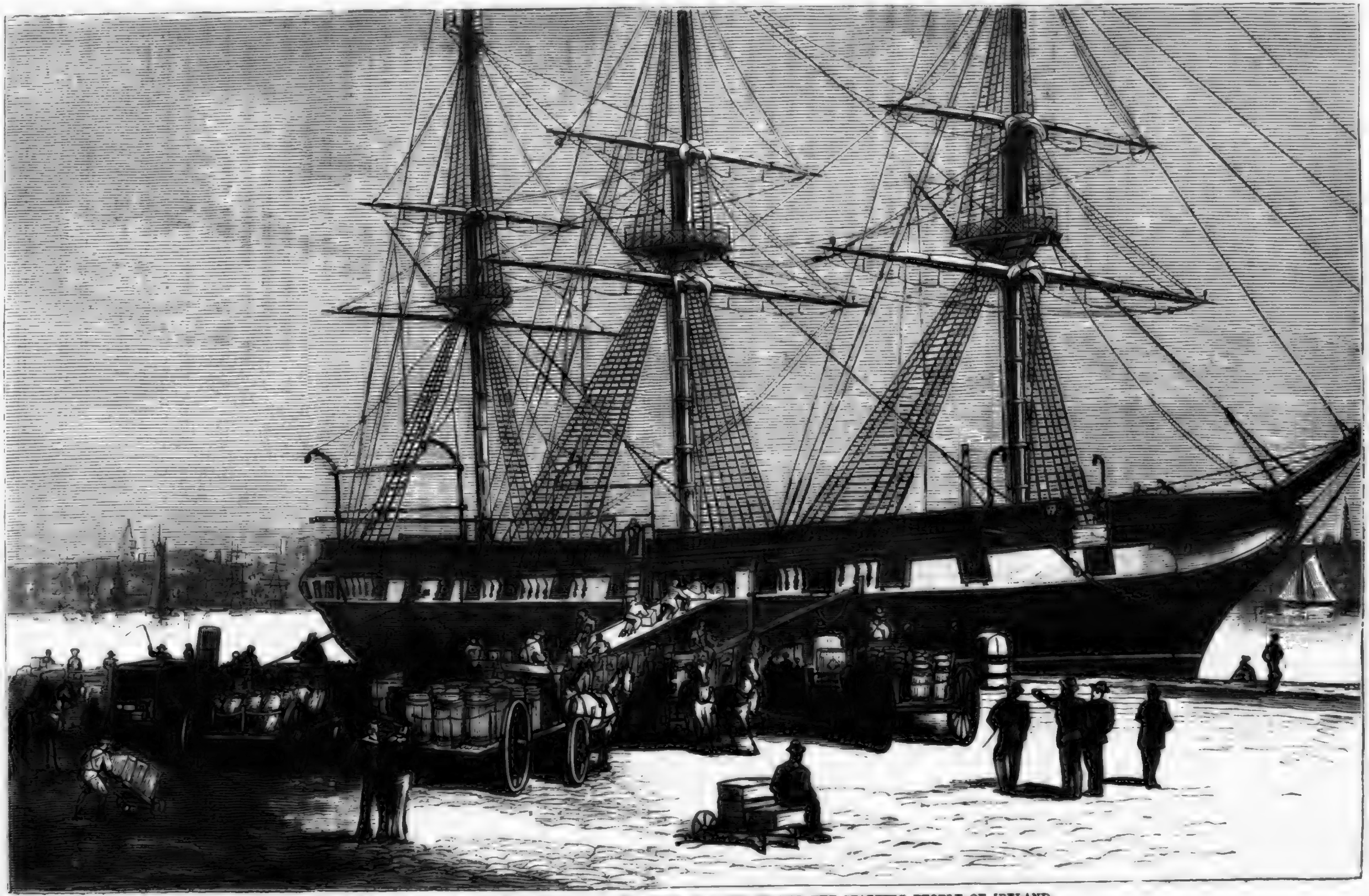
The one exception was Mr. Jerome Larremore, a young lawyer, who was engaged to Agnes Henning, and who was easily persuaded by her to remain and assist the family with his counsel.

He went up-stairs with Mr. and Mrs. Dunstone and Agnes, and the four seated themselves in Mrs. Dunstone's room, where Larremore began an impartial examination of all who could be supposed to have any knowledge of the missing *aigrette*, taking copious notes of the testimony, and assuming an air of judicial severity that was almost equivalent to putting the witnesses on oath.

Mrs. Dunstone first told her story, but gave little information in addition to the circumstances that have already been detailed. She was questioned closely concerning all her movements, with the object of bringing her memory back to one point of importance; but she had not the slightest recollection of replacing the ornament in her hair, or of seeing it after she had laid it on the dressing-case.



TWO AMERICAN SHIPS.—CELEBRATING HULL'S VICTORY.—SEE PAGE 87.



THE UNITED STATES SHIP "CONSTELLATION" TAKING IN SUPPLIES FOR THE STARVING PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

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Mr. Larremore eyed her doubtfully, and his look instilled the beginnings of suspicion into the mind of her husband.

"This is a very remarkable and unfortunate failure of memory," said the lawyer. "How do you account for it, Mrs. Dunstone?"

"I can only say that I looked at my watch directly after Betty had left me, and saw that the hour was much later than I had supposed it to be. I was kinder flustered, as we used to say in Connecticut, and hurried down-stairs."

Miss Betty Briggs was called in and examined. She told a straight story, and pointed out the exact spot on the dressing-case where her mistress had laid the *aigrette*. She went on to say that while Mrs. Dunstone was covering the bird-cage at one window, she was standing at the other, looking out at the falling snow. While she was in that position she did not see the *aigrette*, nor did she see Mrs. Dunstone until she turned and asked permission to leave the room. As she went down-stairs she met Miss Dunstone (Aunt Sarah), who asked if Mrs. Dunstone was in her room, and passed up. Betty then went to the housekeeper's room, where she remained until she was summoned up-stairs to be questioned. She did not think it would have been possible for any person to slip into the room while she was there with Mrs. Dunstone, and carry off the *aigrette*.

The only remaining witness was Aunt Sarah, who corroborated Betty's testimony with regard to the meeting on the stairs and the few words that passed between them. After parting from Betty she went up-stairs rather slowly, but was sure that she could not have been more than two minutes in reaching Mrs. Dunstone's room. That lady was not there, but Aunt Sarah heard her, directly after she came in, say Good-by to the baby in the next room, and immediately close the door of the nursery that opened upon the hall.

The diamond *aigrette* was not then on the dressing-case. Of this fact Aunt Sarah was certain.

She was also sure that no person could have stepped into the room during the brief period that elapsed between Mrs. Dunstone's departure and her own arrival. She further said that she had seated herself in an easy-chair in front of the fire, and there she remained until Mrs. Dunstone came up to look for the missing ornament.

She assisted her niece-in-law to search for it, and made a more thorough and careful search after Mrs. Dunstone had returned to the parlors.

This closed the investigation, which was unsatisfactory to all the parties, and they retired to rest for the remainder of the night; but Mr. Dunstone got very little sleep, and his wife even less.

COMPLICATION.

Mr. Dunstone settled one thing in his mind during the few hours of restlessness that succeeded the investigation in his wife's apartment. He determined to apply to the police.

He had firmly believed in the efficiency of the detective force since one of its members had conducted for him a negotiation, seemingly difficult, but in reality very simple, by which some thieves who had stolen bonds and money from his office were induced to return the bonds, in order that they might safely retain the money.

The detective who had done this masterstroke of business was Officer Cropsey, and Mr. Dunstone determined to intrust him with the affair of the diamond *aigrette*.

Being an energetic man and prompt in action, he presented himself at the Central Police Office in Mulberry Street at an early hour in the morning, and secured the detail of Detective Cropsey to duty in Thirty-eighth Street.

That officer might have reached Mr. Dunstone's house before the ladies of the family had breakfasted; but he was in no such hurry to go there.

After listening to what Mr. Dunstone had to say about the affair, and getting a description of the missing trinket, he sought Jerome Larremore, as an impartial person of legal training, and received from him a full statement of the testimony of the previous night.

Larremore, who distrusted the capacity of detective officers for work that took them out of their ordinary grooves, carefully refrained from giving his own opinions or impressions; but his reticence did not prevent the detective from guessing that he was inclined to suspect Mrs. Dunstone of having made away with the diamond *aigrette*.

Cropsey then repaired to Mr. Dunstone's house, and supplemented the information he obtained by examining the members of the family in his own way and for his own purposes; but he learned scarcely anything of interest in addition to what has been detailed.

He carried his investigations into the kitchen, and questioned all the servants closely; but only succeeded in satisfying himself that no suspicious person had entered the house, or had been seen loitering near it, at the time of the loss.

Mr. Dunstone sent instructions to his office for the transaction of the day's business, and remained at home to assist his detective, and consult with him. A very serious doubt had begun to torture his mind, and it was all important to him that he should reach certainty in some direction.

Detective Cropsey had been accustomed to dealing with burglars, thieves and regular lines of crime, and he did not endeavor, when he had finished his inquiries, and sat down to consult with Mr. Dunstone, to travel outside of his groves.

"This isn't the work of any professional," he said, "and no tramp or sneak-thief had the chance, as far as I can see, to slip in and pick up that diamond thing. It was taken by somebody in the house—by somebody who was in Mrs. Dunstone's room within a space of time that can be measured. The people who were in there are all known. With the exception of just the least possible chance of a fourth party, the responsibility for the loss lies between Betty Briggs, your wife, and your aunt. As your wife and your aunt are above suspicion, by reason of the lack of motive, we must look to the maid, who had a chance to take the property, and may have had a motive. I propose to arrest Betty Briggs at once."

Mr. Dunstone drew a long breath of relief. He had feared that the detective's conclusions might bring him unpleasantly close to his own point of doubt, and was glad to see him go to work in such a practical and straightforward style. He sanctioned the arrest of Betty, who sobbed, protested her innocence, and at once gave up the key of her trunk.

A search disclosed nothing, and she was taken to the Jefferson Market Court for examination.

When this arrest came to the knowledge of Mrs. Dunstone, who was very fond of Betty, her distress increased, but her depression changed to indignation. She sought her husband, and insisted on the immediate release of her maid.

"Betty *could* not have taken the *aigrette*," she emphatically declared. "I was away from it scarcely five minutes, and during that time I am sure that she did not move from the window. Besides, would I not have missed it when she had left the room ? She is as innocent as I am, and it is sinful to degrade and harass her."

Mr. Dunstone transferred this remonstrance to Detective Cropsey, and Betty Briggs was released on her own recognizance to await further evidence.

Then ensued complication the first.

When Betty was arrested, she wrote for assistance to her betrothed, a young man who had lately started a small variety store on Sixth Avenue.

That very proper person returned a formal reply, saying, that his business connection and his respectable family would not allow him to have any further association with a young woman who had been arrested for theft. Betty's anger at this mean-spirited desertion helped her considerably to rise above her other troubles.

Complication the second—the worst of those that grew out of the loss of the diamond *aigrette*—involved Mrs. Dunstone.

"She tells you that Betty is as innocent as herself," said Detective Cropsey to the master of the house. "Well, Mr. Dunstone, perhaps she is—if not more so. But I would like to know what motive your wife can have had for hiding that diamond thing, or making away with it."

"That is what we must find out," replied Mr. Dunstone, at last giving voice to that painful impression which Larremore had shown in his look, and which Cropsey had just put into words.

The detective made quiet inquiries concerning Mrs. Dunstone's intimates and her habits, but learned only one possibly suspicious fact. Her music-teacher—although a married woman, she still kept up her music—was a handsome young Italian.

Cropsey caused the Italian to be shadowed, and soon discovered that on the day after the loss of the *aigrette* Signor Mariotti had paid for a costly suit of clothes, and had exhibited a large roll of money.

This had a suspicious look, and the detective, after taking measures to trace the jewel to the Italian, informed Mr. Dunstone of his discovery.

When a middle-aged man has a young and beautiful wife, and the fires of suspicion and jealousy are lighted in his bosom, the conflagration rages rapidly. Mr. Dunstone fell headlong into the error of openly accusing his wife.

"As you are so sure that Betty did not take the *aigrette*," he said, "perhaps you know who did take it. There is but one person to fall back upon, and that is yourself."

"There is one other person," she replied, flaming up—"your aunt."

Mr. Dunstone was highly indignant at this imputation, and wanted to know why Aunt Sarah should have taken the *aigrette*.

"Why should I have taken it ?" rejoined his wife. "I suppose that I forgot to replace it in my hair, and went down-stairs without it. Then your aunt, according to her own admission, was alone in the room until I returned to look for it."

Mr. Dunstone's anger was then at such a white heat that he cruelly charged his wife with having given the jewel to Mariotti, or disposed of it for his benefit. He left her speechless with horror under this accusation.

Out of this rose complication the third.

When Mrs. Dunstone found her tongue, and had partially recovered from her passion of tears, she declared that she would no longer live with a man who could accuse her of being a thief, and worse than a thief. She found a ready sympathizer in her sister, who assured her that she should have a divorce or a separation, and that right speedily.

So Agnes at once went forth and sought Mr. Jerome Larremore in his office, the urgency of her business requiring that step.

The young gentleman responded to her passionate demands with provoking coolness. For the moment he sunk the lover in the lawyer. He assured Agnes that there was no ground for a divorce under the laws of New York, and brushed aside her suggestion that he might get the divorce in another State.

"I think you had better be patient," he said. "Your sister is in a peculiar position just now."

"Indeed, sir ? Do you, then, believe that Ethel was guilty of stealing her own property ?"

"I don't know what to believe. There is a mystery——"

"That is enough," said Agnes, rising from her chair, with a whole tragedy written in her face. "You doubt her, and that ends everything between you and me. Henceforth, we will be strangers !"

The impulsive young woman swept out of Mr. Larremore's office, and hastened home, reaching Thirty-eighth Street just in time to fall upon complication the fourth.

Mr. Dunstone, finding himself opposed to his wife and her sister, naturally sought the counsel and sympathy of his aunt, and was foolish enough to tell her of the imputation that had been cast upon her by Ethel. She passed into a state of high nervous excitement, and vowed that she would no longer remain under the same roof with her niece-in-law—not another day, not another hour.

She packed her trunks and went to a hotel, in spite of her nephew's entreaties and protestations, and this event increased his estrangement from his wife.

Agnes Henning availed herself of an early opportunity to give Detective Cropsey a piece of her mind.

"How can you be so silly," she demanded, "as to insinuate that my sister stole her own property ? If she had wanted to sell the *aigrette*, or to give it away, would she have had so little sense as to get rid of it just when her husband particularly wished her to wear it ? The idea is too absurd to talk about."

EXPLANATION.

AFTER all, it is accident that usually arranges and disarranges our plans and ideas.

Three days had passed since the loss of the diamond *aigrette*, and matters had steadily grown worse. The estrangement between Mr. Dunstone and his wife seemed to be complete ; Agnes Henning refused to see Jerome Larremore ; Aunt Sarah had not again entered the house ; Betty Briggs was miserable, and the entire premises were steeped in gloom.

On the morning of the fourth day, which was Sunday, Detective Cropsey was passing down Thirty-eighth Street, with the intention of calling at Mr. Dunstone's. As he neared the house he walked slowly, revolving in his mind the mystery which he had as yet been unable to penetrate.

His keen eye caught a glimpse of something on the sidewalk, near the curb, in the vicinity of the ash-barrel, which was neither ice nor snow.

He picked it up, and believed it to be a diamond. He took it at once to an acquaintance of his who was an expert in jewels, who pronounced it to be a diamond.

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TWO AMERICAN SHIPS.—THE "CONSTITUTION" CARRYING GOODS TO PARIS.—SEE PAGE 37.

THE "CONSTELLATION" VISITED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

On his way to the expert's house Cropsey had settled upon a plan of action, in case his find should prove to be a diamond, and he put it in execution with the least possible delay. He hastened to the Department of Street Cleaning at the Central Police Office, and obtained the name and address of the ash-cartman whose route included Mr. Dunstone's house.

He found the man, and learned from him that the ashes at Mr. Dunstone's had not been removed until the second day after the loss of the *aigrette*, and that the scow into which they had been dumped was still lying at the foot of Thirty-eighth Street. The man could point out the portion of the scow into which he had dumped his loads that day, and was willing to do so for a consideration.

The detective hurried back to Mulberry Street, and secured authority to detain and search the scow. He first took the precaution to have the ashes then at Mr. Dunstone's carted away and searched. Finding nothing in them, he went to Mr. Dunstone.

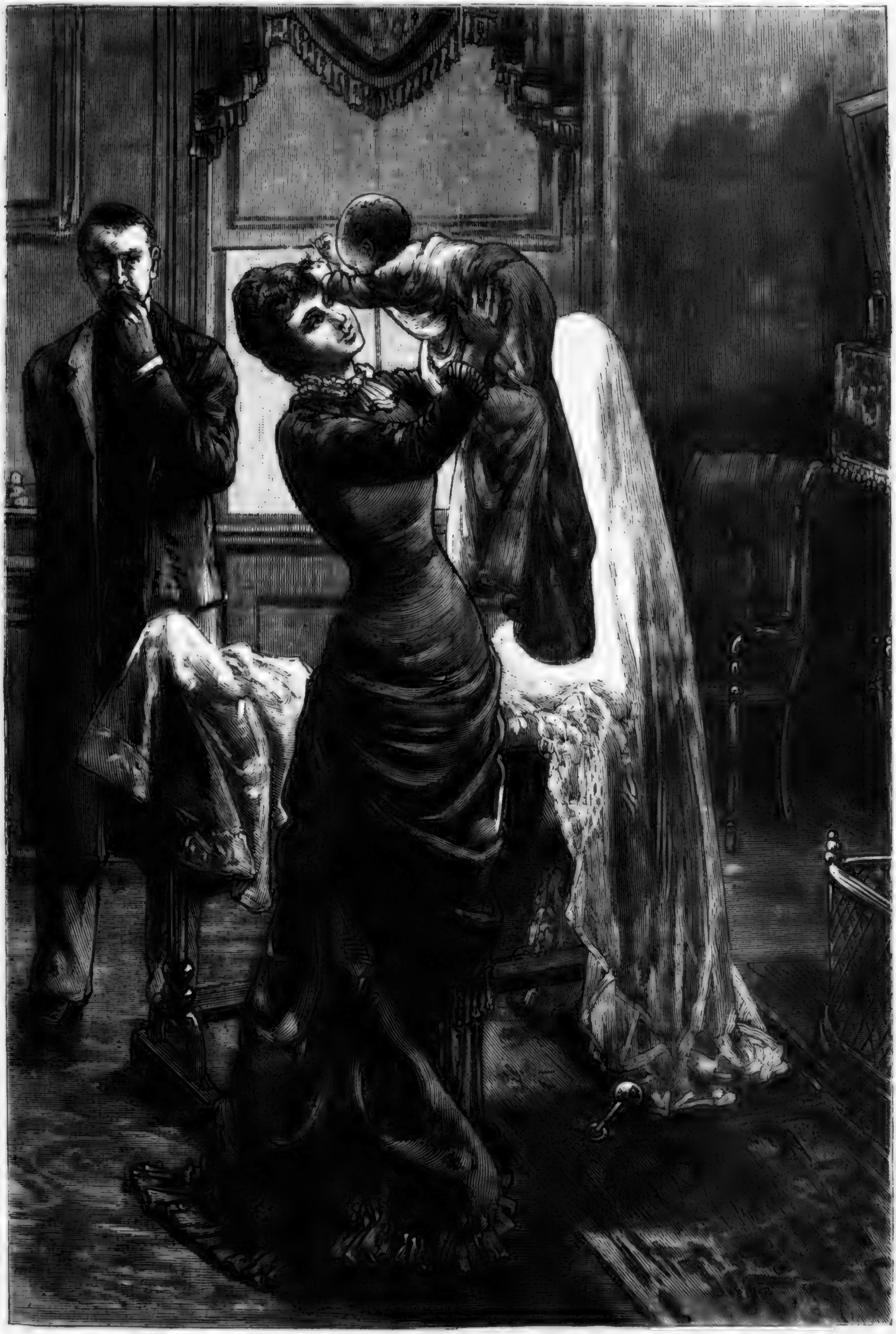
"If I can show you to a certainty," he said, "what has become of that diamond thing, will you pay the expenses of the job?"

"Every cent that you can reasonably spend," replied Mr. Dunstone. "This question must be settled in some way. The torture of it is killing me."

The detective lost no time in hiring a gang of Italians to search the scow. All the ashes and rubbish in that portion of the flatboat indicated by the cartman as his dumping-place were carefully raked and picked over by the laborers, directed and watched by Cropsey and a brother-officer. The task was an uncomfortable and an unpleasant one, and it was not until Monday noon that it was completed.

Then the detective, after making himself fairly presentable, went to Mr. Dunstone's house, and requested

THE "CONSTELLATION" IN CORK HARBOR.



THE DIAMOND AIGRETTE.—"MRS. DUNSTONE HELD UP THE INFANT, AND IT MADE A VIGOROUS DASH AT HER HEAD, BURYING BOTH ITS PALMS IN HER HAIR."—SEE PAGE 90.

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a private interview with Mrs. Dunstone. She received him in her own apartment, where she sat with her babe in her lap.

"Well, sir, how goes on the inquisition?" was her sneering salutation. "I believe you are the person who made my husband believe that I had stolen my own property, and I suppose you have come to wring out of me some more evidence against myself. Yes, they say that your mother is a thief, my darling baby, my precious pet!"

As Cropsey endeavored to disclaim the evil intention attributed to him, she held up the infant, and it made a vigorous dash at her head, burying both its hands in her hair.

"Beg pardon, Mrs. Dunstone," said Cropsey, as she shook herself loose from the youngster's grasp, "does he often do that?"

"The baby? Oh, yes; that is one of his regular ways."

"Mrs. Dunstone, I wish you would oblige me by taking him into the nursery, and showing me, as near as you can, what you did there before you went down-stairs on the night you know of."

After a slight hesitation she complied with his request, and passed into the nursery, followed by Cropsey.

She laid the babe in the cradle, which stood near the open grate, and then lifted it out.

"I picked him up as I do now," she said, "and raised him to my face and kissed him so."

As she said this the child made its usual dash at her head.

"Did he do that at the time I spoke of?" eagerly asked the detective. "Did he make that grab at you then?"

"I suppose he did; but really, Mr. Cropsey, I cannot remember all those trifles."

"There are no such things as trifles," replied Cropsey. "Very well, Mrs. Dunstone, I have learned what I wanted to know, and I am greatly obliged to you, and I wish you, as the prayer-book says, 'a happy issue out of all your afflictions.' Good-afternoon."

With this he quitted the room, leaving Mrs. Dunstone to wonder what he meant.

He left a note for Mr. Dunstone, saying that he would call in the evening, and that he would require the presence of Mrs. Dunstone and Betty Briggs.

Then he sent written messages to Jerome Larremore and Miss Sarah Dunstone, particularly requesting them to be at Mr. Dunstone's residence at eight in the evening, "on business of urgent importance."

At the appointed hour he found Mr. Dunstone awaiting him in the parlor, with Aunt Sarah and Mr. Larremore, and Mrs. Dunstone and Betty came down when they were sent for, accompanied by Agnes Henning.

"With your permission and Mrs. Dunstone's," said the detective, addressing himself to the master of the house, "we will adjourn up-stairs to your wife's room."

In Mrs. Dunstone's room, that lady and Agnes and Betty seated themselves in a solid phalanx together; Mr. Dunstone and Jerome Larremore formed in line of battle opposite them, with Aunt Sarah on their right flank, and the detective sat where he could face them all.

The ladies were flushed with excitement, and the gentlemen were pale with apprehension.

"It is my duty to inform you all," said Cropsey, "that I have discovered the person who was responsible for the disappearance of the diamond *aigrette*, as you call it. The criminal, Mr. Dunstone, was and is an inmate of your house; not a servant, but a member of your family."

Mr. Dunstone trembled, and turned to his wife a face full of anguish. She answered with a heightened color and a defiant gaze.

"It was not your wife," remarked Cropsey.

Then it was Mr. Dunstone's turn to color up, and his wife directed her gaze at Aunt Sarah.

"It was not your aunt, and it was neither Miss Henning nor yourself."

"What do you mean?" demanded Mr. Dunstone. "You said it was a member of my family. Who else is there?"

"There is one other member—a pretty important one."

"You don't mean the baby?"

The detective nodded.

Mrs. Dunstone burst into a harsh and hysterical laugh, and her husband's face flamed with anger.

"I want to know——" he began.

"Easy, Mr. Dunstone," interrupted Cropsey. "I am a man of business, and am not talking nonsense. I am going to show you just how the thing was done. Mrs. Dunstone did replace that *aigrette* in her hair, but probably put it in loosely. Being flustered, as I think she said, she forgot that she had done so. She then went into the nursery, and, if you please, we will go there now."

The others followed Cropsey into the nursery, where he planted himself in front of the fire.

"Mrs. Dunstone stood here," he said, "and lifted her baby out of his cradle, and raised him to her face and kissed him. Just then he made a dive at her head, as he usually does, and as I saw him do this afternoon. When he struck her head, or when she shook herself loose from him, that *aigrette* fell off, and dropped in a soft bed of ashes under the grate. More ashes came down and covered it, and it was afterward put in a hod and emptied into the ash-barrel by some servant, whose hands were more useful than her eyes. It was carted away and dumped into the scow at the foot of Thirty-eighth Street, where I found it this morning, after a long search, and here it is, or what is left of it."

The commercial value of the *aigrette* had been considerably decreased, but it was recognized, and Cropsey added to it the stone which he had picked up on the sidewalk. He then told the whole story of his search, and was lavishly praised and congratulated.

The criminal being discovered, there remained the disentanglement of the complications, which was easily effected in the revulsion of feeling that ensued.

Mr. Dunstone humiliated himself before his wife, who cheerfully forgave him his suspicions. Jerome Larremore was received back into favor by Agnes, after confessing the fault into which his legal mind had led him. Mrs. Dunstone begged Aunt Sarah's pardon, and persuaded her to return to the house. Betty Briggs got a handsome present, and was glad that her brief calamity had enabled her to discover the meanness of her late betrothed. Mr. Dunstone replaced his ruined gift with one fully as valuable, but it was nothing like a diamond *aigrette*.

Strange to say, the young culprit who had caused all the trouble was kissed and petted more than ever.

A DISAPPOINTED PAINTER.

Henry Liversedge, a painter of repute, desiring to paint Christopher Sly, was long before he could find a model realizing his conception of that famous Shakespearean character's outer man. The sketch for his picture, "Christopher Sly and the Landlady," had been ready about three years when he met a cobbler, the very type of Sly. Delighted with his discovery, he at once made arrangements for sittings, and, in order that he might fully realize the effect he sought, asked the cobbler if he would object to getting drunk in his studio. The cobbler assented to the proposition with eager readiness. So in due time he came to the studio, assumed the costume, and gleefully tackled a great bottle of gin prepared for the occasion. Glass after glass was filled and disposed of, until at last the bottle, despite its goodly proportions, was emptied. Liversedge looked on with astonishment. The cobbler was as sober as a judge! However, he was determined not to be beaten; so he sent out the portly bottle to be again filled with gin, and his model, nothing loath, recommenced the process of filling and emptying, but with no worse result than before. The bottle was again empty, and the cobbler was no more drunk than the artist was. The latter, irritated and annoyed, grew angry; his patience was so exhausted that he put aside his palette, and dismissed the model, saying it would cost more to make him drunk than the painting would fetch when finished. This picture remained unfinished, for want of a model, when the artist died in 1832.

A STRANGE SENTINEL.

A FEW years ago, with a party of adventurous miners, I was engaged in prospecting for silver in Cedar Valley, at the foot of the western slope of Mount Udrapo, Central Colorado—a peak whose lonely head is eternally crested in snow, and whose lower declivities are darkly covered with the wildest of primeval forests.

Our guide on the expedition was an old hunter—by name Burk Miles—who had lived on the side of Mount Udrapo for fully ten years. He was the embodiment of a perfect backwoodsman, as far as physical development and true courage are concerned; and with it all was an inborn superiority of character, apparent to the most casual observer, that would at once give rise to the idea that he had not always dwelt in solitary woods, or among the rough element of border life.

I was not long in learning from him that he had been educated in the East; had been for many years engaged successfully in business, until sudden reverses in fortune had unexpectedly occurred, and then, impoverished, except in health, with the hopes of retrieving his losses, he had drifted into the western country, and there, meeting with an enterprising miner, with whom a warm friendship was formed, he had settled in Cedar Valley. Neither of them had a family.

Together they raised a log-cabin, and, hunting and prospecting in company, they had lived in this manner until, a year since, one of the "pardners," had died of a lingering fever.

This death had not materially changed the condition of affairs, and, in a sort of a hermit-hunter life, Burk Miles had continued his lonely existence.

Lately he had discovered what he supposed was a rich vein of the real mineral; and, full of glowing visions of a future fortune, he had made a trip to Colorado City, where, enlisting a small party with some capital, he had returned with them to his mountain retreat. I was one of this number.

It was an unusually mild and pleasant evening in November when, tired out with a hard day's work in a most encouraging-looking drift, while we were lounging around in the cabin, some one proposed a story.

At the mention of it all our eyes, as if in league with each other, were directed upon the old hunter. A clamorous urging ensued, that soon had the desired effect of opening what at first seemed was a pair of sealed lips.

"A story—a story?" said he; "I have none to tell. I have forgotten all my old loves. The past is buried under ten years of solitary life, and——"

"A hunter's yarn is what we want, Burk—one of your own adventures," I rejoined, interrupting him.

"Yes, yes," chimed in another; "a narrative in which we can see the eyes and feel the claws of the wild animal, or hear the war-whoop of the painted redskin."

"Never mind your old loves, but spin along."

"Ha! ha! It is a 'varmint' tale you want? Well, I think I can accommodate you."

The old man tipped back his chair against the rough wall, and in an impressive manner began:

"The glorious full moon, sailing overhead this evening, sailed along just as round and bright one night, four years ago this very month, when a howling panther kept a midnight watch over my body and property."

"Watched over by a panther!" the camp exclaimed, in chorus.

"Yes, that very thing!"

And an expression of decided satisfaction spread over the hunter's face as he noticed the interest manifested.

"I," spoke up the wit, "have heard of watch-dogs, sentinel stars, guardian angels, and——"

"And the protective tariff," echoed another sharp one.

"But," continued the first speaker, "never before have I heard of a panther occupying the position of a sentry."

"Well, this one did," returned the old hunter.

"Go on, go on."

"We—that is my dead companion, Ben Willis, and I—had been out of venison for several days, and, one fresh morning, with the intention of laying in a supply, we called our ten hounds together, leashed them securely, and, with our rifles on our shoulders, started up the mountain slope.

"We had walked a great distance from this cabin, and were in the giant pines and tangled thickets in a cup-shaped valley, probably twelve miles from here, when the hounds became frantic over something they had struck. We were bound not to let them go until assured it was no panther or wild cat; so, allowing them to drag us along for some distance, we at length came to a familiar deer-lick, where the fresh impressions of a number of hoofs were visible in the soft earth.

"'From the looks o' the thing,' said Willis, 'I should say that thar is one old buck an' two or three does.'

"'Just so,' I rejoined, speaking with difficulty above the clamor of the excited pack. 'Here is a large track—that of a buck. The other, smaller kind, is double in number the larger one's, showing that there has been at least three deer here, not a great while ago.'

"No longer delaying action, we cut the tight-drawn leashes on the eager hounds, and away they bounded in full, ringing chorus. Willis and I followed on together until after noon; and then, discovering from the sounds that the pack had separated, and also, from the quick yelps, knowing that both divisions had eyes on the game ahead, we divided, and each chased on alone in different and widely-branching trails.

"All day long I stumbled through the beech and spruce forests, hearing before me, sometimes down in a low, wild valley, then again higher on the wooded, waving slopes, the echoing chorus of the hounds. Back and forth they trailed, up and down the ridges, through rock-split ravines, circling in the vast timbered tracks on the western side of Mount Udrapo.

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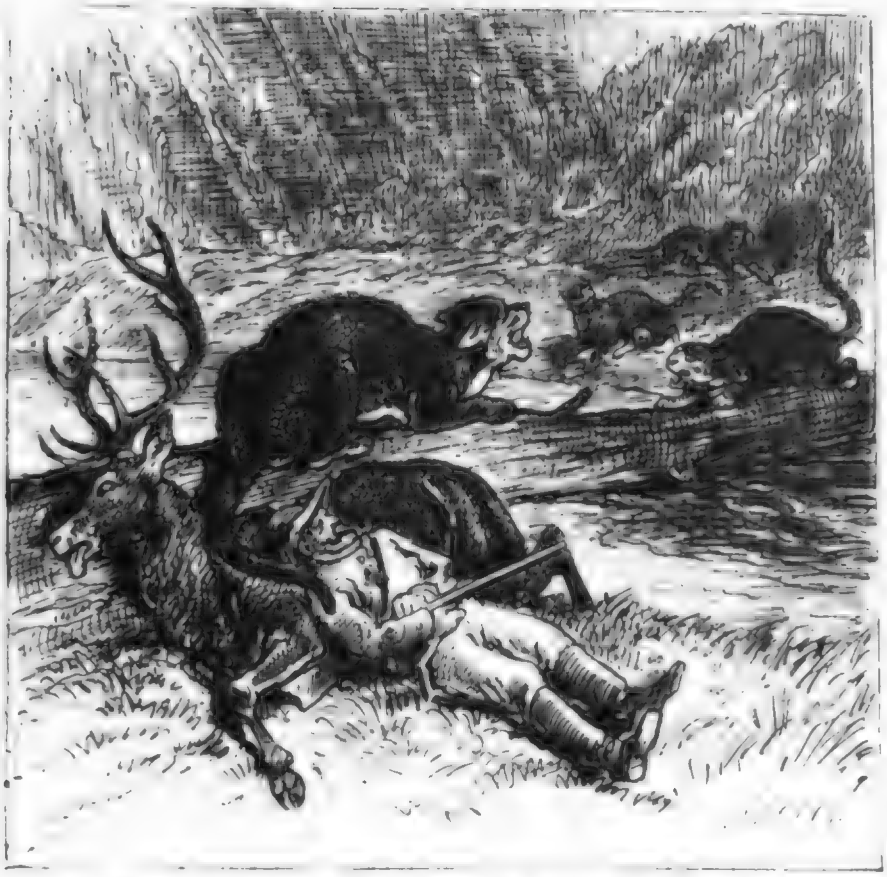


A STRANGE SENTINEL.—"THE PANTHER AT THE FURTHER END BEGAN SLOWLY ADVANCING TOWARD THE CROUCHING SENTINEL."

"At times the hollow music, growing fainter and fainter, died away in the distance ; then, on my gaining the summit of a rocky ridge again, borne on the mountain breeze, it would come swinging to my ears. It was the longest chase I had ever pursued, and it seemed that it would never close. The hunted was making an unequal, unheard-of, record. The trail, as I sometimes came across it in moist ground, revealed the fact that the buck was leading my part of the pack.

"For two hours I had heard not a sound of the chase, and as evening began to draw gradually near, I found myself walking along on the projecting ledges and rock-crumbled bank at the base of a line of tremendous cliffs that border the Silver Racket River, the same stream whose dull roar you hear continually from the door of this cabin, and whose pure waters well up among the black pines on the shoulders of Mount Udrapo.

"The locality was familiar to me, and I knew that by ten miles of travel, keeping on the rocks along the mad waters of that impetuous stream, I could at length, without a wandering footstep, reach this cabin far below. But daylight was soon to vanish, and when it did 'twould be in a twinkling.

"Dense clouds, prophetic of a storm, were rolling heavily overhead. The more ferocious animals of the wilderness would be stalking abroad in search of food, and thus, under such circumstances, I would stand but a slim chance of gaining this welcome shelter.

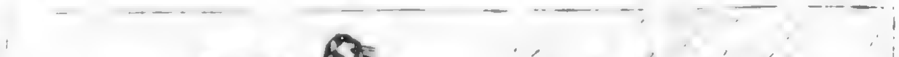
"I considered that my only course would be to select for a night's berth some spacious rock in midstream, or the limbs of one of the leaning spruces, numbers of which fringed the foot of the cliffs.

"As I thus walked rapidly along, around the short, sharp bends, attentively observing, with an eye for a comfortable stopping-place, every feature of the narrow way, I at length drew under the wide, outspreading limbs of a monarch hemlock. Its gnarled and shrunken roots, grappling to the almost bare rocks, afforded an excellent seat, and here I halted for a short rest.

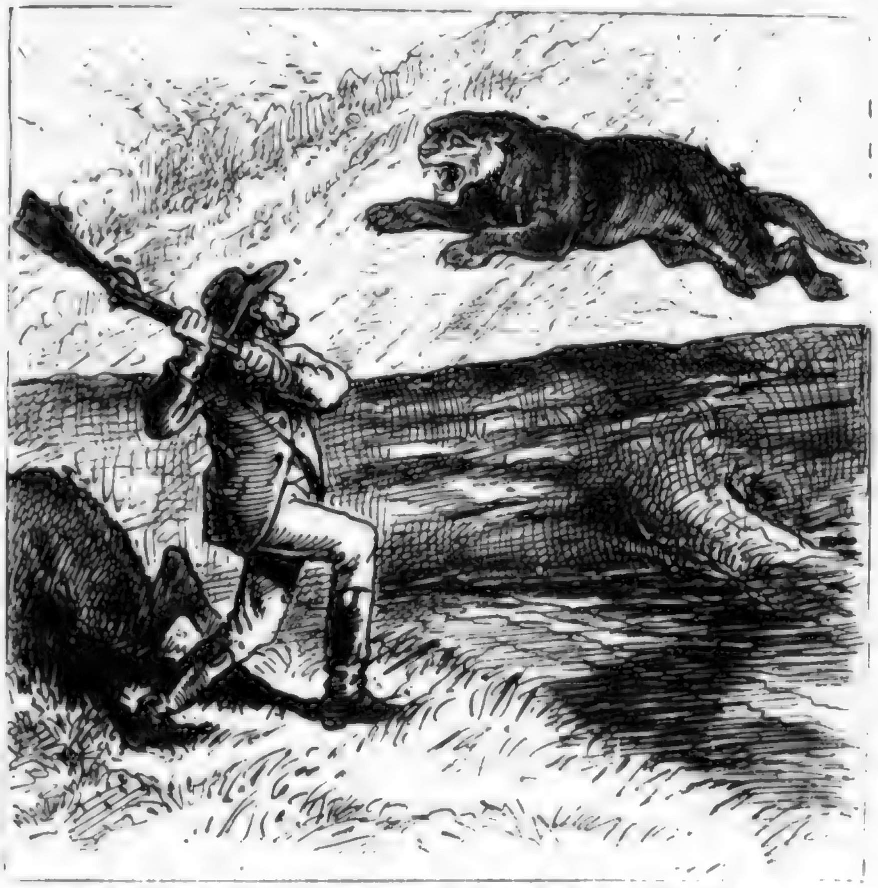
"I had been seated but a few moments when an unusual noise caught my ear. It was close at hand up the stream. I was on the opposite side of the tree from whence the sound came. The low-drooping branches well shielded me from view.

"With that frontiersman's faculty of being ever on the alert at the slightest disturbance, I instantly had my gun cocked and lying across my left arm, but had not yet had time to look in the direction of the noise, when, without any further warning above the roar of the river, a magnificent antlered deer walked slowly by me.

"So wholly unexpected was this happy apparition, that, in spite of myself, I was startled. So near was he that I could see his blood-flamed eyeballs. His hair was wet and matted close to his side, evidently from the effects of an exhausting chase, through which he had eluded the hot scent of the hounds. He had stumbled to



"THE SHOCK OF THE ONSLAUGHT UNBALANCED THE ONE WHO RECEIVED IT."



A STRANGE SENTINEL.—"THE ANIMAL LEAPED JUST AS I SWUNG THE GUN AROUND MY HEAD."

his death. With a terrified snort at sight of me, he sprang with a sidewise leap into the whirling water, and with long, strong springs was bounding away, when my rifle responded to my touch, and an unerring ball staggered and then dropped him in mid-current.

"'Not such an unsuccessful day, after all,' I thought, perhaps spoke aloud. 'A lesser illustration of the mountain coming to Mohammed.'

"The waters were washing and drifting the still slightly struggling buck down the stream, pushing it bodily over the low, black boulders, and swinging it round in the bubbling rapids. I followed along, awaiting and expecting a sudden turn to sweep it to the bordering rocks, where, without the trouble of wading, I could take the prize into my possession. For some distance I kept pace with the swift flow of the current, giving me the time to cool from the excitement of the incident, and bringing me to the calm conviction that the game would not by any means be secure even if I did get it in hand.

"The cliffs towering overhead were undoubtedly infested with wild cats and panthers. To leave unprotected on the rocks such a feast as this buck would afford would insure me nothing more than a highly polished skeleton in the morning.

"There were just the last faint glimmerings of daylight in the clouded sky. I had forgotten all about a place for the night, and now, as the idea came back to me, I turned my eyes from the floating carcass and glanced down the river.

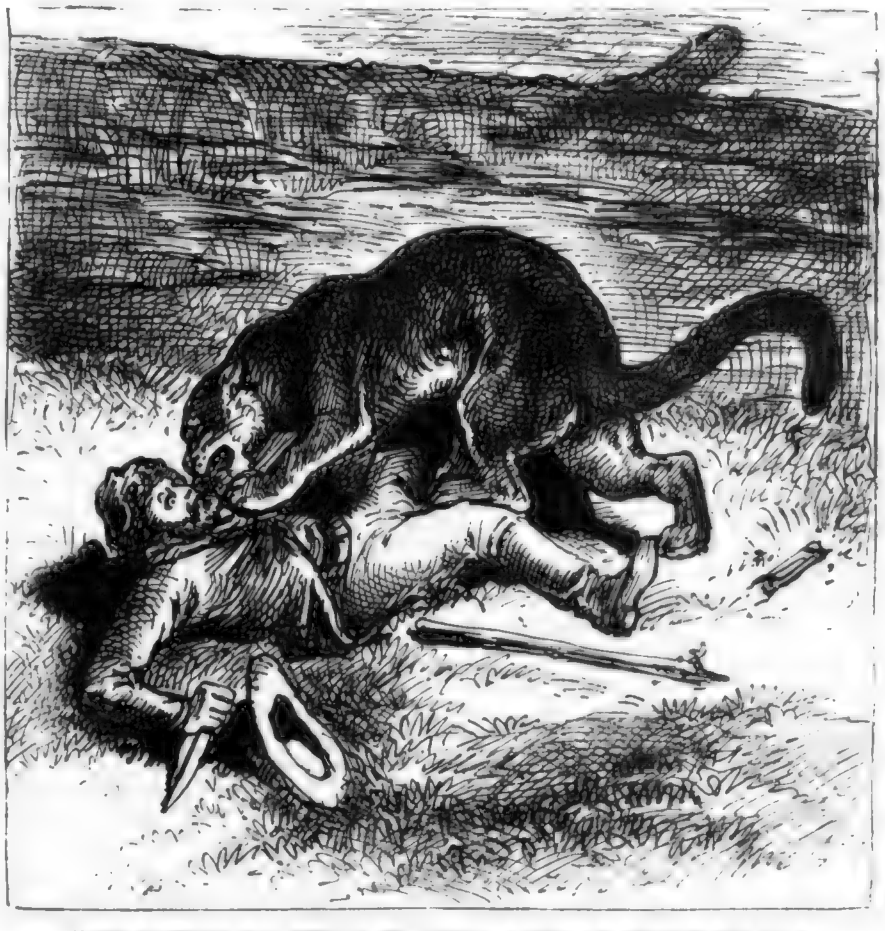
"I know that I must have given vent to a low laugh of decided satisfaction. Nothing else could have been more opportune. My own safety and the safety of my property, would, apparently, in a few moments be secured.

"At the distance of a few rods below me lay a solitary prostrate pine, stretching from the base of the precipice across the waters to a great boulder in the middle of the stream.

"With the intention to avail myself of the opportunity, I sprang forward, and, reaching the place, began to cross this foot-log. It was rotten with age: the bark had dropped from it, the limbs had been worn to the body; the top had been broken and carried away, so that only a thick log, fully three feet wide on top, was thus left bridging the waste of waters.

"I had no difficulty in crossing it, and a moment after I was on the immense flat boulder to which it extended. Just then the deer drifted within reach, and, grasping it by the spreading antlers, I drew it up beside me. I then felt safe. It was well that affairs happened as they did, for immediately, as though borne on eagle's wings, darkness swept up the river, shrouding everything in its folds.

"The silence of the gorge was broken but by the Silver Racket, tumbling with wildest music along the foot of the massive cliffs that climbed out of sight into the night. As it happened, no wind was stirring over the



"THE PANTHER HAD STRUCK MY CHEST. I FELL AS THOUGH HIT BY A CANNON-BALL."

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waters, and, in spite of its being in November, the air was as mild as in June, quite pleasant enough to sleep out with nothing over you but the dark pall of sky.

"The trophy of the day's hunt lay close against the end of the pine. If darkness had not spread so rapidly, I would have skinned the buck, and, with a mind to the situation, would have put it into use as an extempore mattress.

"As it was, I used the whole body as a pillow; and, stretching myself out on the cold stone, with my face upturned to the clouded sky, and my loaded rifle under my arm, I soon drifted into unconsciousness.

"I was very tired. The day's chase had been a most exhaustive one, and I, consequently, slept in a deep and healthy manner, swinging in oblivion to the tumultuous anthem of the stream. My dreams bore heavy on my mind, and by their vividity I was drawn back into wakefulness.

"My first sensation on awakening was of something smoothly brushing my upturned face. Back and forth, with measured stroke, it softly moved across my features.

"My immediate impulse was to grasp this singular thing, whatever it was, and force it away, but some inward monitor restrained me.

"I opened my eyes. It was very light overhead. First one eye was darkened, then the other, by the object. It did not at once strike me what it was, but without stirring I formed my conclusions. It was a hairy substance, the tail of some animal; and then, that instant, as if to put a clincher on this conclusion, the shrill cry of the American lion rang out almost directly over my head, and loud above the tumult of the waters. It was answered by several equally as fierce and blood-chilling screams from the rocky bank beyond.

"Were the latter screams echoes of the first?

"I thought not; apparently a whole colony of these ferocious animals were awake and around me.

"My God! The air was too heavy to breathe: my blood seemed halted in its flow.

"The soft stroke still continued. There was no change in position. Why was an attack delayed?

"What could it mean?

"I regained control of myself, and cautiously drew from my belt the keen-bladed bowie which I always carry; but I was undecided how to act. I could not understand the situation.

"With the idea of obtaining a view of my surroundings, I slowly and carefully bent my head back as far as possible.

"The narrow strip of open sky between the black walls of the cañon was what first caught my eyes. The clouds had been scattered by a sharp west wind; every star gleamed brightly in the deep vault, and a round-faced moon stood, as it seemed, stationary and cold overhead.

"Crouching on the end of the log was the owner of the tail that even then swung slowly across my chin. His white, lower body lay close to the log, and, with his dark, supple form knit together, he appeared prepared for a spring, or ready for an unexpected attack. In vain I bent further backward on the deer to get a glimpse of the thing that riveted the attention of the wary panther.

"I was afraid of making much of a movement; but, relying on the tumult of the river to drown all slight noise which I might make, I gradually turned over so as to command a full view of the scene.

"Across the white stretch of seething waters at the foot of the giant cliffs were three more full-grown American lions, or panthers. Two of them, lashing their flanks with their tails, moved back and forth close to the edge of the stream; the remaining one, with its forepaws resting on the base of the pine, was crouching in an attitude similar to the panther near my head. Their three pair of scintillating eyes were fastened on the group of which I was a member.

"I understood the situation. The panther above me was on guard. A sleepless sentinel was watching over me.

"This solution of the affair seemed the most plausible; it was the only satisfactory explanation that could be made. Some few minutes previously, on the search for prey, this strange sentinel had discovered me and my game, and, believing me dead, he had crossed the log, but had not yet had time to commence an onslaught when the three other skulking and hungry beasts made an appearance.

"He was now protecting his own—the living man and the dead buck—but, undoubtedly, not with any future fair intentions. His bloodthirsty disputants had a narrow bridge to pass, and a guard to encounter singly as fierce as themselves.

"For the time being I was safe. I could do nothing better than lie still and await the result of what, it appeared, would soon end in a sanguinary conflict. Then, with a lesser number of the ferocious beasts to encounter, relying on my trusty rifle and bowie, I might finish the victors, or, as a last resort, quit the fray by plunging in the ice-cold torrent.

"After such a struggle as seemed impending, maddened from wounds, and fierce with the taste and scent of blood, a single one of those American lions would neither retreat from the presence of a human being, nor from anything but a most formidable antagonist.

"Meanwhile, the panther at the further end of the log drew himself up wholly on it, and, with shrill cries, began slowly advancing toward the crouching sentinel. The latter did not wait for him, but, as though hot for fight, sprang forward upon the head of the approaching lion.

"A stroke of lightning could have done no quicker or more effective execution. The shock of the onslaught unbalanced the one who received it. With a convulsive effort to recover hold on the rotten log, and a blind, fruitless endeavor to fasten its claws into its adversary, the struck panther, giving utterance to a cry of rage and agony that pierced the air like an arrow, fell, with a loud splash, into the waters, and was whirled out of sight under the shadows of the rocks.

"My sentinel turned around and was coming back to his old station, when one of the remaining panthers that had already mounted the log sprang on the former's haunches. He turned on the instant. It was Greek meeting Greek.

"The most thrilling spectacle that I had ever witnessed or heard of was then presented to my eyes. They struggled almost over my head, and so near that I could feel their hot breath.

"It was an equal combat between two of the fiercest of American wild animals. I forgot my own danger in the excitement created by the scene. The battle-ground was too contracted to admit of a long-continued struggle, and at length, locked in each other's tearing embrace, they rolled, without a cry, off the log, and, still fastened together in a death-clutch, were drawn under the surface and borne away by the rapids.

"The enemy had removed the guard, but one only was left to finish what the others had opened a way to. As he advanced I drew up my rifle. He noticed the move, stopped as though surprised, and gave vent to a shrill cry. The light was not sufficiently bright to enable me to see the sights plainly; but, relying on habit to secure my aim, I pointed the rifle and fired.

"The animal snarled with rage, crouched and leaped just as I swung, by the barrel, the empty gun around my head. It cut nothing but the air, and the stock was shivered into pieces on the pine.

"The panther had struck my chest. I fell as though hit by a cannon-ball. My body lay on the rock, my head hung in the water, and the panther was turned clear over me, but with forepaws fastened to my clothes.

"I cannot explain how I freed myself; but, after a desperate struggle, I tore him from me. The deep scars on my cheeks are the marks left by his sharp claws. The river carried him away; and, almost drowned, bleeding, bruised and exhausted, I drew myself back on the rock.

"Four panthers had been finished in one night! And so ends the narrative of how I was watched over by one of the fiercest of all wild animals that haunt these mountains."

Every man's eyes in the cabin were shining with the excitement caused by the recital. We all arose as he finished.

"That's a rattling hunter's story, Burk," said one. "You deserve a medal from the Government and the title of 'The Panther-slayer.'"

"As we cannot secure him that, boys," remarked another, "let us give him three cheers."

And, given with a gusto, they rang through the room, swept out of the open door, and blended with the roar beyond of the Silver Racket.

THE MIDNIGHT FRIGHT.

At twenty years of age I was in love. It does not matter to the reader how I came to be in love. It is but of little importance to him, and none at all to this story, when I first met my dear Amanda—or who, indeed, my dear Amanda was. It is quite sufficient for me to say that my dear Amanda was the dearest creature; that she had blue eyes; great long golden locks, which she would shake at me in the most bewitching manner; nice, pearly teeth; a dimple in her chin; blooming cheeks (alas! I afterward discovered that her bloom was imported), and as pretty a little hand as one would wish to see. My youthful susceptibility was easily impressed with charms like these. I had read a great many love tales, and was looking about for some one for whom I could experience that rapturous passion, which they so warmly describe, when accident threw me in the way of Amanda. I went to work at once. I began to love with all the fervor, devotion and intensity that I could command. I will not stop to confess that a suspicion continually preyed upon me that my raptures were in some degree manufactured; nor will I pause to cast back, with the disdain and contempt they so richly deserve, the insinuations of mercenary motives which were uttered against me. Could I help the fact that my Amanda was the only daughter of a rich widow? or that she had a large expectancy from a wealthy maiden aunt? These things were accidents. Amanda and I often confessed to each other how happy we should be in a cottage, or in some lone isle, where only our two hearts beat (and all that sort of thing), and I assert with confidence, that Amanda at any moment would have abandoned friends, rank and fortune for my sake—had I permitted it. Are my detractors convinced? But this is all foreign to my purpose. It is a ghost and not a love story that I am going to relate.

My Amanda and her mother resided in the suburbs of the town. It was an old-fashioned, square brick mansion, built soon after the Revolution, ponderous, gloomy, and, at the time of my story, of a green dampness. Some old trees shaded it thickly—so thickly, the sun rarely brightened up its dark, time-discolored walls. The gardens about it were black and loamy, rank with the growth of shrubbery and weeds. Now the earth carries it around on its bosom no more. First, one of the avenues came, thrusting forward its huge body, crushing through the old trees, trampling under foot the garden growths, and even nipping off an intruding angle; then from another point came a younger but no less insatiable and relentless highway, tearing through the parlors, the wainscot walls, the lordly old halls, and setting itself down upon the very foundations of the old structure. Thus was the mansion of my once Amanda blotted from sight. A green-grocer now holds forth upon the once treasured spot. I will pause sometimes upon the curb-stone at the intersecting highway, and drop a tear to the memory of the old place—a tear to see the old ground so desecrated.

Regularly, as the clock struck seven, I was wont to present myself at the old mansion. The door always opened as I placed my foot upon the front-door step. Amanda always came out of the shadows in the parlor (never lighted until my arrival), and put her two hands in mine; then my arm would always wind around her waist; then we would saunter in together, and if our lips met in the darkness, what was it to any one?—what was it even to the domestic, whom I would sometimes hear smothering a laugh in the passage? When ten o'clock came—for Amanda and her mother were precise and methodical—I would invariably rise, and after a tearful parting, depart on my way to my lodgings, some two miles distant.

But upon one occasion—and now I am coming to my story—there was a terrible storm, which increased so much in violence, hour by hour, that when the inexorable mantel clock struck the hour of ten, both Amanda and her mother insisted upon my acceptance of their hospitality for the night.

"Conduct Mr. Dove to the crimson chamber," said the senior lady to the elderly servant who presented himself, candle in hand. I followed my guide up a steep, narrow, and lengthened staircase, and through a series of roomy, deserted apartments, where articles not in frequent use were stowed away. The servant, I observed stamped heavily as he approached the chamber, hemmed loudly, and looked frequently back over his shoulder, to see if I were following. When he reached the apartment, he fairly backed into it, placed the light hastily on a table near the door, and giving a furtive glance around, rushed hurriedly, and with undisguised terror, from the room. I called him back. He came unwillingly.

"What's the matter, Joe?" said I.

"Sir—nothing—sir."

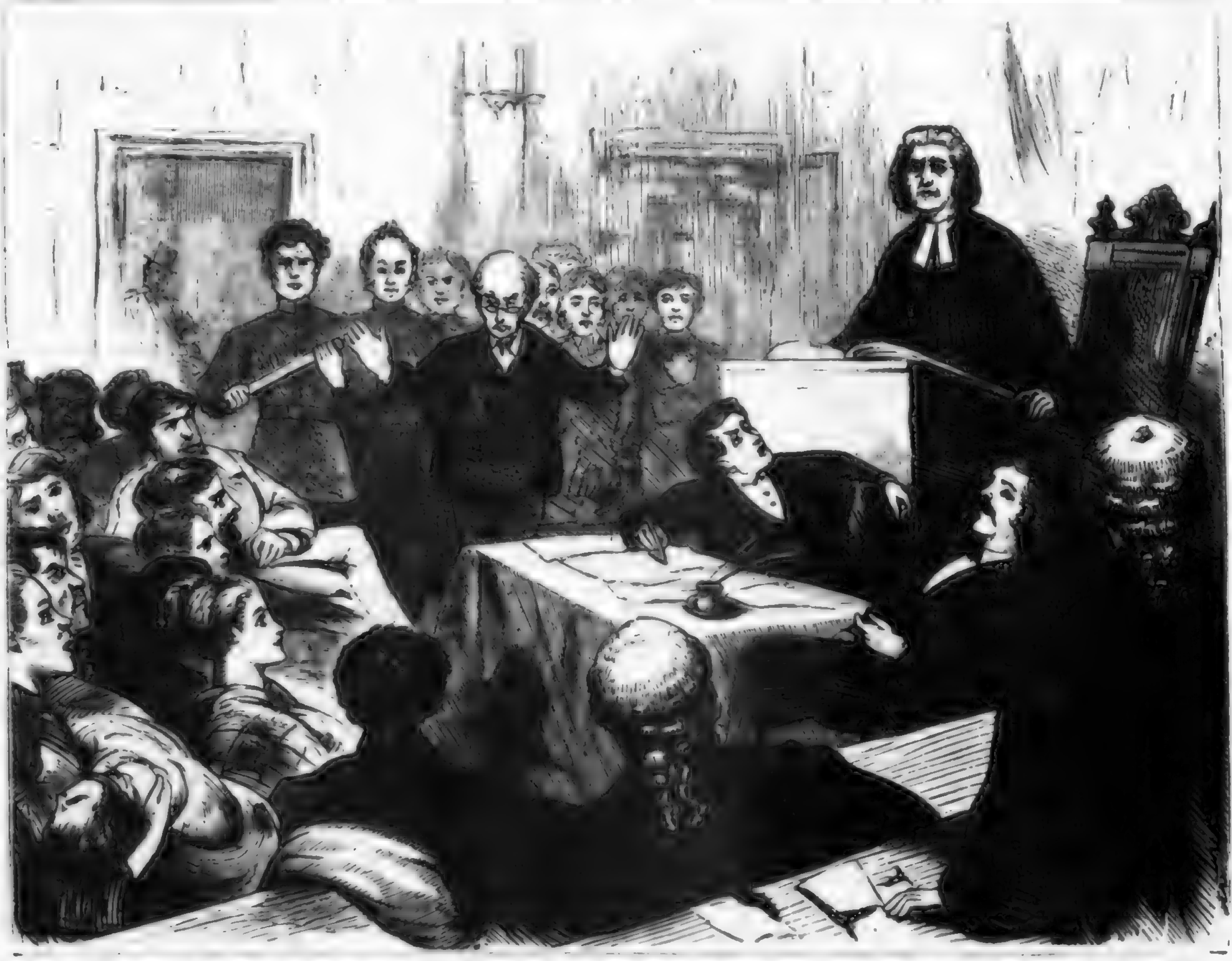
"I should think there was. What are you alarmed at? Is the room haunted?"

"Ye—yes, that's it, sir. It *be* haunted." The poor fellow fairly trembled. I laughed, but as I turned to look within the apartment, a sensation of awe involuntarily thrilled me. The walls, though of crimson, were of so deep and sombre a hue, they might have passed for black. The dark wainscot; the heavy window-hangings; the huge bedstead, with its dark crimson curtains looming up grimly and awfully in the centre of the apartment; the dense shadows piled up behind the bedstead, within the folds of the curtains, and flickering strangely and grotesquely upon the walls and ceiling; the dismal

XUM

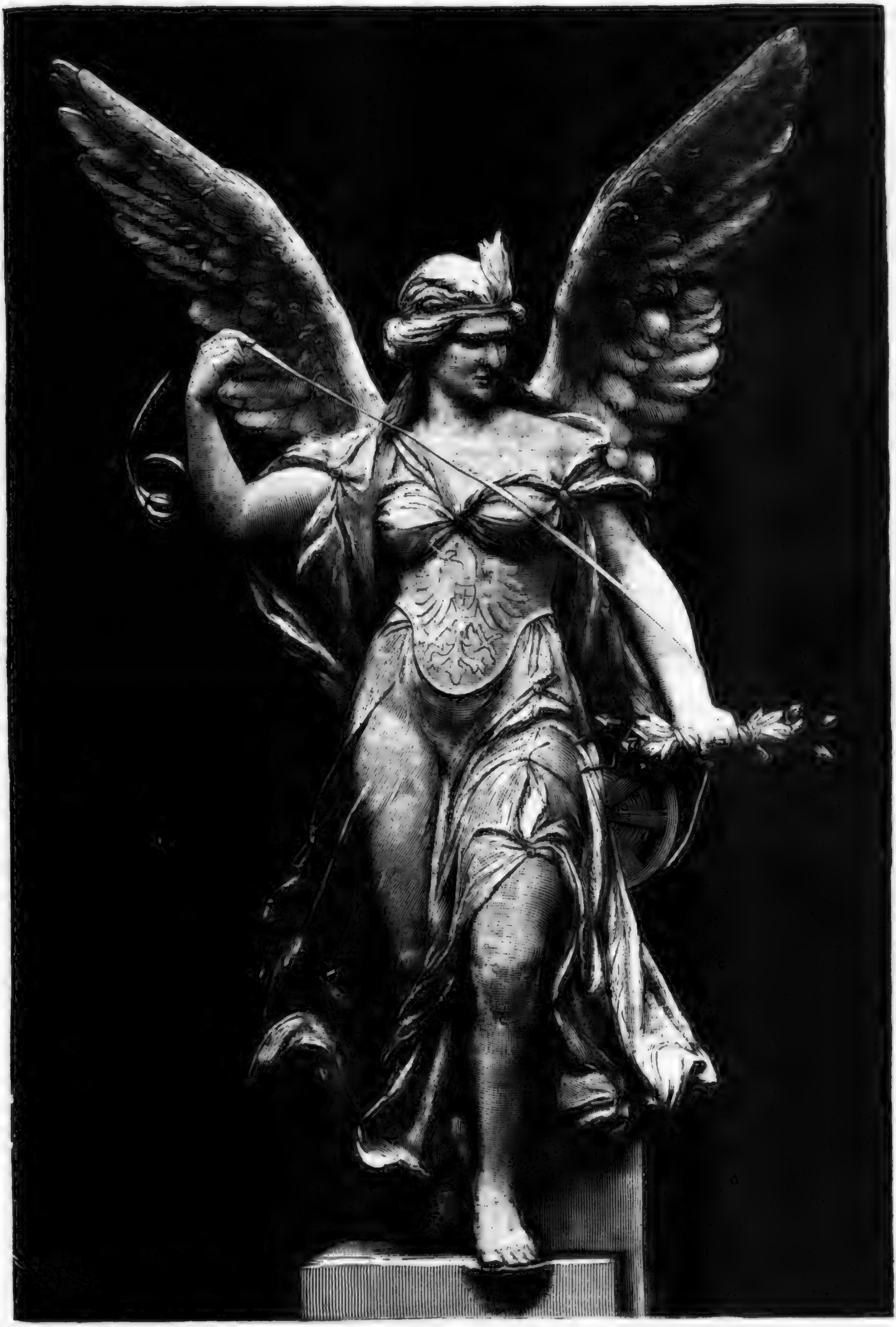
howl of the storm without, as the old trees beat against the window-shutters, and the rushing of the wind, with shrill, human-like cries through the halls and empty rooms—all these things combined, and no wonder, to produce sensations of indescribable terror and awe.

I dismissed the attendant, and closed the door. The silence, broken only by the wailings of the storm, was fairly appalling; but I bustled around, took care not to look at the awful shadows, and hurriedly throwing off my clothes, leaped into bed. I laughed at my superstitious awe, tried to shake it off, began to stare boldly about the room, and to express my contempt for the weakness I had been guilty of. But I found it more agreeable to turn my gaze inward, and to nestle down closely under warm coverlets, with the hope of wooing oblivious slumber to my eyelids. But I could not sleep. The storm was increasing. The trees around the house groaned and shricked as if in dying agony. Billows of wind roared down the wide chimney, swept screaming through every cranny and crevice, till, hushed and soothed, the blast would appear to sob itself to rest, dying plaintively away, until suddenly starting up with fiercer power. I was getting nervous, tossing from side to side, in vain attempting to keep pleasant subjects in mind, almost smothering myself beneath the coverlets, until profuse perspiration forced me to gain breath, and involuntarily gaze around.



HOW TO SETTLE THE ATTORNEYS.—"I STOOD UP, AND LOOKING FIRST AT ONE ATTORNEY, AND THEN AT THE OTHER, I SAID, WITH A SOLEMN VOICE, 'I ADJOURN THIS COURT FOR A MONTH.'"—SEE PAGE 106.

Suddenly I sprang up in bed, my brow loaded with drops of perspiration, while my breath was short and thick. I assuredly heard a sigh—a long-drawn moaning sigh, close to the head of my bed. I listened with open mouth, and eyes striving to penetrate the darkness. It was repeated. It was not fancy, nor the wind, but a deep, audible, continuous breathing, of a moaning, sigh-like character. I held my breath and listened, while I could feel my hair straighten up, and the blood curdle around my heart. Again I heard it, louder this time, and, to my imagination in its excited state, it sounded like a fearful groan of one in agony. Terror took entire possession of me. I sprang with a sudden bound into the middle of the floor, and, with all the haste I could, struck a light. Nothing was visible. The dense shadows which my dim taper drove into the corners, and behind the huge tabernacle of a bed, looked frightful, and assumed shapes gaunt, skeleton-like and terrible. The perspiration rolled from my forehead. My knees smote together. My teeth chattered, and I could only gasp for breath. Now, when I look back at it, I am as ready to laugh as the reader is, at the absurdity of my fears; but then it was all a terrible reality to me. At last I mustered sufficient courage to approach the bed, with a view of searching out the cause of the mysterious noise. I opened the closets at each side of the bed, where hung dust-covered, moth-eaten, superannuated suits of clothes, which shook as the wind rushed in and disturbed their long repose. Neither sigh nor sound was there. I stooped to look under the bed, when a shrill, loud whistle behind me (probably the wind rushing through the keyhole) was answered close to me by an unearthly noise, a fierce howling, and a dashing, scrambling noise. I sprang back as if I had been shot.



THE TELEGRAPH.—FROM THE STATUE BY KAFFSACK.

Howl followed howl, groan succeeded groan. I stood for a moment paralyzed, and then made one leap toward the door. There was a howling and tearing behind me. I threw open the door, and very possibly shrieked, as I rushed out into the wind-swept hall. Some huge object was behind me. I bounded along the passage like a maniac. I felt the pursuer at my heels. His breath was upon me. I had never known what terror was before. I uttered a cry, and stumbling over some object, fell prostrate, the vampire, ghost, or whatever it was, flinging itself upon me. The light was extinguished in the fall. The *creature's* huge, blood-sucking chops were upon my face. His breath, hot and fiery, filled my nostrils. I threw out my hands instinctively toward the danger, when my arms inclosed a huge, shaggy form, a palpable substance. I grasped it by the throat and struggled with it. Whatever it might prove, I was desperate, and prepared to battle to the last. At this instant a light flashed from the further end of the hall. A face appeared behind it. Then another light, backed by another face. I could see a blunderbuss amid the folds of the first comer's dress. It was old Joe. The light flashed upon me and my antagonist. I looked down, and saw myself rolling upon the floor in the embrace of a huge, shaggy Newfoundland dog. In an instant the absurdity of my situation, and the groundlessness of my fears, flashed upon me. I scrambled to my feet as quickly as possible. I wrapped the loose mantle around me, which I had thrown upon my shoulder when I rose to strike the light, and assumed all the importance of manner I could command.

"Joe," said I, "take this beast away. He's a perfect savage."

Old Joe, trembling and white, and still confidently believing that a ghost was in some way mixed up in the affair, approached, and led off the harmless creature, who stood looking on the scene complacently, wondering, no doubt, what all the ado was about.

It was with difficulty that I could maintain my imposing air until the servants were gone, and then, crestfallen and heartily ashamed, I crept off to bed.

I did not dare present myself to my Amanda the next morning—nor even the next night. When I did at last venture into her presence, I thought she received me coolly, but at the same time with a disposition to laugh at me. I felt exceedingly uncomfortable, and at half-past nine pleaded an engagement.

As I said before, this is a ghost story, not a love story, and I really think it does not concern the reader to know how my love suit flourished. I have inadvertently used the wrong word. The suit did anything but flourish. It rather lost ground after my misadventure—in fact, I never married Amanda after all. I now believe that she was an unseen auditor of my comical situation with the dog, and being somewhat of a hero-worshiper, she never could forgive the exhibition of pusillanimity and fear thus afforded her. All I can say about it is, wait until she gets caught in a similar fix.

But the lesson was enough for me. I have had no ghost-frights since.

A MOSAIC DISCOVERED AT NISMES, FRANCE, IN DECEMBER, 1883.

While excavating the soil in this ancient Roman city the workmen came upon a mosaic pavement of uncommon beauty, nearly twenty-five feet long by twenty wide, and, except at the top of the design, in a remarkable state of preservation. It was cleared from the accumulated rubbish of centuries, and raised under the superintendence of M. Mora, the most skillful and erudite mosaist of Southern France, and now occupies a royal position in the new museum of Nismes.

The city was a Roman *colonia*, founded by a legion which had served in Egypt under Augustus and Agrippa. The coins struck here recall all this. They have a palmtree and crocodile on one side, and on the other heads of Augustus and Agrippa, facing each other. The city had a fine amphitheatre, and must have been a place of no little prosperity. Many relics of value have been found there, but this mosaic is the gem of the collection. The artist was fertile in designs, for, as the reader will observe, he never repeats a design. The squares are all different, and those which may be termed geometrical are intricate and effective. One with four crosses suggests a Christian motive, another has in its centre almost a monogram of Christ. These squares vie with each other in originality and grace. At the top is a frieze of exquisite fineness, with lions, tigers, leopards, chimeras, partridges, a grasshopper, and other creatures. The central subject has led to great controversy and discussion, and even the learned Academy of Nismes has been unable to give a decisive judgment in the case. According to some, it is the "Marriage of Acmedes," a subject found treated somewhat similarly at Pompeii; Acmedes being a charming virgin who refused to marry a suitor who could not bring to her feet as a wedding-present a live lion and a live wild boar. Others think that it shows "Anthony and Cleopatra Receiving the Homage of Conquered Nations." Others think it refers to the founding of the city by the legion, which thus recalls its old-time connection with Anthony and Cleopatra.

HOW TO SETTLE THE ATTORNEYS.

Dingle is a small town in the southwest of Ireland, on the peninsula which forms one side of Dingle Bay. Lady Chatterton, in her travels in the south of Ireland, gives us the following amusing specimen of the primitive manners of the people:

"Law, sir!" repeated the man of Dingle, with a look of astonishment and affright—"Law, sir! we never mind the law in our court. We judge by the honesty of the case that comes before us, and let me tell you, sir, that if every court were so conducted there would be but few attorneys, and the country would be quiet and happy."

"But what would you do if any person brought an attorney these twenty-two long miles and hilly road (from Tralee), and introduced him into your court, and that he started some points of law, which required professional skill to reply to?"

"I'll tell you what I did myself," was the reply to this apparently perplexing question. "When I was deputy sovereign two fools in this town employed each of them an attorney, whom they brought at great expense from Tralee. When the attorneys went into court, and settled themselves with their bags and papers, all done up with red bits of tape, and one of them was getting up to speak, 'Crier,' said I, 'command silence.' 'Silence in the court!' said he. So I stood up, and looking first at one attorney, and then at the other, I said, with a solemn voice, 'I adjourn this court for a month.' 'God save the Queen!' said the crier; and then I left them all. And I assure you," he added, "that from that day to this no attorney ever appeared in our court; and, please God, we never will mind law in it, but go on judging by the honor and honesty of the cases that come before us."

THE TRIUMPH OF PERSEVERANCE.

ONE day, a long time ago, an olive-browed, gypsy-looking youth might be seen walking along the crowded Toledo, a great thoroughfare in the gay City of Naples. By his general appearance you would have guessed he was a traveling tinker, and you were made sure of the fact when you noticed the well-blackened bit of ironmongery which he swung to and fro in his hand.

There was something, however, in the young tinker which seemed to savor of a soul above kettle-mending, useful as that art is. He looked sad and disappointed, and held the old pan as if he would gladly have thrown it away.

Soon the gathering anger broke forth.

"Plague take these pots and pans!" said he; "but my time is up in a year, and then we'll see. Ah, here is what suits me!"

So saying, the tinker stopped at the window of a shop where paint-brushes and colors were sold. A picture or two showed the passers-by what delightful effects could be produced when those paint-brushes fell into clever artist hands.

"Ah!" sighed the gypsy, "how long will it be ere I can paint like that? Those trees—they are real; that water—I could drink it; those mountains behind which the sun is setting—I have seen them. I cannot think I shall ever be a painter good enough for a picture like that. But the prize is worth labor. Cheer up, Antonio."

So saying, the tinker moved on, singing a blithe Italian air, and wondering how soon Hope could make the desert Future look green.

A year passed away, during which Antonio continued to work for his master. All his spare time, however, was spent in drawing and painting.

Now and then he would go and stand near a certain house where an artist named Colantonio dwelt. Sometimes Antonio would see a maiden come and look out of a window, and then his heart would beat more quickly, and he would feel a flush upon his face; or she would come out, leaning upon her father's arm; but, though Antonio knew them both, and longed to join them in their walk, he dared not.

Never more was he to enter into that house—not one word was he to speak to the artist or his daughter, until he could call himself an artist, and a good one, too.

It was a hard condition, but Antonio felt there was some justice in it. It did not seem proper that a mender of ugly old pots should mate with one who lived all the days of her life among things of beauty.

It was not generous or lover-like to drag down Theresa to a grimy workshop from a saloon full of elegance; so Antonio put a brave heart upon it, and resolved to rise to fame in the road pointed out to him.

Many times he might have spoken to Theresa, had he chosen—many times was he tempted to do so; but he was too honorable to break a promise or disobey a father.

He went home on one occasion, after he had seen her looking more sweet than ever, to dream of her on a high precipice, and of himself hewing out steps in the rock on which she stood. He counted and the steps were nine.

"Must it, then, be nine years ere I can paint as well as Colantonio del Fiore? Nine years! What a time! But, wait a bit—perhaps the steps mean months? No; that won't do. Nine months, indeed! I've been six months already trying to draw my mother, and she laughs at my pictures, and says I make her squint like the old applewoman in our street; and my horses, she says, could not walk if they were alive. I fear I shall never be an artist. But what can a man do? I have a cousin at Bologna, and he has done some service to a painter there. I'll go to Bologna. Pietro will take care of mother, and I'll send her half my earnings. My time is out next week, and then I'll go and see Theresa no more until I can paint as well as Colantonio del Fiore."

Bologna is some way from Naples, but what will not a steadfast purpose do? In a short time after Antonio was delivered from the pots he stood in that learned city. His cousin, who was a silk-manufacturer, received him most kindly, and promised to introduce him to Lippo Dalmasio, the great Madonna painter. Michele, the silk-spinner, had saved Lippo's life or limbs in a street row, and Lippo had never forgotten his preserver. When, therefore, Michele took Antonio to Lippo's studio, the great artist readily promised to find out Antonio's powers, and to encourage them if they seemed worth encouraging.

When Antonio returned to his cousin's house in the evening his face was radiant with joy—Lippo had given him something to copy, and he had done the task well—so well that Lippo had praised him.

Lippo was a painter of religious subjects, and had got the name of Lippo del Madonne, from his many pictures of the Virgin Mary. One of his pictures may yet be seen in the Church of St. Procolo, and a great painter named Guido Reni, who lived long after him, used to say that no man in his time could draw so holy a face as that.

Under the kind and patient Lippo our honest and painstaking gypsy friend made progress—slow at first, of course, but no less sure. His dream of the nine steps was rather a slight thing to build upon; but Antonio lived in a superstitious age, and was not coming back to Naples to be defeated.

He would not return until he could fairly astonish Colantonio; and his mother and Pietro could come to Bologna and live with him.

Very frugal and quiet was Antonio. Gay and spirited are the citizens of Bologna, and noisy in their merriment. Pure is the mountain air, and bright are those Italian skies; but Antonio's heart was in Naples, and his time was spent in prayer and work.

Daily he rose in Lippo's esteem; and at length, nine years having come to an end, he bade his good cousin and his dear master farewell, and went southward by Florence and Rome.

One day, soon after, an artist, unknown by name, craved permission to present a picture to the Queen of Naples. No one knew who he was or whence he came. He called himself Antonio de Solario, and was our old friend the tinker.

It requires some management to present anything to a crowned head, for "divinity doth hedge a king"; but Antonio was not one to be easily daunted.

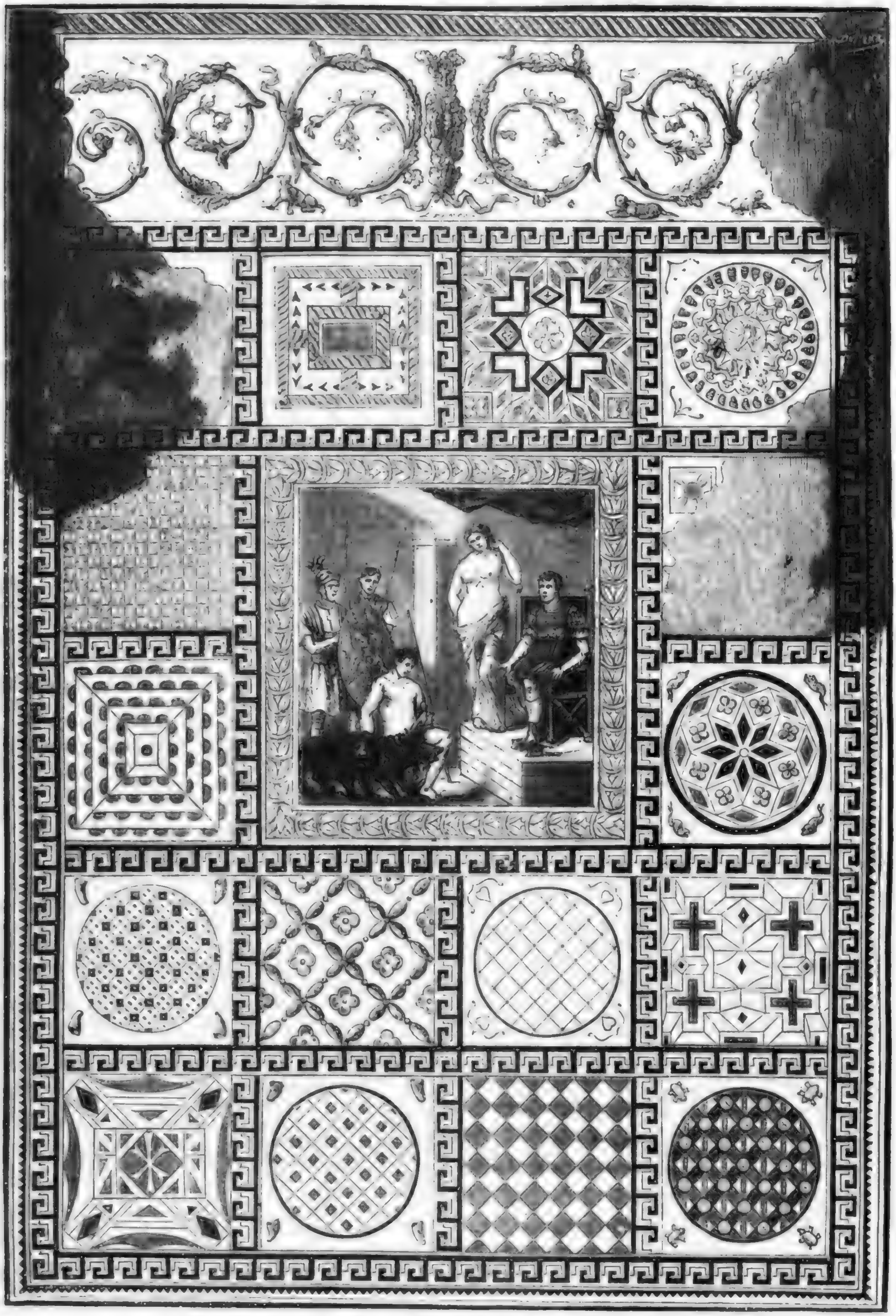
And his picture was worthy of any monarch's acceptance; it represented the Holy Child Jesus crowned by angels.

Used as the Italians are to beautiful pictures, the Queen was breathless with pleasure when Antonio's lovely work appeared.

"What a wonderful picture!" said she. "What expression in those heads! How rich the colors! What a charm in every part!"

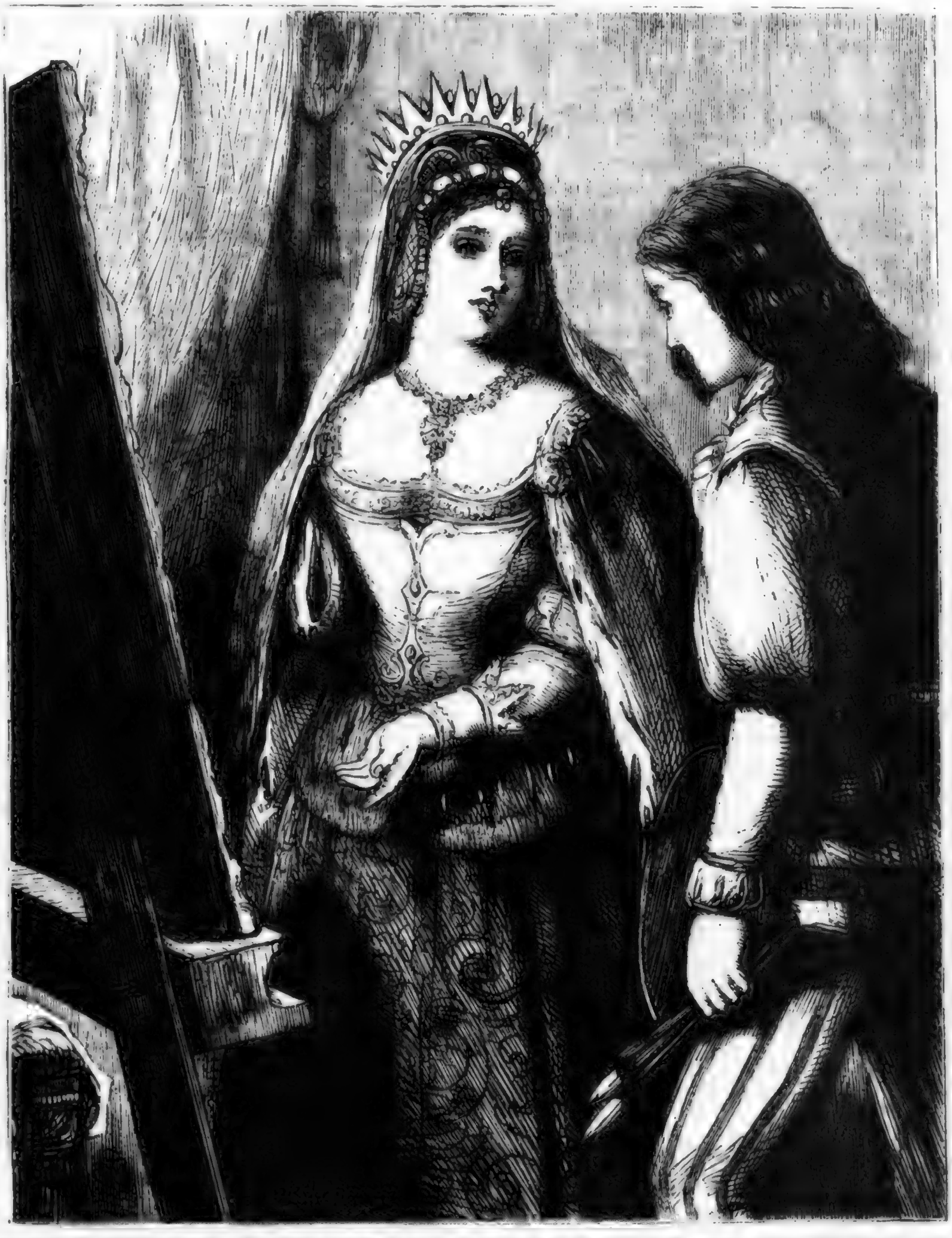
Antonio bowed low at such praise, and again he bowed when the Queen requested him to paint a portrait of herself.

This was success, indeed! The portrait was painted and exhibited to the public of Naples, together with the sacred picture of the "Coronation."



A MOSAIC DISCOVERED AT NISMES, FRANCE, IN DECEMBER, 1883.— SEE PAGE 106.

Old Colantonio, in common with all his brother-artists, went to gaze and criticise. Antonio, ten years older than he was, and disguised, stood, utterly unknown, close to the old artist and his daughter when they came to inspect the picture.



THE TRIUMPH OF PERSEVERANCE.—"ANTONIO BOWED LOW AT SUCH PRAISE, AND AGAIN HE BOWED WHEN THE QUEEN REQUESTED HIM TO PAINT A PORTRAIT OF HERSELF."—SEE PAGE 107.

Colantonio looked very old and broken in health. Theresa's face was still as good and kind as it used to be. She reminded Antonio of one of those saints Lippo was so fond of painting.

Of course, Antonio said to himself: "I wonder whether she remembers me? I should have known her, I think, had I met her anywhere."

While he was looking at her face, she suddenly looked at him, and their eyes met; perhaps there was something in the unknown artist which reminded her of the gypsy Antonio who disappeared so long ago, for she started and looked confused.

"And where did you study?" asked Colantonio; "and with whom."

"With Lippo Dalmasio, at Bologna," answered Antonio: "and I sometimes call myself Il Zingaro; or, The Gypsy."

Again Theresa looked searchingly at the unknown artist, and wondered: "Can it be?"

"But what is your real name?" asked the old artist. "You don't mean to go down to posterity as Il Zingaro, do you?"

"My real name," said the painter, looking fixedly at

Theresa, "is Antonio de Solario. I left Naples ten years ago, because an artist named Colantonio"—here Colantonio looked in amazement at Antonio, who now faced him with his honest, fearless eye—"because an artist named Colantonio would not let me love his daughter unless I could paint as well as he. For ten long years has Antonio been working. Has he succeeded, Colantonio, or not?"

The astonishment of Colantonio and the happiness of Theresa formed a picture worth painting. The old man embraced Antonio, and vowed he had made him the happiest man alive.

Long had he regretted sending Antonio away, for he found it had preyed on his daughter's spirits; and often had he made inquiries among his painter friends, in Sienna, Umbria, Padua, Venice, and elsewhere, about the missing youth, but nothing had come of it; and now, when he was drooping, and thought he had doomed his daughter to live and die unprotected, her faithful Antonio appeared, to throw his manly arms about her, and be her protector—a worthy one, too!

Great was the rejoicing that night in the old artist's house, and seldom was a marriage more blest than that which soon after united Il Zingaro to Theresa Colantonio. The high reputation he had achieved was well sustained by steadfast toil, and many altar-pieces and wall-paintings remained after him, to speak of the talent of one who raised himself, by determined industry, from the mending of pots and saucepans to a place of honor among great men.

DUCK-SHOOTING IN NEBRASKA.

By Orville Deane.

Let him doubt it who will, and yet I affirm, on my honor as a man, that what I am about to relate is a plain, unvarnished statement of facts. I know very well that the story will seem like an exaggeration to those who have never hunted in the Far West.

Before I went there I often heard such things related, but I always supposed that the stories were very highly colored. I have now learned, however, that in these matters exaggeration is scarcely possible, and that most stories told of the great numbers of birds seen are, in fact, but very moderate statements.

When I first entered the duck region of Nebraska, I did so in company with a gentleman who had been there several times before. As we rode across the prairie one day, and came within sight of a line of little ponds, or, as the Western people call them, "sloughs," he pointed out a dark mass hanging in air a mile away, and remarked:

"There are the ducks."

"Where?" said I. "I see clouds in abundance, but no birds."

"Nay, but you see birds in abundance, and no clouds," was his reply.

And I found it even as he had said. Ducks fly there in flocks of thousands—I do not know but by tens of thousands.

During the Summer they live in the Far North, where they breed, and they spend their Winters in the South; but every Autumn they alight on the rivers and lakes and sloughs of the Western States, where they remain till the waters are frozen over.

They feed on the grain-fields of the great wheat-growing regions, and on a certain native product called "wild rice," which grows in abundance about the sloughs and watercourses.

As an article of food their flesh is much superior to that of the sea-duck, or our common domesticated bird—being less oily than either of these.

In almost any region a tolerable hunter can bag twenty birds in a morning or evening shoot, while, if one cares to make a business of hunting them, he can secure a very large number.

Let me recite an experience of mine during a single week in the Autumn of 1880.

Several of us had been on a hunting excursion in the vicinity of the Dismal River, and had been driven back by an untimely snowstorm, known in those regions as a "blizzard." Snow fell in the middle of October to a depth of about eighteen inches, and the temperature was so low that the rivers were frozen sufficiently hard to bear up our teams.

As we returned to the settlements, our route lay along the Elkhorn River, and we found that duck had gathered at the occasional open places in the stream in unheard of numbers. When within forty miles of the point whence we set out on the hunt, two of us determined to go back up the river for a few days' shooting.

We stopped over night with a settler who lived near the river, and next day amused ourselves with shooting duck and hanging them up in his house, to be used by him for food.

I do not know how many we killed, but I know we left a large number. It was easy, in the light snow, to creep up to a bend in the stream, and shoot into a flock as they rose, and we kept at it nearly all day.

Toward night I resolved to go further up the stream, and I arranged with my companion to meet me at the place where we were then stopping some three or four days later.

Mounting my broncho pony, I started up the stream. My saddle was arranged with straps attached at every possible place for carrying game, and I threw a grain-sack across the pony's back, with a little corn in one end and a large number of loaded cartridges in the other.

I was not long in securing as many birds as I could conveniently carry about the saddle. Wherever there was an open place in the river the water was fairly covered with ducks.

Fastening my pony a little distance off on the prairie, I crept up to the stream and shot into a large flock time and again. The birds were singularly easy of approach. I have never seen them as much so elsewhere. I had no difficulty in choosing my position, from which I fired one barrel as they rested on the water, and then gave them another as they rose.

In this way I killed a great many. But what gave me an especial advantage was the fact that, after I had fired into the flocks on the water, and again as they rose, the great body of them would invariably return and expose themselves to my fire again, so that, in many instances, I shot four or five times into a flock at close range, with terrible effect. I gathered up dead birds by the dozen all that afternoon.

In one instance, when I was distant from my pony, and had used up all except one of my shells, I fired into a flock and killed eleven birds with one barrel.

I distinctly remember that, as I came to McClure's ranch, where I stopped that night, I left a saddle-load of birds for the use of his family.

I further recall that, when I started out the next morning on my journey up the river, I soon had another saddle-load, which I sent back to Mr. McClure by one of his herdsmen, whom I met; that soon after I left another load at a herder's camp; that at Graves's ranch, where I dined, I left quite a number; that, returning to McClure's a few days later, I left another lot with him; and that I carried so many back to the house where my friend had been stopping, that the settler declared he had more meat on hand than his family could use in a month.

This was uncommon experience, I admit, and perhaps I shall never see it repeated; for, as I have said, the untimely storm had driven them in from all the surrounding sloughs, and the exceptionally cold weather had closed the river, save at certain points, where the birds were massed.

Some of the incidents connected with the trip were thrilling, and some of them were very amusing.

In one case I saw a single duck sitting on a snowbank at the river's edge. It was nearly dark, and I had been shooting so much during the day that I cared but little about killing more.

And yet I was curious to see how near I could ride to that bird before he would fly away. He was on the opposite side of the stream, and on the side where I was the water was hidden by a steep bluff, rising, perhaps, six or eight feet above the river.

I rode on, surprised that the bird did not fly, till I was within twenty feet of the stream, when, at a note of warning given by this sentinel, an enormous flock rose from the water under the bluff.

Like the roar of artillery, like the pealing of thunder at midnight, like the sound of many waters breaking in upon the quiet of a Summer's day, was the sound of their wings as they flew away. I sat for a moment in perfect amazement at the sight and the sound. I have no doubt there were three thousand birds in that flock alone.

In another instance I saw an Irishman carrying a very long-barreled gun in his hand, and deliberately walking up to a little slough, where, perhaps, a hundred birds were settled on the water. They were not wild, and Pat walked up to a point within at least thirty yards of them, when he took deliberate aim and fired. His old musket spoke out like an ordinary howitzer, but not a duck was injured.

I rode up and laughingly said:

"Pat, the trouble was you had no shot in your gun."

"An' sure an' I did, sur," he promptly responded.

"Well," said I, "your old gun is good for nothing," and then, just to see what he would say, I added: "That is the kind of a gun you need," at the same time holding up my matchless Colt breech-loader.

He looked at me and at the gun alternately for a moment, and inquired how far I could kill duck with that gun. I replied, "About three-quarters of a mile."

Just then two mallards were passing northward beyond the slough, about eighty yards from where we were. Pat saw them, and taking me at my word, cried out:

"Shoot one of thim, be gorry."

I could not decline the challange very gracefully, and so, while my pony kept moving about uneasily, I aimed about four feet ahead of the duck, and pulled the trigger, and, to my complete amazement, the bird fell dead.

The gentleman from Erin opened his eyes and mouth to cavernous proportions, as he dropped his gun and exclaimed:

"Just tell me now—an'—an'—fwhat koind of a gun have ye got there intirely?"

I assured him that was not much of a shot, and after telling him he might have the dead bird, and giving him a dozen more, I rode on, saying to myself:

"I couldn't repeat that in a million shots, nor is there one gun in a million that would have reached the bird that time."

I like a good gun, and have tried many different kinds, but for all sorts of work, at the shore, in the brush, and on the prairie, I have never found anything so satisfactory as the weapon made by the Colt Manufacturing Company.

SUNSET.

By Herman Merivale.

Wearing Aurora's robe, night after night,
Some radiant spirit rules the western sky,
Drowning the sun-tints with such rich supply
Of colors weaved of unremembered light,
That it would seem the Master-painter's might
Had wrought anew His palette there on high,
To tell the tired world rainbows shall not die,
Which first His pledge of promise did indite.
Forged newly like a steel-blue scimitar,
The crescent Moon shines keener than of old,
And, as the drawn sword of one armed for war,
Marshals those hosts of crimson, green, and gold,
Till underneath the quiet Evening Star
The great review pales out into the cold.

THORPE TOWER.

By S. A. Weiss.

DR. GRAY, on his sober sorrel, turned out of the highway into a pleasant lane leading across the fields in the direction of his home. It was getting late, and he was tired and anxious to reach home and refresh himself with the tea which he knew his daughter Alice would have in readiness. And the country doctor being a privileged person, made no scruple of opening the gate and crossing the Manor fields, albeit in so doing he was trespassing. He looked up as he closed the gate behind him—looked with an expression of thoughtful interest in the direction of the old Manor house, with its many gables and chimneys, and the ivy-covered tower close behind it, sole remnant of the ancient castle which had once stood here.

It was a neglected, uninhabited-looking place, and yet the doctor remembered when it had been an attractive residence, as with a little care it could still be made.

But that had been in the youth of the present owner, old Squire Thorpe, and about the time when he had brought home his fair young bride. She had died within a year, and from that time all had become changed at the Manor, and the squire himself, never very socially inclined, had led the life of a recluse, with only one or two old servants about him.

In the last year or two he had first one nephew and then another with him at the Manor; but of even them he saw but little, passing his time generally alone in the old tower, which he used as study and library.

Dr. Gray was aroused from his reverie by perceiving a woman hastening out of the house and eagerly beckoning to him. He at once quickened the pace of his tired horse.

"Oh, doctor, what a blessed providence that you happened to be passing! The master, sir, he's took with one o' his fits, and——"

"Where is he?" inquired the doctor, dismounting.

"In the tower, sir, as usual; and——"

But the doctor was already on the narrow flight of stone steps which, ascending against the outside wall of the tower, led to a low-arched doorway. Entering and passing through another doorway, he stood in a gloomy-looking room, almost bare of furniture, but lined with shelves laden with books and philosophical instruments,

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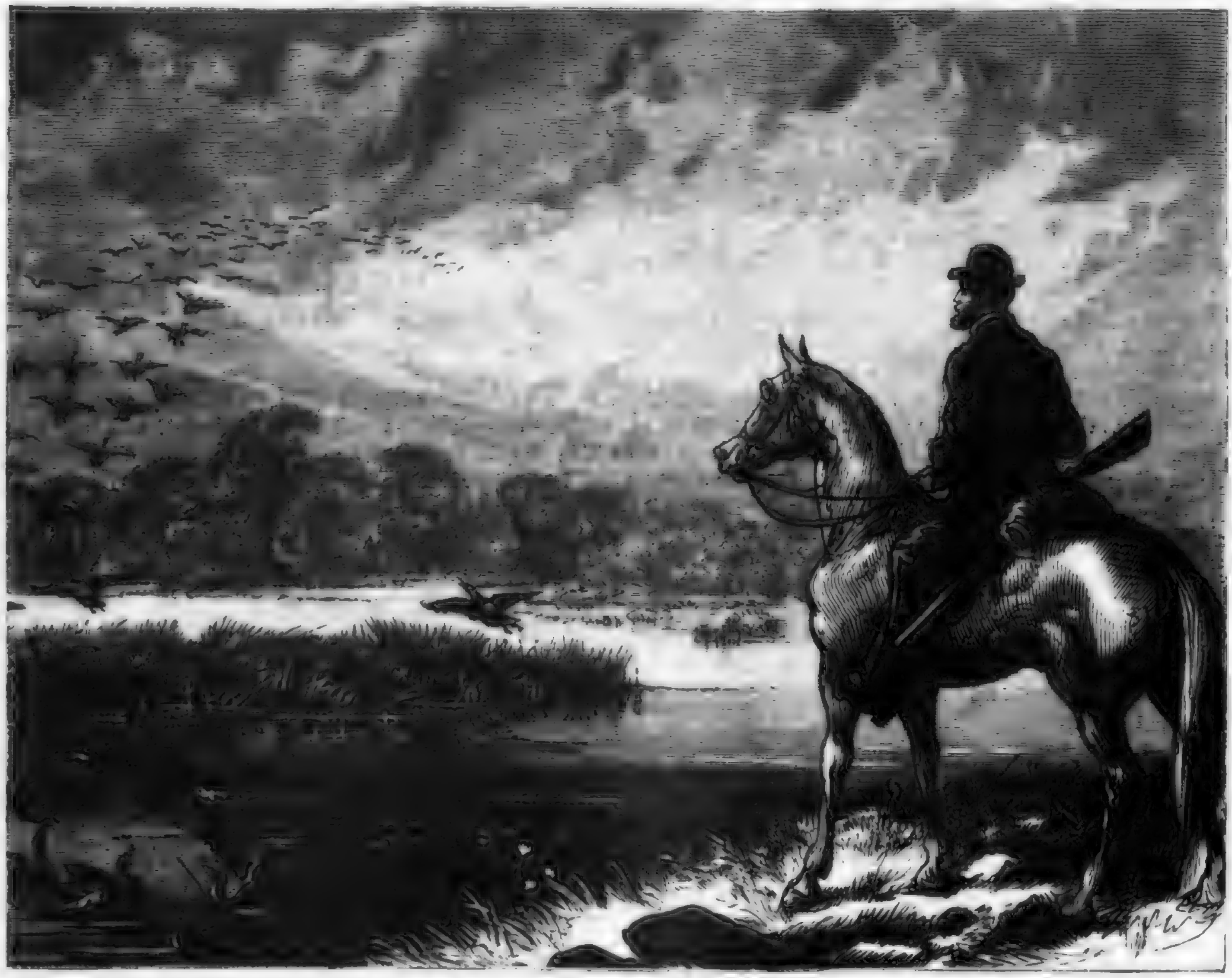
Squire Thorpe sat upright in an oaken chair, his head thrown back and vest unloosed, while his faithful servant, Jarvis, knelt before him, rubbing his chest and limbs.

"You came just a little too late, doctor," he remarked, grimly. "It is pretty well over now—except for the faintness here."

Squire Thorpe, with a characteristic obstinacy and reserve, would never acknowledge that he was ill. But the doctor, who understood his case, now without a word proceeded to his relief.

In a brief time the paroxysm was subdued, and the old man sat easy, but very pale, while the physician anxiously watched him.



DUCK-SHOOTING IN NEBRASKA.—SEE PAGE 110.

"It is not necessary," he was saying, in his hard, positive way. "I am as well here as in the house below. This old tower has been my favorite haunt—my study and library—since I was a boy, and I don't feel inclined to give it up. I should not feel at my ease anywhere else. Besides, here nothing can disturb me, and if I want anything I ring."

"But suppose that in one of these attacks you should not be able to reach the bellrope?"

The old man slowly shrugged his shoulders.

"What is to be, will be."

The doctor gave an impatient gesture.

"If you will pass your life in this owl's nest, why don't you give your nephews access to you? You are too much alone for your own good; and their society, I should think, would cheer you!"

"I don't like to be interrupted. Besides, Roland is busied with his farm, and Walter—well, I fancy the boy would prefer his shooting and fishing. What pleasure would it be to him to be shut up with an old man in what you can call an owl's nest?"

"So you have handed over the farm to Roland?" inquired the doctor, in some surprise.

"Yes. It was lying useless, and I thought it best to give him something to do. You know the whole estate will be his by right of entail, he being the son of my eldest brother; and I did not care to keep him waiting for dead men's shoes."

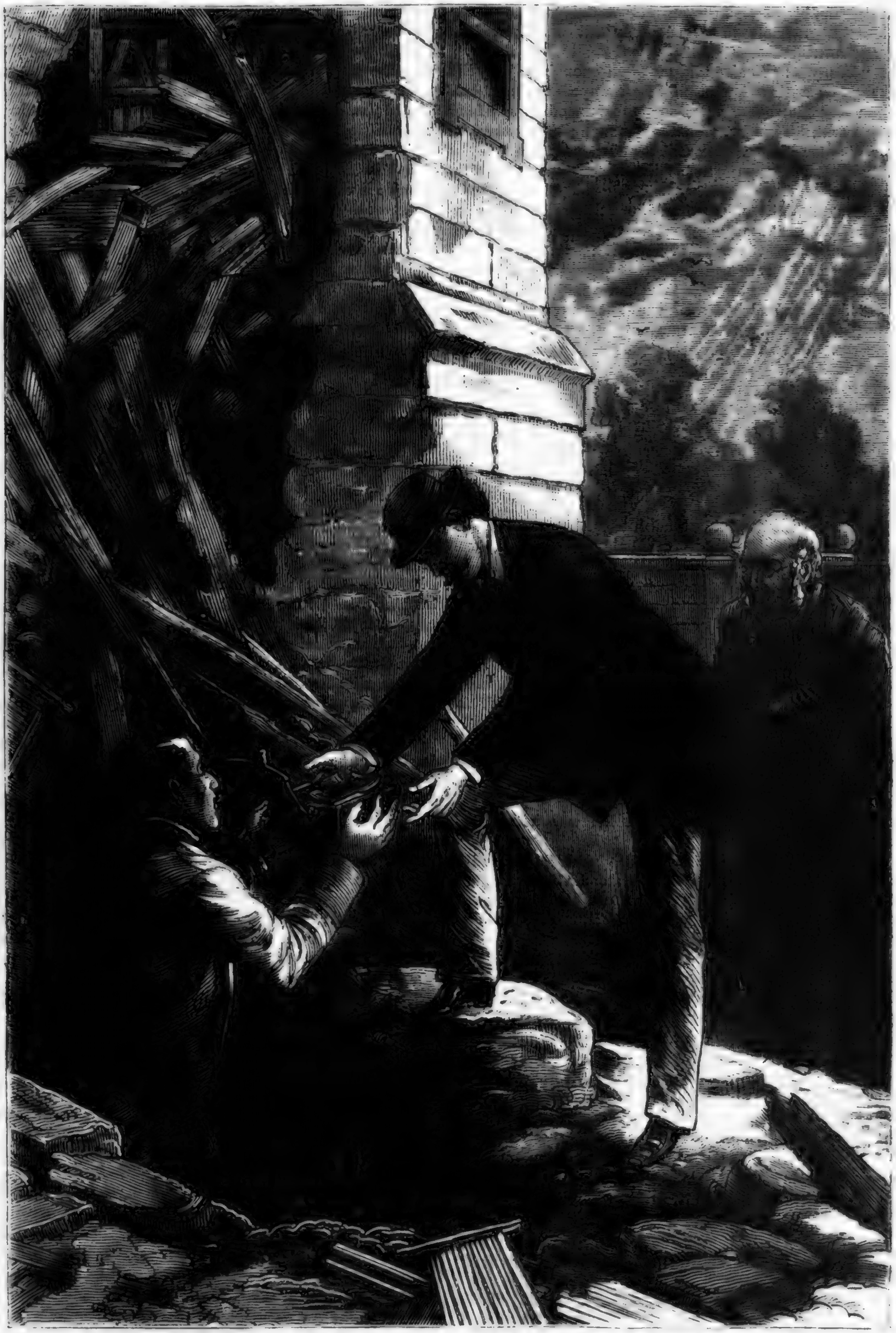
"It seems a pity," remarked Dr. Gray, quietly, "that Walter should not come in for a share."

"Walter will be provided for," said the old man, grimly. "You know my own funded property is worth twice the value of the estate."

Dr. Gray did know this. He looked for a moment thoughtfully from the window, while absently twirling his watch-seal. A close observer might have noticed a slight flush, a slight expression of hesitancy, on his careworn face. He was thinking of Roland Thorpe and his own daughter, Alice. Until Walter came Roland had been considered the heir not only to the estate, but to the whole of his uncle's property—and Roland loved Alice. But Dr. Gray, though often meek, was honest; and now, after that momentary hesitation, he spoke out.

"If you desire to make another will in Walter's favor, would it not be better to do it at once?"

"I know, I know," answered the squire. "You would tell me that delays in my case are dangerous."



THORPE TOWER.—"'HERE IS SOMETHING, SIR!' CALLED OUT ONE OF THE MEN. 'AN IRON BOX, WITH PAPERS IN IT. I KNEW IT MUST BE HERE; FOR I SAW IT WHEN IT FELL.'"—SEE PAGE 111.

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"I would. All life, even that of the young and the healthy, is liable to be suddenly cut short; and in your own case——"

"Yes, yes! You've told me often enough that my life hangs by a thread, and may be snapped any moment. You told me so five years ago, you remember, and I am alive still. Time enough, time enough; but I mean to provide for Walter. He sha'n't be left penniless."

"He is a fine young man," the doctor remarked. "So is Roland."

"No, sir!" the old man said, positively; "no, doctor, Roland is *not* a fine young man. Clever and brilliant he is, but that is the best of him. I never knew it till lately; till he returned from college and found Walter here. But I see now that there is an underhand meanness about Roland which no true Thorpe ever possessed. He got it from his mother's family, and you know what *they* are. Walter is different; not so showy or plausible as Roland, but good-hearted and true, and the soul of honor, sir—the soul of honor."

"I believe it," assented the doctor.

"I am sorry," resumed the old squire, slowly—"sorry that I have only of late known Walter. But you know how it was, Dr. Gray. His father and I did not get along very well together, and I have seen but little of him and his family. I must try to make it up to them. A poor clergyman with six children needs help. I shall write to him this evening—yes, this evening. It will do me good!"

"Then I will give you time to do it," the doctor said, rising; "only I do dislike to leave you here alone in this old tower. It is not safe, either," he added, looking around, "and I feel uneasy every time that I enter that doorway."

"Tut, tut!" interrupted the squire. "These old walls will last as long as I do. And now for the letter to David," he added to himself, as his visitor passed out.

Dr. Gray cautiously descended the steps, noticing as he went how the mortar had all fallen away, and the stones of the old walls seemed lying loosely upon one another. He felt relieved as he got beyond its shadow; and, remounting his horse, he pursued his way homeward, wrapped in thought.

He was in sight of his own house before he knew it; and there at the front garden-gate stood Alice, watching for him. But she was not alone, for a tall young man stood leaning on the gate talking to her, apparently very earnestly.

In the twilight the doctor at first took him to be Roland Thorpe, but on coming nearer discovered it to be Walter, Roland's cousin; and his face shadowed somewhat as he passed by them with a not very cheerful greeting.

"Could I but be certain," he thought, as he slowly passed up the graveled walk to the door—"could I but be certain how this will of the squire will turn out! I fear she likes this boy—as do I, for that matter; but, should the squire die before making a will in his favor, the match is not to be thought of. And should she refuse Roland"—the anxious lines again contracted about the doctor's brow and mouth—"I fear it will go hard with us. Poor child, she knows nothing about the mortgage!"

His wife, a fair, delicate-looking woman, came into the hall to meet him, and he smoothed his brow and tried to look cheerful as he spoke to her.

At the same moment, Alice, standing at the garden gate, and looking wistfully after her father, was saying to Walter Thorpe:

"Walter, don't you think papa has changed of late? He doesn't look so well as usual, or appear to be in as good spirits. I fear he has some trouble."

"I hope not. Only a little overworked, perhaps. With so large a practice, your father should allow himself to take some rest."

And then their conversation turned again to themselves, and a little while after Alice was saying, blushingly:

"It doesn't matter in the least, Walter, how poor you are. Neither papa nor mamma would ever wish me to marry for money, and papa has enough for us all."

Ah, as the doctor had said, she knew nothing about the mortgage.

A few hours thereafter it became known to Dr. Gray, and to every one in the surrounding neighborhood, that old Squire Thorpe was dead. He had been found by his faithful servant, Jarvis, seated in his chair, erect but stone dead. He still grasped a pen in his fingers, and on the desk before him lay a half-finished letter to his brother David, in which he made the assurance that "he meant to do something handsome for Walter."

So Roland was now Squire Thorpe, of Thorpe Tower, and by the contents of the old existing will, made three years previous, heir to all his uncle's large property, besides being owner of the entailed estate.

* * * * * *

"It is hard, Walter," said Dr. Gray, as he grasped the young man's hand, some days after the funeral—"hard, because I know that your uncle intended to include you in a new will."

"So he told me, sir." And he added, with a certain huskiness in his tone: "It *is* hard, doctor—harder than any but myself can know, not for the sake of the money, but because so much to me depended upon it."

Dr. Gray moved uneasily in his study-chair, but Walter Thorpe, with frank, earnest eyes, looked full in his face.

"Dr. Gray, I have heard you say that you would not give your daughter to a poor man."

"And I must stick to it, Walter, in justice to my daughter. I have known too well from experience the evils of marrying in poverty. I saw Alice's mother gradually sink under them, until health and spirits were gone, and I resolved, if possible, to shield our child from such a fate. I worked hard, and made enough to live on in tolerable comfort; but for their sakes I have lived up to my means—beyond my means—and should I die now, I have nothing to leave them—literally nothing."

"But, doctor, if you would consent to Alice waiting? I have youth, health and strength. Other men have started in life as poor as I, with fewer natural advantages, and have found success. I may do the same."

"May, or may not," was the reply. "It is chance, after all. I have known men to strive and wear their lives out with toil, and yet not win bread enough for their families, while to others, not half so industrious or deserving, wealth came easily. No, no, Walter. If only for your own sake, better not think of it. Let my girl remain free; and should she meet with some one else whom she can like, and who is able to support her in a style which I shall require"—here the doctor's glance unconsciously wandered away through the open window in the direction of Thorpe Tower—"then she will be free to marry him. Do not consider me unkind, Walter. Think well on the subject, and you will acknowledge me to be in the right.'

Dr. Gray looked after the young man as he left the house. Alice was crossing the little lawn, and the two met and stood for a moment with clasped hands. The doctor almost groaned. He was not a mercenary man, but did he not know what was at stake in regard to his daughter's marriage? And as he watched them he saw the little gate opened and Roland Thorpe come up the graveled walk toward the house.

He was a tall, dark, handsome young man—some years older than Walter. He saluted Alice and his cousin with easy courtesy as they met; but Dr. Gray, watching him unseen, saw when he had passed them the hard, sinister expression which darkened his countenance; and for the first time his heart misgave him. He remembered the old squire's estimate of his nephew's character, and was conscious of a wish that Walter, and not Roland, had been the heir. Walter's frank face could never have worn that look.

"Alice," said Walter, as the two strolled away amid the shrubbery, "I have come to tell you good-by."

"Oh, Walter, must you really go?"

"I must, darling. I have the world before me and my own fortune to make. I will meet it bravely, Alice, but I feel that I cannot give you up."

"Who says that you must give me up?"

"Your father."

And then he told her of his interview with the doctor.

The girl at first turned pale; but then she looked up bravely.

"It will make no difference, Walter, whether or not we are engaged. You will succeed; I know you will; and *I will wait for you.*"

"Oh, Alice, if you will, I shall feel strong enough for anything."

And then for a while they talked together, half-sadly but hopefully; and when the young man finally bade her adieu he wore a brave, determined look, which augured well for the future. But, oh, the long weary years which must, perchance, pass before he could win his fortune and his wife!

When young Squire Thorpe had also left, after an unusually lengthy visit, Alice was summoned to her father's study.

She found him walking up and down in an agitated manner; but he calmed himself, and seating her opposite him, bade her listen to and consider well what he had to say.

It was no unexpected news to her to learn that Roland Thorpe had proposed for her hand. She had known that he would do so, and had done all in her power to discourage him. But she *was* surprised when her father explained to her that Roland Thorpe had some time previous loaned to him, of his own means inherited from his father, a considerable sum, to which the doctor was still indebted to him, with no prospect of a speedy settlement; and that he had hinted, barely hinted, that he would make use of his power unless Alice became his wife.

"I will not seek to force your inclination in this matter, my dear," the doctor continued; "but I wish you to consider the subject; and remember that, should you decide against Roland Thorpe, certain ruin stares us in the face. We shall be homeless, your mother and I. I am too old to think of retrieving the past, even should I succeed in keeping my practice with my failing health and the competition now in the field. Roland loves you——"

"Papa, I hate Roland Thorpe. Nobody likes him!"

"I don't see why you should dislike him. I know of nothing against him; he is clever and handsome—a gentleman—and one who can give you position and fortune. As to your fancy for Walter, you are both young—too young to know your own minds, perhaps, and in a few months may forget each other. Still, I will not seek to coerce you, Alice," continued the doctor, the old, careworn, anxious look returning to his face. "I only ask you to think it all over, my daughter, and to-morrow let me know your decision."

To give up Walter, or to condemn her father and mother (her poor toil-worn father and feeble mother, whose idol she was) to poverty and misery—this was the choice presented to Alice. Never, in all her after life, did she lose the memory of that night of wretchedness.

It was on the following day that Walter Thorpe, equipped for traveling, stood on the flagged terrace of the Manor house, waiting, as one of the servants brought round the carriage which was to take him to the nearest railway station. Roland he had not seen since the previous evening, and he was evidently avoiding him, having remained all night on his farm.

The day had been still and sultry, and now, as Walter paced restlessly up and down the terrace, he became aware of a sudden darkening of the sky, while a mass of inky clouds, which had arisen in the west, rolled rapidly toward the zenith.

"There's going to be a roaring storm, Master Walter," said old Jarvis, as he stood solemnly surveying the dark, threatening sky. "Take my advice and wait till it's over, even if you do miss the train. 'Twould a'most seem as if Nature was agin your leaving the old place, and I wish in my heart it hadn't to be. There! it's upon us sure enough now."

A flash of lightning and a heavy roll of thunder had interrupted him, and scarcely had they time to seek the shelter of the house when the storm broke in all its fury.

Walter stood at the window watching the rage of the elements. The rain fell in torrents, hissing along the parched ground, and peal after peal of thunder broke, as it seemed, directly over their heads. At last came a crash so loud and awful that Walter started.

"What was that?" he asked, hastily. "That was something more than thunder."

"It's the tower, Master Walter! Heaven ha' mercy on us, but the tower's fallen down!"

It was true. A flash of lightning had struck the old tower, and rent it fairly in twain. One half lay a heap of ruins, while the rest, remaining erect, displayed within its shattered walls the shelves laden with books which had formed the old squire's library.

"How glad I am," said Walter, with almost a tremble in his tone, "that this did not occur while my uncle lived. It would have so distressed him."

"Look, Master Walter! see there, sir—that hollow in the wall, just where it is broken off. It looks like a closet or a fireplace, though there was ne'er a one there that I knowed of."

A furious blast of wind, sweeping around the broken angle, hurled down a mass of stones, and with them the cavity in the thickness of the wall, to which Jarvis had called Walter's attention, disappeared.

"It must have been a secret closet of some kind," Walter said. "I wonder whether my uncle knew of its existence?"

The storm subsided almost as suddenly as it had arisen; and, as a glimmering rainbow appeared in the east, Walter and the servants stepped out to view the ruins of the old tower.

"Here is something, sir!" called out one of the men. "An iron box, broken open under the stones, with papers in it. I knew it must be here, for I saw it when it fell with that hole in the wall."

Walter carefully extracted the few papers which the box contained.

"They are in my uncle's handwriting, I think. They

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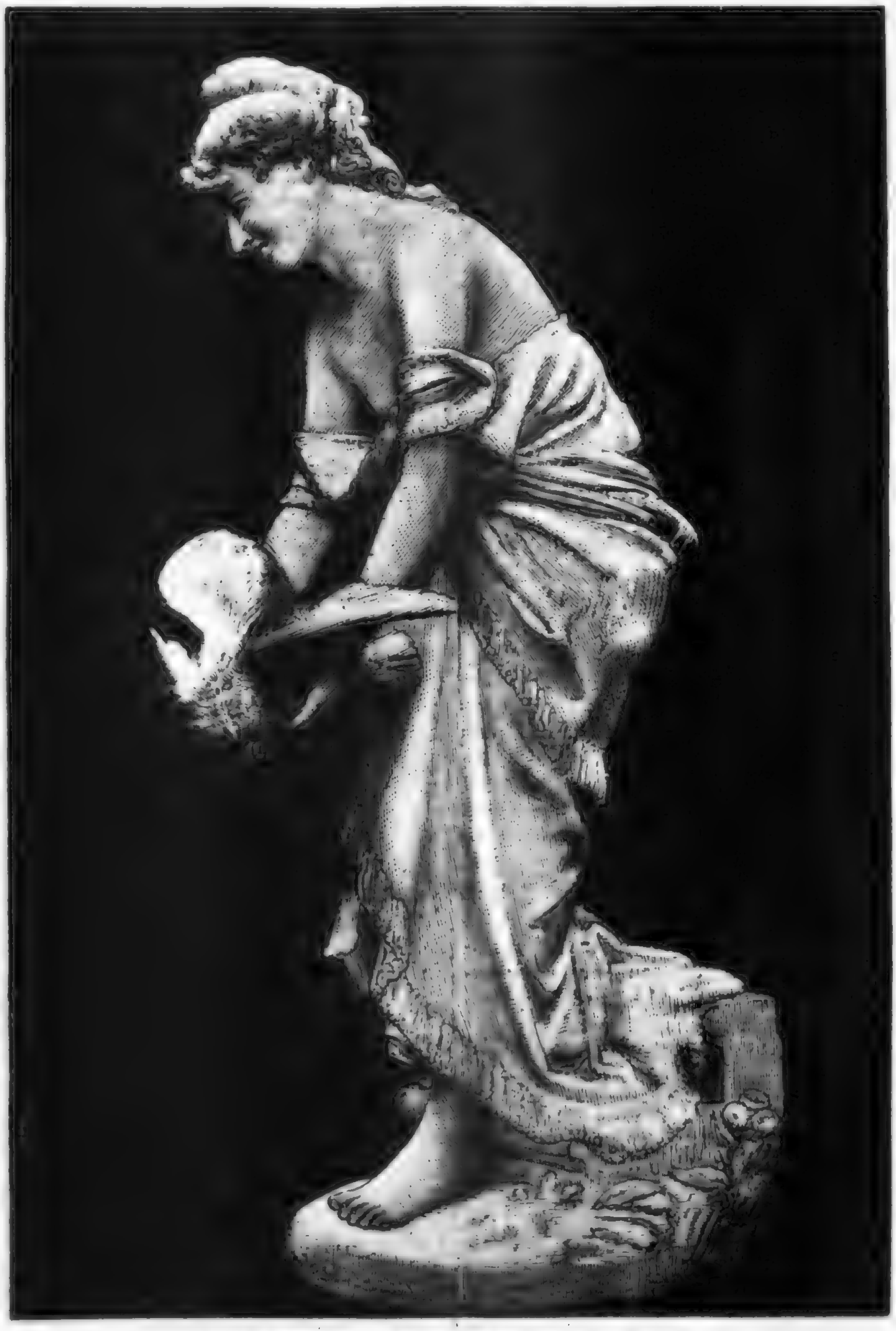
are business papers, evidently, and must be given to Roland. Take care of them Jarvis, and——"

But here he paused, and his face became quite pale. He was staring at a paper which he had partially opened.

"Last Will and Testament of Stephen Thorpe, of Thorpe Tower and Manor."

This was what had caught his eye, and then—

"I give and bequeath to my nephew, Walter Thorpe, eldest son of my brother, Rev. David Thorpe of the ——"



LOVE'S MESSENGER. FROM THE STATUE BY PALMIERI.

And in that moment Walter found himself the heir of the whole of his uncle's possessions, with the exception of some legacies and the entailed estate of the Manor.

"So, Master Walter, this hideous old tower is down at last!" exclaimed a cheery voice. "Let me congratulate you!"

"For more than you now imagine, Major Furnival," was the young man's agitated reply, as he recognized a gentleman who was their nearest neighbor and an old friend of his uncle. "See what the storm has sent me," he added, showing him the paper.

The major rapidly ran his eye over the document, and said:

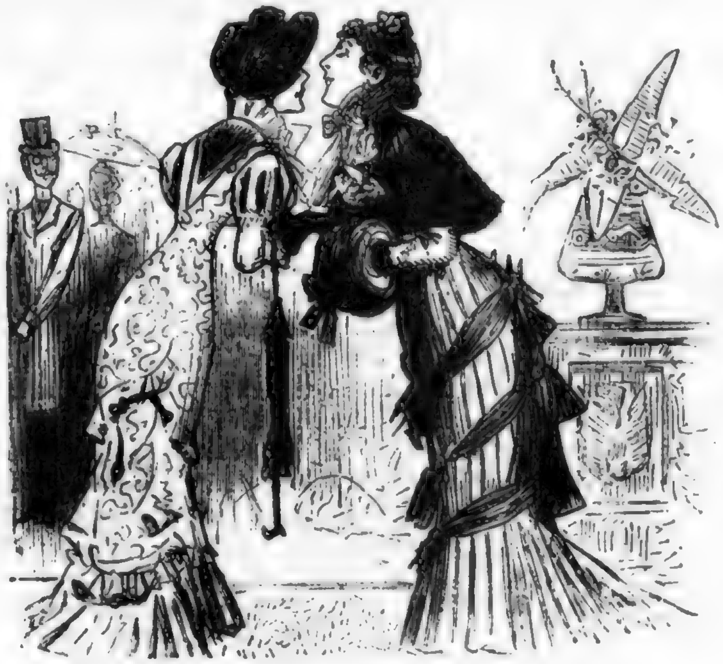
"By George, Walter, it is lucky that this fell into *your* hands. If, now, Roland had got possession of it——" and here he checked himself. "It is strange that no one knew of the existence of this will; not even the witnesses," continued Major Furnival, examining the signatures. "Worthington mentioned to me his having been, together with Farmer Hope, called in by the old squire to sign a paper—a deed, he thought it to be—in presence of Jarvis, here; but neither of the three it seems, imagined it to be a will. Just like the squire to do things in that style. He believed, I suppose, that he would have plenty of time in which to produce the will and make all proper arrangements. But now, Walter, it will be best to at once place this in the hands of Lawyer Hepworth. I will accompany you." Together they proceeded with the precious document to the abode of the lawyer. and then Walter, his heart beating high with hope and happiness, hastened to inform Alice and her father of the wonderful fortune that he himself could as yet scarcely realize.

What a look of gladness came into Alice's eyes, and what an expression of relief to the poor doctor's care-worn face!

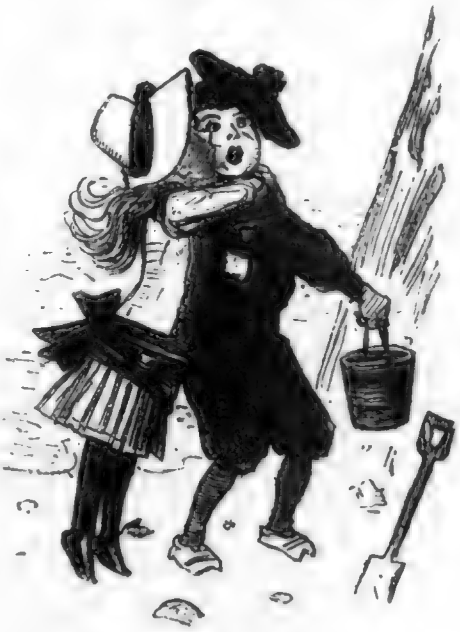
"We had just decided," he said—"just decided to brave the worst that can befall us rather than see our child unhappy. I did not know until now how much her happiness was involved, Walter, and this evening I must give an answer to Roland."

"I will settle with Roland," Walter replied. "Thank God, I shall be able to do so now."

This proved a more difficult task than he had anticipated. Roland, furious with disappointment and jealousy, was inclined to do the worst in his power, and was finally influenced only by the consideration of public opinion. But he could not bear to stay and witness Walter's happiness and prosperity. He left his property



THE KISS OF PROTESTATION, OR KISS FEMININE.



THE KISS OF YOUTH AND INNOCENCE.

in the hands of an agent, and went abroad for some years. Then he went to America, where he enlisted in the civil war at that time raging; and one day there came news of his death on the battlefield. So, his own father being dead, the Manor estate fell, by right of entail, to the Reverend David Thorpe; and to-day his eldest son, Walter, is Squire Thorpe of Thorpe Manor, and often relates to his bright-eyed boys the story of the Old Tower.

A SMILE IN THE LORDS.

During a debate on the Clergy Reserves, in the Canada Bill, in 1853, the late Lord Derby made remarks, from which Bishop Wilberforce expressed his dissent by shaking his head and smiling. The noble earl took exception at the gesture. The bishop admitted the smile, but denied all intention of thereby imputing anything offensive.

Lord Derby: "I accept the explanation offered by the right reverend prelate; but when he says that it is impossible for him to say anything offensive, because he has a smiling face, he will forgive me if I quote, without intending in the least to apply the words to him:

> "A man may smile and smile, and be a villain."

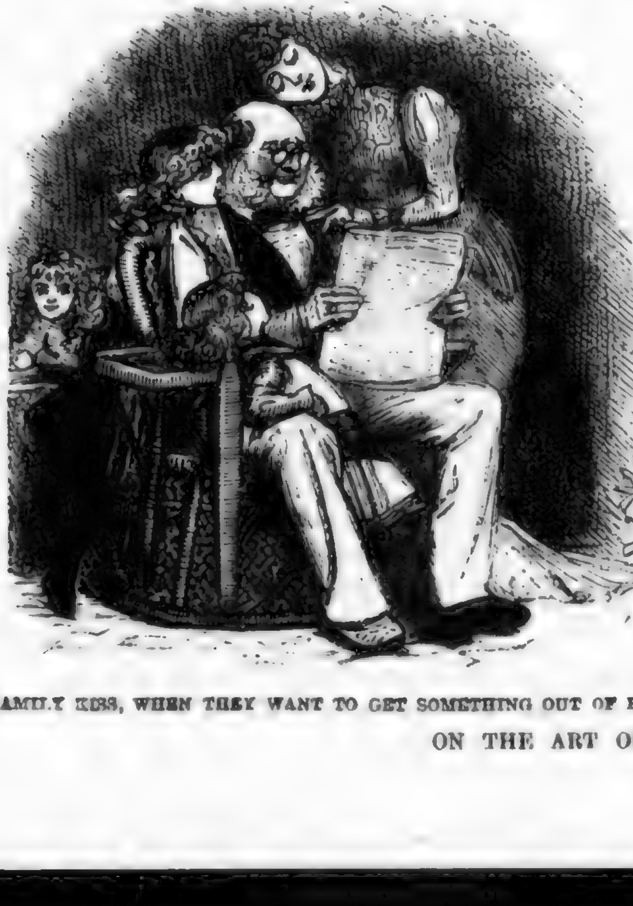
Lord Clarendon (in a voice of thunder): "O! O! O!"

Lord Derby: "What noble peer is it whose nerves are so delicate as to be wounded by a hackneyed quotation?"

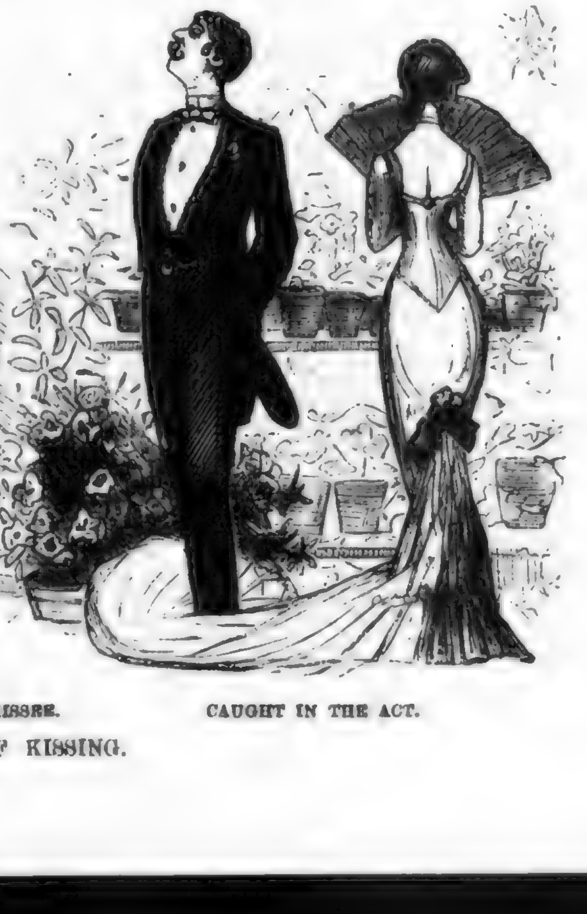
Lord Clarendon: "I am that peer, and protest against any noble lord applying, even in the language of poetry, the epithet of villain to any member in the House."

Peacemakers rose on both sides of the House. The reporters had left the gallery, previous to a division. Lord Clarendon, who was greatly excited, drank off a glass of water. Lord Derby at the same time filled another bumper of water, and called out across the table, "Your good health, Clarendon"; and so the affair ended.

Lord Derby was probably not aware that the same



THE FAMILY KISS, WHEN THEY WANT TO GET SOMETHING OUT OF KISSEE.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

ON THE ART OF KISSING.

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quotation from "Hamlet" had, more than fifty years before, produced a similar scene in the House of Commons. Tierney, who shortly before had fought a duel with Pitt, was addressing the House. Pitt smiled contemptuously, upon which Tierney said: "The right honorable gentleman smiles; but need I remind him 'that a man may smile and smile——'" Here he paused. "Take the fellow a message from me," cried Pitt to one of his followers; but before the hostile message reached the Opposition benches, Tierney added, "*'and yet be a Minister.'*" So the affair ended in a laugh instead of a fight.

THE INVENTION OF GLASS.

The popular belief credits the invention of glass to the Phœnicians, and our readers will recall, no doubt, the story of its fortuitous discovery by Phœnician merchants who rested their cooking-pots on blocks of natron (subcarbonate of soda), and found glass produced by the union of the alkali and the sand of the sea-shore under the action of heat. It is unquestionable, however, that the art of glass-making and glass-working has been known from very remote times. The earliest example of glass of which the date has been preserved by an inscription is of Egyptian origin. It is a small lion's head of opaque blue glass, but changed externally to an olive green. It was found at Thebes by Signor Drovetti, and is now in the British Museum. The underside of this relic contains hieroglyphics which bear the name of an Egyptian monarch who lived about 2400 B. C. Other relics of glass bearing inscriptions have been found among the ruins and tombs of that ancient nation, and in the tombs of Beni Hasin, which are at least as early as 2000 B.C., the art of glass-blowing is represented in an unmistakable manner.

THE GARDEN-SNAIL.

In a native state, snails generally live about two years, though they often go on living for much longer periods. Every Autumn, as the cold weather comes on, they grow torpid, and retire to a hole in the ground or in the rocks, where they hibernate just like bears or dormice. In the hibernating condition they sleep very profoundly, only breathing to a very slight extent, while the action of the heart is all but entirely suspended.

The common brown garden-snail closes the mouth of his shell during the Winter sleep with a sort of lid or film, called an epiphragm, composed of hardened slime. This epiphragm both keeps out intrusive insects, and protects the snail from cold and from the access of too much fresh air. At the same time, in order to allow the slow respiration to go on, the animal leaves a small hole somewhere in the film, which acts as a ventilator to the inner chamber. The big edible snail goes a step further, for he strengthens his gummy film with a thin deposit of lime; and in the Spring he sheds the lid, which has gained for him his scientific name of *Helix pomatia.* Snails will sleep away whole years together without dying when in their torpid condition. I have myself seen a case in which two garden-snails remained alive, fastened by their own mucus to a wall, with no food or drink, for thirty-two months at a stretch; and an instance has been recorded where a desert-snail from Egypt passed four years under similar circumstances, gummed to a card in the British Museum. Even during their most wakeful periods snails breathe in a very slow and leisurely fashion.

If you watch a garden-snail for a few minutes, as he walks deliberately along the top of a brick wall, you will see him every now and then lazily open and shut a sort of hole or gap on his right side, which gives him a queer yawning appearance. This hole is really the mouth of his lung or pulmonary chamber—about as simple a form of breathing-apparatus as any to be found in the whole circuit of the animal kingdom. It consists merely of a sac or hollow in his body, with a mouth that can be irregularly opened and closed at pleasure, but without any mechanism for respiration, that is to say, for inhaling fresh air and expelling the superfluous carbonic acid. The veins are merely disposed around the walls of the pulmonary chamber, and whenever the animal opens the little gaping mouth a fresh stock of the pure outer atmosphere is taken in, exactly in the same way as when we air a room by opening a window. The snail then keeps this air inclosed in his simple lung till his blood has absorbed all the available oxygen, and replaced it by carbonic acid, after which he once more opens the mouth, and allows the air a second time to renew itself by mere atmospheric diffusion. The effect is just the same as if we ourselves were merely to open our mouths every three minutes or so, and let the air get in of itself, without breathing in any way. Of course, such a rudimentary type of repiration is only possible in a very inactive and sluggish animal. Active creatures require much more oxygen to keep the internal fires burning brightly, and the engine working up to full vital speed. Garden-snails crawl by means of successive expansions and contractions in the broad muscular under-surface of the body, technically described as the foot. If one watches a snail climbing up a pane of glass, it will be seen that the contractions follow one another like waves, with very great rapidity, though they produce in the end such a singularly inadequate result. Yet some slugs, such as testacella, can move quite rapidly along the burrows of earthworms, which they pursue and devour much as the ferret does with rabbits, only in a still more deadly and bloodthirsty fashion. As the snail walks, he keeps pushing out in front of him four curious retractile feelers or tentacles, commonly called his horns. Two of these horns are long, and two short, the longer pair being the upper ones. Both can be withdrawn by being turned inside out, like the finger of a glove that is pulled off backward. At the end of the long pair of tentacles are two small black spots, the eyes, which are very rudimentary in the garden-snail, and apparently only possess the power of distinguishing light from darkness, without any distinct vision for shapes or colors. This is a very interesting fact from the evolutionary point of view, as the highest marine shell-fish belonging to this same group, such the strombs or wing-whelks, have in the same position well-developed eyes, as perfect as those of many fishes, with a full complement of retina, crystalline lens, aqueous humor, and vitreous humor, exactly as in the human eye. The regular gradation and similarity of position shows that these marine carnivorous snails have developed a true and highly evolved organ of sight out of the tiny black pigment specks of the common creeping univalves, and the process is no doubt largely connected with their extremely active habits, and their singular power of jumping through the water by successive bounds of leaps. It has long been noticed that the eye is always most highly developed in the most locomotive animals, and almost or completely wanting in the most sedentary. The converse side of this principle is well exemplified in the oyster, the young fry of which, during their early locomotive stage, have a pair of distinct black eyes to guide them in choosing their future home; but as soon as they settle down for life on some ledge or bank in complete laziness, the eyes die away, and the animal passes the rest of its existence in complete and contented blindness. The eye-stalks and eyes of snails possess the faculty of reproduction after accidental injury, so common amongst the lower animals. If the tentacles are cut off with a pair of scissors, they will grow again in about a fortnight.

This habit of reproduction seems to depend, as Mr. Herbert Spencer has pointed out, on the same principle as that which governs growth and development. The entire animal shape is the one which satisfies the natural polarities of the units which compose it; like a broken crystal, the animal tends to restore its own original and normal form by the inherent physical attributes of the parts which go to make it up. As the snail walks about he keeps pushing forward and withdrawing his horns, in proportion as he finds his way clear before him, or otherwise. The manner in which he does so shows at once that he depends almost as much on touch as on sight to guide his slow and tentative movements. He can, however, hear a little, for he has a sort of rude ear, with a tiny calcareous pebble or otolithe suspended in it, near the base of the tentacles. He can smell, too, and there is no doubt that by smell mainly he is attracted toward the particular food-stuffs that please his vegetarian palate. Slugs are certainly drawn by high scents, and particularly by the odor of mushrooms and other fungi, for which they display a decided weakness. As a whole the senses of the snail are not well developed, and his brain is in a comparatively rudimentary condition. It is a significant fact that it lies in a sort of ring surrounding his throat—feeding is the most intellectual operation with which he is acquainted. Still, the intelligence and affection of snails is rather higher than many people would be inclined to imagine.

Mr. Lonsdale has recorded one case where a Roman snail imprisoned in a garden found means of escape for himself, and afterward returned to point it out to his mate, who was similarly confined. All snails are hermaphrodite, that is to say, each individual is at once male and female, but they pair together like ordinary sexual animals. Their courtship is long and affectionate, being accompanied by many grotesque endearments; and they seem not incapable of strong attachment for one another. Some snails have also a reputation for being pugnacious, though their battles, owing to the slowness of the attack, are not of a thrilling interest to the unsympathetic lookers-on. The eggs are separate in the land snails, and covered by a distinct shell; though in the fresh-water kinds they are soft and transparent, and glued together in those glutinous masses which we commonly describe as spawn. One tropical Brazilian snail lays an egg as big as a pigeon's, covered externally with a hard, calcareous shell.

The garden snail, in his younger days, is mostly devoured by thrushes and blackbirds. He has comparatively few other enemies, except toads, who eat him freely, and hedgehogs, who are not averse to him while his shell is still soft and easily crushed by the small teeth of his nocturnal aggressor. The smaller kind of snails are less protected, and are much more largely eaten both by birds and by the lesser quadrupeds. Even the glow-worm is a great snail-eater, living, as a rule, off this kind of food alone.

The big Roman snail, on the other hand, has too stout a shell in his adult state for almost any British bird or mammal to masticate readily. Still, even he falls a victim, in Southern Europe at least, to the culinary tastes of man himself: for the *escargot* is a favorite dish with French *chefs*, and in the market-place at Toulouse large basketfuls are exposed for sale every day. They are dressed with melted butter in the Paris restaurants, and should be tasted by every amateur of novelties in cookery. The Roman snail has, even in Southern Europe, a medicinal value. French doctors prescribe *sirop d'escargots* largely for pulmonary complaints, and the mucus is supposed to be an excellent substitute for codliver-oil, which is, after all, really quite as nasty as any snail-juice. This edible snail is found in some parts of England—notably Gloucestershire and Surrey—but is usually supposed not to be indigenous.

The story goes that it was introduced as an Italian delicacy by the Roman soldiers, and that it is never found except in the neighborhood of Roman villas and Roman stations. As a matter of fact, it really lives, I believe, wherever the climate or vegetation suit it best, irrespective of any historical or antiquarian predilections. The edible snail is the largest British species, being nearly half as big again as the brown garden snail; but it is a mere pygmy compared with some of the gigantic land-shells of the tropics. The Brazilian bulimus, eaten as a delicacy at Rio, is six inches long, and a huge African achatina is as big as this page, and lays an egg like a good-sized bantam's.

HOW PLANTS WERE DISTRIBUTED OVER THE EARTH.

By Dr. Robert Brown.

It is scarcely necessary to be either a traveler or a botanist to know that different parts of the world produce dissimilar plants. The flowers of the fields of France are many of them different from those familiar to England or America, and the vegetation which clothes the shores of the Mediterranean is widely unlike the scanty herbage which backs the sandy dunes along the coast of the Zuyder-Zee. Africa again presents an entirely different assemblage of plants from either region; and those of the two sides of that continent present striking differences, both from each other and from those which cover the American tropics. Finally, if the voyager extended his observations to Australia, he would find that in the Antipodes there is scarcely a native plant the same as in Europe. How is this? We have been so accustomed to regard it as the normal condition of affairs, that at first sight we are apt to consider that there must be some notoriously self-evident cause to account for this distribution of plants, which, it may be remarked, is not always coincident with that of animals.

It may be said that climate limits the range of plants, and that two countries enjoying the same degrees of heat, and moistened by much the same rainfall will produce an identical vegetation. This may be true as regards cultivated crops, but it is at once met by the fact that many parts of the world having exactly the same climate are characterized by totally different indigenous plants. For example, why has equinoctial Africa no laurels, and why, with the exception of a few patches in Newfoundland and the neighboring region, is America devoid of heather. We equally fail to explain why the birds of India glow with colors less splendid than those of the hot parts of America, or why they are different as to species, or why the tiger is peculiar to Asia, and the ornithorhynchus to Australia.

It may be allowed that, owing to some peculiarity in

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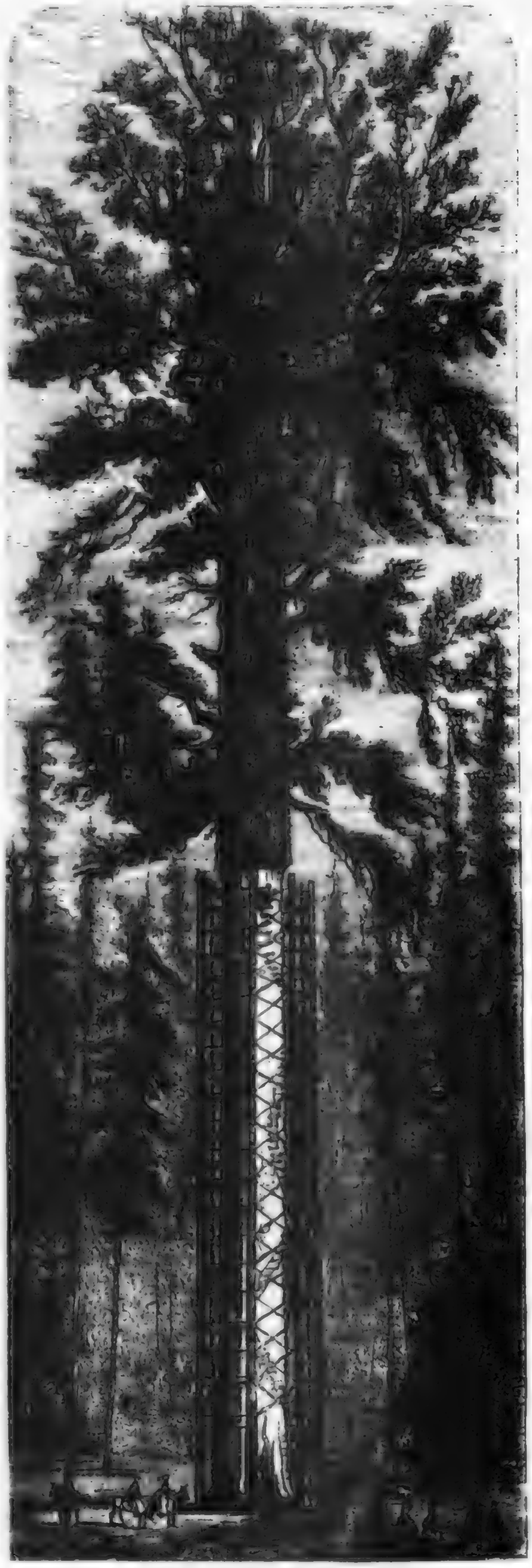
their structure, palms and bananas should belong to warm regions — though this is really no explanation of the fact — but we cannot understand how, on the climatic theory, melastomas do not vegetate north of the thirtieth parallel of latitude, or why no rose-tree belongs to the Southern Hemisphere. If climate would account for the distribution of plants, there should be really no reason for the plants of the Cape of Good Hope not being identical with those of Spain or Australia, or for the trees of Oregon being different from those of Ireland.

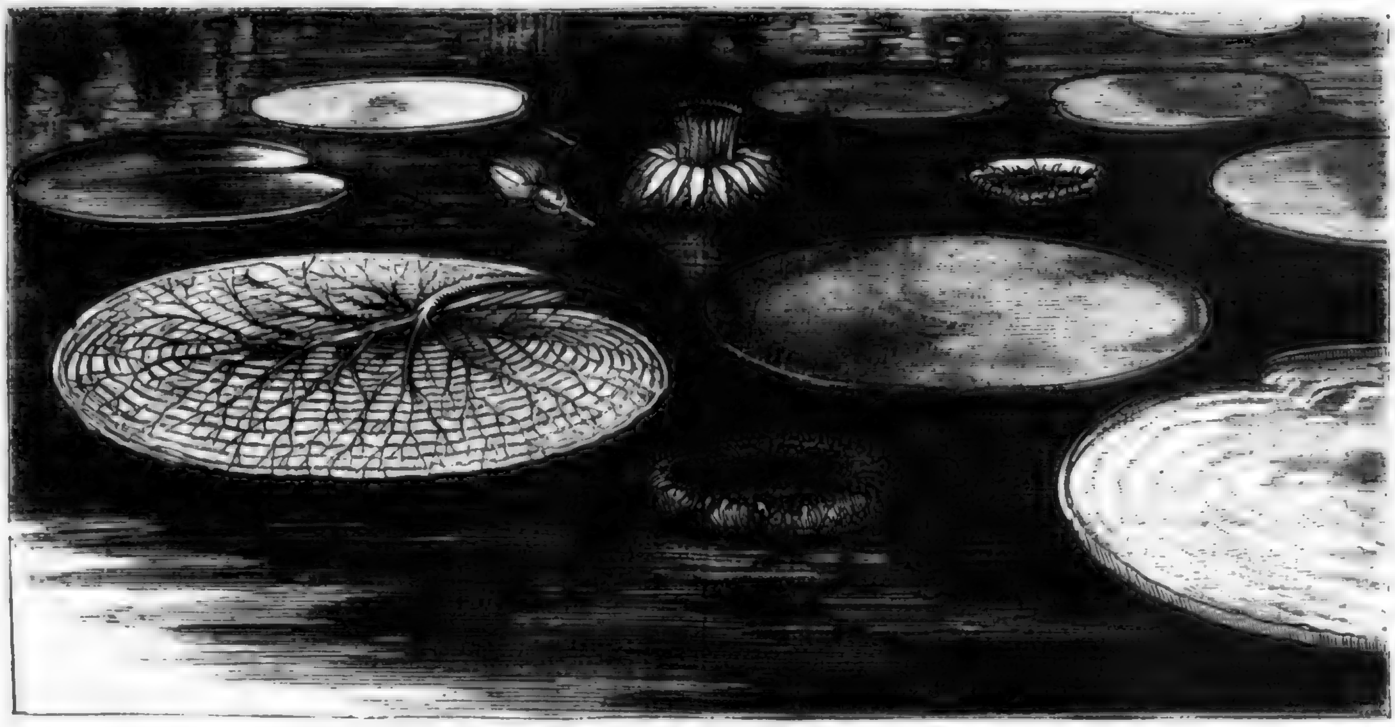
Nevertheless, though temperature will not altogether, or even partially, explain the present distribution of plants, it has undoubtedly a powerful influence in restraining species within certain limits. Certain grains and other economic species will, for example, grow to perfection only within certain limits, and beyond a certain northern or southern range will either not ripen or die altogether. Accordingly it is necessary to say a few words in regard to the influence of climate.

Every plant must have a certain degree of heat — greater or less — before it can produce its flowers and fruit. The "zero" of life in different plants is very different, and in general terms may be said to be sooner reached in plants of warm than in those of cold or Alpine countries — each plant being "a kind of thermometer which has its own zero." Moisture is also essential to the life and spread of a plant, for water is required as food, and as vehicle for the soluble materials on which the plant subsists. It keeps the earth moist, and, indeed, in the case of some aquatic species, it stands in the place of the soil to them. It determines the polar limits of those plants with which the wet climate of the north disagrees, and the equatorial limits of others which require moisture for their growth. Heat, if combined with moisture, modifies in some degree the effects of moisture *per se*. Soil has also, not unnaturally, a powerful influence on plants. Every plant requires a different kind of food, and some plants will not prosper unless they grow in the soil which yields the substances they particularly affect. For instance, the various species of *Carex*, or sedge, and the bent grass—which have the specific term "arenaria" affixed to their name—by this word indicate their taste for a soil notoriously disliked by most plants, namely, sand. The horsetail (*Equisetum*) grows in marshy places where silica abounds; in Scotland and Ireland the broom rape (*Orobanche rubra*) grows chiefly in districts where decaying traps abound; while *Erica vagans*, a local species of heath, is in Cornwall almost confined to soil formed of broken-down serpentine. Again, there are plants which love clay-soils, others which affect chalky ones, and so forth. In other cases, the limit of a plant is coincident with a particular formation. In California, for example, the redwood (*Sequoia sempervirens*), a gigantic forest tree, grows only on metamorphic slates; and in Mexico the appearance of the great cactus is simultaneous with the change from sedimentary to volcanic formations. These cases are, however, not very common: though it may be said, in general terms, that most plants grow to greater perfection in one soil than in another, and it is the duty of the agriculturist to study this liking, and suit the plant to the land on which it is to be grown.



SEQUOIA GIGANTEA, OR GIANT REDWOOD OF CALIFORNIA.

Dr. Schleiden has noticed that the beautiful orchid known as the lady's

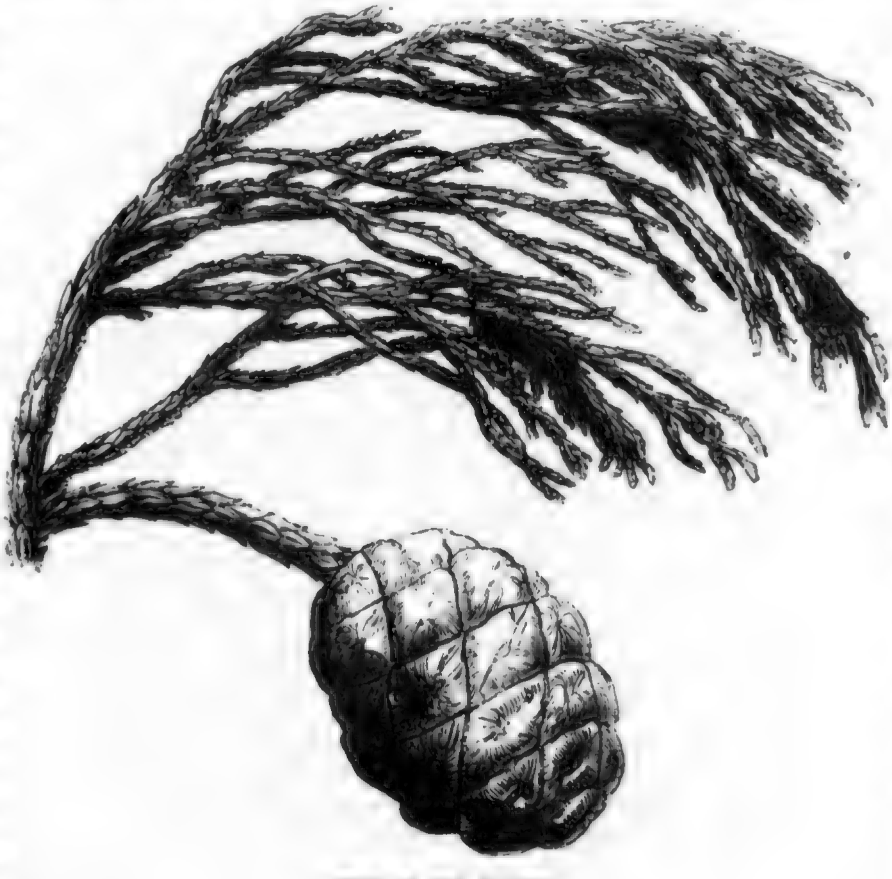


VICTORIA REGIA, OR GIGANTIC WATER-LILY.

slipper (*Cypripedium*) grows over all parts of the Swiss Fore Alps, where the soil is formed of the Alpine limestone. "It accompanies the whole Swabian muschelkalk, and disappears suddenly when we come to the sands of the Jura and Keuper formations on this side the Danube. It next makes its appearance on the muschelkalk of Thuringia, and comes down with that on the Werra, as far as the neighborhood of Göttingen, and then leaps over the Bunter Sandstein of the Lower Eichsfeld, the granite of the Upper Harz, and again gladdens the eye of the wanderer on the calcareous formations eastward of the Brocken. It is sought in vain all over the clay and sandstone formations of the Northern German plains, till in the extreme north it again shows itself at Rügen, where the chalks of Arcona and Stubbenkammer lift their heads.

"On the western coast of France grow various insignificant-looking shore-plants, species of *Salsola* and *Salicornia*, which the inhabitants there use to obtain soda from the ashes. When we travel from thence toward the East, we everywhere miss these little plants, even when searching most carefully, and one or other of them makes its appearance only in those places where the soil is moistened by some salt spring. At last we arrive at the great Steppes of the Southeast of Russia, which, in Summer, are often covered with a thick crust of salt, showing them to be the ancient bottom of some dried-up sea, and here these plants are found growing with the same abundance and luxuriance as in the West of France.

"On the northern coast of Germany the little pale-red maiden-pink grows upon the arid sand-dunes, and is universally distributed over the sandy plains of Northern Germany; but these are succeeded by the granite, clay, slate and gypsum of the Harz, the porphyry and muschelkalk of Thuringia, and our little pink is not met with again till we arrive at the Keuper sand-plains, on the further side of the Maine, surrounding the venerable city of Nuremberg. It extends north through the Palatinate, till the muschelkalk of the Swabian Alps again sets a limit to it; but it leaps over these and the whole Alpine region, and at last appears on the sandy soil of Northern Italy. How is it that these plants everywhere disdain the richest soils in their range of geographical distribution, and are confined to perfectly determinate geognostic formations?"



CONE OF THE SEQUOIA.

Light has also a marked influence on the distribution of plants, though it is not easy to separate it from that of heat. But in studying the agents which limit or aid the spread

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of vegetable forms, we come to a cause, or series of causes, more important even than those to which we have briefly alluded, though at first sight not so prominent. This is "the struggle for existence," a phrase which has of late years become exceedingly familiar, though the facts of which it is the expression are not quite so generally understood. We have long known that in thickly-populated human communities there is a struggle for existence. But there is another struggle more ancient still. It dates from the first appearance of created beings on the earth, and it has been raging ever since with a fury which, if quieter, is not less keen than that with which, unhappily, we of the newer creation have been too long acquainted. Linnæus calculated that if an annual plant produces two seeds which shall arrive at perfection—though no plant produces so few—and each of these in turn perfects two, and so on at the same rate, at the end of twenty years the descendants of the original plant would be a million of individuals. It is reckoned that a single plant of groundsel (*Senecio*) may produce 6,500 seeds, one of chickweed (*Stellaria*) 5,000, and one of shepherd's-purse (*Capsella*) 4,500; but what with overcrowding, and preying of insects, and other mishaps, usually looked upon as "accidents," very few of this progeny ever reach maturity. Again, the *Orchis maculata* of hedgerows produces so great a quantity of seeds, that were they all to spring up, the earth would soon be covered with this plant, but in reality the Orchis in question is by no means a very common plant compared with others which seed much less freely. The botanist who thinks over these matters soon comes to the conclusion of Dean Herbert, that "plants do not grow where they like best, but where other plants will let them"; in other words, "climate and soil have not so much influence on the free growth of a plant as the presence or absence of other plants with which it has to struggle to maintain its existence."

The American water-weed (*Anacharis*) was first recorded in Britain in the year 1847, yet in the interval it has spread with inconceivable rapidity over the country, extinguishing the native species with which it comes in contact, though it has never yet produced seed, and in America is not more troublesome than other weeds. The common sorrel (*Rumex Acetosella*) has been introduced with grain into nearly all the British colonies, and in New Zealand it is spreading with such activity that it would take possession of the fields, did not the farmer find that in the struggle for existence it cannot bear up against the greater vigor of the white clover, which soon kills it. Even the white clover, in one locality, has its match in the cat's-ear (*Hypochœris radicata*), which in three years from the time of its introduction into New Zealand has destroyed excellent pastures. The introduction of the *Anacharis* into Great Britain is paralleled by the introduction of the *Vallisneria* into the Hudson River; or by the watercress, which threatens to choke up the New Zealand rivers in the district of Canterbury. The little duckweed has been driven out of a pool at Sandwich, in the Detroit River, by *Wolfia Columbiana*, a waterweed which has recently made its appearance; and it has been repeatedly noticed that, after a few years of settlement, the introduced plants expelled the aboriginal vegetation from the Prairies. A grass (*Stipa textilis*) has invaded the southern Russian Steppes, and is rapidly displacing almost every other plant, while the cardoon—a tall thistle (*Cynara cardunculus*), accidentally introduced from Europe, now clothes, almost to the exclusion of other plants, whole leagues of the Pampas of the Argentine Republic and Uruguay. Altogether it would appear that in the struggle for existence between the denizens of the Old and New Worlds, the former are usually victorious. In New Zealand we see this struggle particularly well exemplified. The Maories have even recognized it in a proverb to the effect that as "the white man's rat has driven away the native rat, as the European fly drives away our own, and as the clover kills our fern, so will the Maori disappear before the white man himself."

In reality, when we talk familiarly of a plant being "rare" or "common" we condense into these two words a world of fact and theory. A plant is not, as we have seen, common because it produces a great quantity of seeds, or rare because it produces few. "When we look," writes Mr. Darwin, "at the plants and bushes clothing an entangled bank, we are apt to attribute their proportional number and kinds to what we call chance. But how false a view is this! Every one has heard that when an American forest is cut down a very different vegetation springs up; but it has been observed that ancient Indian mounds in the United States which must formerly have been cleared of trees, now display the same beautiful diversity and proportion of kinds as the surrounding virgin forest. What a struggle between the several kinds of trees must have gone on during long centuries, each annually scattering its seeds by the thousand! What war between insect and insect—between insects, snails, and other animals, with birds and beasts of prey, all striving to increase, and all feeding on each other, or on the trees, their seeds and seedlings, or on the other plants which first clothed the ground, and thus checked growth of the trees! Throw up a handful of feathers, and all must fall to the ground, according to definite laws; but how simple is the problem where each shall fall, compared with that of the action and reaction of the innumerable plants and animals, which have determined in the course of centuries the proportional numbers and kinds of trees now growing on the old Indian mounds." In reality, the equilibrium of species is preserved throughout the world in some particular locality by the number of foes or allies it may have among plants or animals inhabiting the same region, for the wars of the roses are perpetual wars.

How, then, were plants originally distributed? Naturally, no question in plant geography has given rise to more discussion than this. It lies at the bottom of the whole science, and the theories which have been adduced in explanation of the appearance of plants in the various regions of the earth would fill many pages, if even the elementary facts in connection with them were narrated. Linnæus, for example, imagined that plants were originally created on the sides of some lofty mountain in the tropics, where vegetation could find from summit to base every kind of climate. However, this hypothesis will not explain the peopling of cold regions, or how plants of these regions are not found in the intervening warm tracts of country. Buffon, on the other hand, seized the idea that all vegetation originated in the Arctic regions, and little by little spread southward, modifying itself according to circumstances. But this view is even less tenable than the other. Then, for long, botanists held in much favor the doctrine of "specific centres of creation," the leading idea of this hypothesis being, that there were throughout the world a number of points of special creation, each having a particular "flora" or assemblage of plants, from which points the species occupying the surrounding area have spread in a radiating manner.

This was essentially the doctrine of De Candolle, who came to the conclusion that "the present species were brought into existence either in a single one or in a number of individuals in one or in different localities simultaneously; or more probably, successively, at a period or periods when the geological outlines of the surface of the globe were very different from what they are now—each species with characteristics and susceptibility of variation within definite limits, essentially the same as those it now possesses. These views of De Candolle, espoused at the time he wrote by the majority of naturalists, are now held by very few. The latest—and the favorite—theory is that "each species has been produced in *one* area alone, having subsequently migrated from that area as far as its powers of migration and subsistence under past and present conditions permitted."

Doubtless there are many difficulties in explaining how the same species could have migrated to the widely different points at which it is now found; nevertheless, these difficulties are gradually being cleared up, and the theory seems the safest as well as the most philosophical which the botanist can adopt. "He who rejects it," writes the most eminent of its supporters, "rejects the *vera causa* of ordinary generation with subsequent migration, and calls in the agency of a miracle." It must also be remembered that some of the methods by which plants—and animals—could have migrated in former times from one point to another no longer exist, for the intervening land-passages over which they gradually traveled are now broken down, and where once there was a continuous continent there is now only a landless sea. Yet, we must not be led away into supposing that in the intervening spaces between the two or more points where the same species is found, land invariably existed in former times—this idea having been carried to a dangerous extreme by Edward Forbes and his school. There are natural and other causes daily in operation, which go far to explain the migration of species, without calling in the aid of catastrophes and cataclysms. Changes of climate must also, without doubt, have had their influence on migration. "A region, when its climate was different, may have been a high road for migration, but now be impassable."

Changes in the level of land and in the contour of continents have had much to do with allowing terrestrial species to migrate to localities which they can no longer reach by similar means. This we may allow, without believing as Forbes insisted we should, that all the islands in the Atlantic must have been recently connected with Europe, or Asia, and Europe, and even with America; indeed, it can scarcely be conceded, if this doctrine is to be carried out to its legitimate conclusions, that a single island exists which has not recently been united to some continent or other. Assuming that this was so in some cases, without particularly specifying the instances, and merely holding these causes in reserve to account for cases inexplicable on any other theory, we may consider how far occasional, or as they are frequently called, "accidental," causes have operated in taking the plants of one part of the world to the other parts. A study of these causes serves in a certain degree to explain the phenomena of "dissevered species," that is, the same species being found in widely different parts of the world, or in localities very unlikely for its occurrence.

Man, though the agent most recently and in fewest numbers at work, has perhaps more than any other aided in carrying the plants of one region to another, and in thus confounding the origin and distribution of species. Some of the ways in which he accomplishes this we have already noticed. Wherever he goes he carries the seeds of plants with him—the merchant in the packing of his goods, the colonist with his "penates," and more directly among his cultivated grains and garden-plants; and the march of armies over the world might even be traced by the plants which have sprung up in their tracks. The most carefully-cleaned grain will contain the seeds of the wild plants which have grown up and been reaped along with it, and as "ill weeds" proverbially flourish, they propagate rapidly until they gain a footing. This they usually maintain, and in many cases, we have seen, do so to the prejudice of the indigenous flora. The seaman brings plants with his ship's ballast from distant lands, the climate of which is often similar to that of the country in which he shoots it to make room for his merchandise. Accordingly, every botanical collector knows that there are numerous foreign plants to be looked for in any locality where ships are in the habit of discharging their ballast. Since the introduction of foreign wools into Great Britain, many plants of the wool-producing countries—even of Australia—have sprung up in the vicinity of places where the wool is washed and bleached, though indeed, in most cases, these exotics last only a season. Escapes from gardens, like the American *Mimulus luteus*, which is now wild from Cornwall to Shetland, also add to the British flora. The stuffing of a bolster introduced *Asclepias carasavica* from Tahiti into New Caledonia. The thornapple, a plant of the East Indies, has spread throughout Europe by the agency of gypsy quacks; and it is affirmed that the ejected stuffing of a birdskin first scattered, 200 years ago, the seeds of the now common Canada thistle into Europe. In St. Helena, at the time of its discovery, there were not over sixty species of plants in the island; its flora now comprises some 750 species, the vast majority introduced by man. The year after Thorwaldsen's sculptures had been unpacked in Copenhagen, twenty-five plants of the Roman Campagna sprang up in the courtyard of the Museum, the seeds having, of course, been introduced in the hay, straw, etc., which had accompanied the works of art from Rome. In the campaign of 1814, the Russian troops brought, in the stuffing of their saddles, seeds from the banks of the Dnieper and the Don to the Valley of the Rhone, and even introduced the plants of the Steppes into the environs of Paris. The Turkish army, in its European incursions, left the seeds of Eastern plants to bloom on the ramparts of Buda and Vienna. The Walcheren expedition of 1809 brought *Lepidium Draba* to the Isle of Thanet, where for long it was a most troublesome weed. The plantain used to be known by the New England Indians as the Englishman's foot, and in Oregon the wood-sorrel is to this day styled the "Hudson Bay" weed, the fur-trading company of that name having the discredit of introducing it in seed wheat from England. Since the Franco-German war, the seeds of numerous Algerian plants have naturalized themselves on the camping-grounds of troops brought from the African colonies, or where forage from the shores of the Mediterranean had been used. Finally, not to multiply, as could be easily done, endless instances of how man has altered and modified the flora of countries, it is curious to find that on the coast of Mekran the date-palm is common, while in the interior it is confined to certain lines of country. The local explanation of this is afforded by an ancient tradition, which declares that the palms along these lines in the interior sprang up from the stones dropped by Alexander the Great's soldiers on their return march from India. This legend—which we have from Sir Bartle Frere—may or may not be fact, but it nevertheless illustrates the persistence of popular belief in the agency of man in distributing plants. The winds—though not

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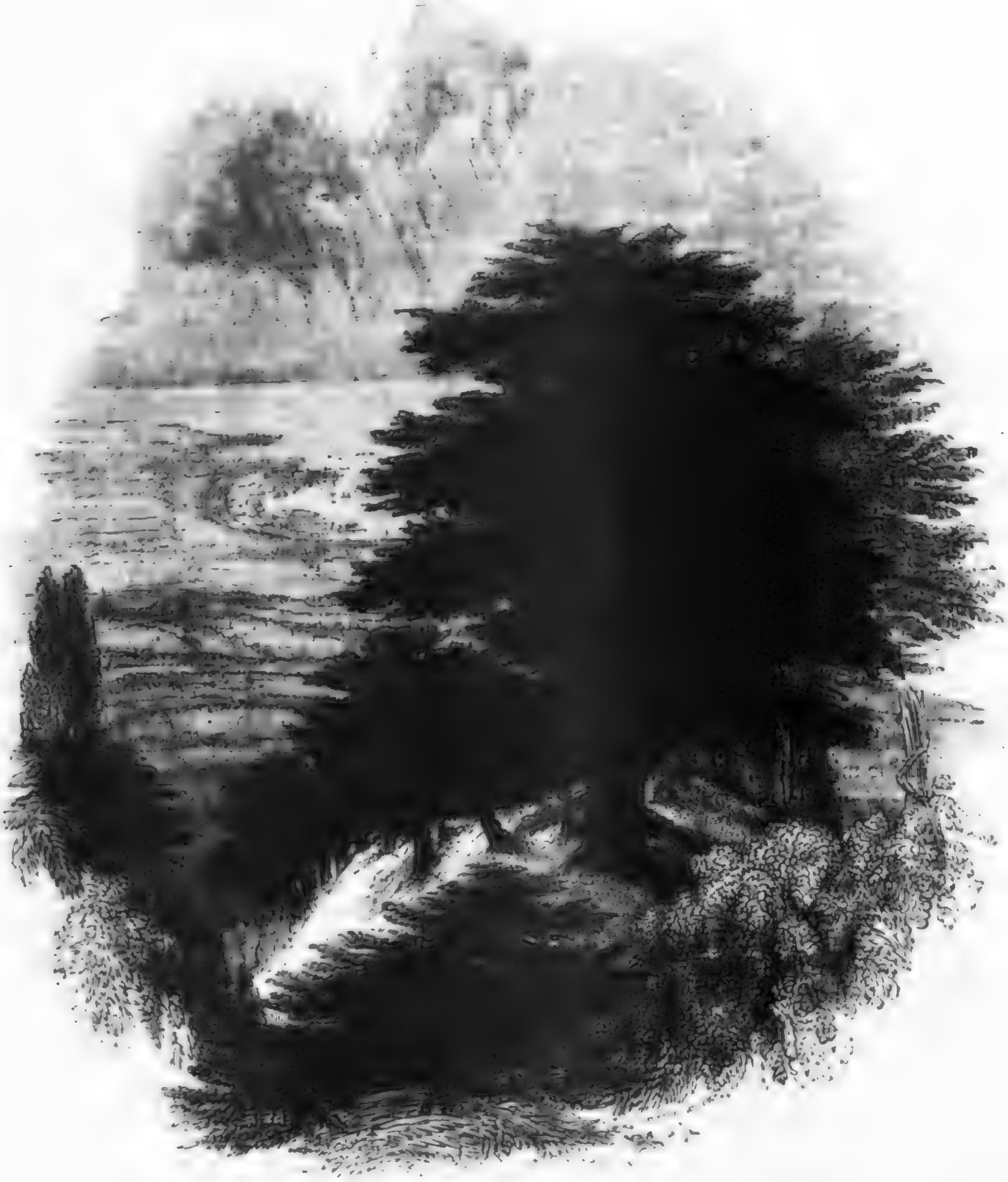
to quite such an extent as superficial observation would lead us to believe—migratory birds to a greater degree, quadrupeds by carrying seeds which have fastened on their hides, rivers in a marked manner, currents of the sea, and even icebergs and ice-fields on a very small scale, aid in gradually conveying the seeds of plants from one country to another, and in altering the flora of the wide regions over which they act. Not a great many seeds can survive long immersion in sea-water, and even when they can, it is not always that the current into which they may have dropped runs from a country the climate of which is similar to that on the shores of which it casts them, to allow of the seed living, even when it is fortunate enough to be tossed out of reach of the waves and take root. There is, however, a strong suspicion that at least one American plant, *Eriocaulon septangulare*, has been carried to the shores of Scotland, etc., by currents. It is found on the Island of Skye, and some of the neighboring Hebrides, and on the West Coast of Ireland, into both of which districts it may have been washed by the Gulf Stream. Migratory insects may also aid in distributing, as they certainly help in devouring the produce after distribution. It has, for instance, been noticed in the Cape of Good Hope that plants, new to a locality, sprang up after the visit of a swarm of locusts. It also follows, if what we have said about the fertilization of certain plants by insects be true, that the distribution of many plants will depend upon the presence or absence of the insect necessary for their fecundation.

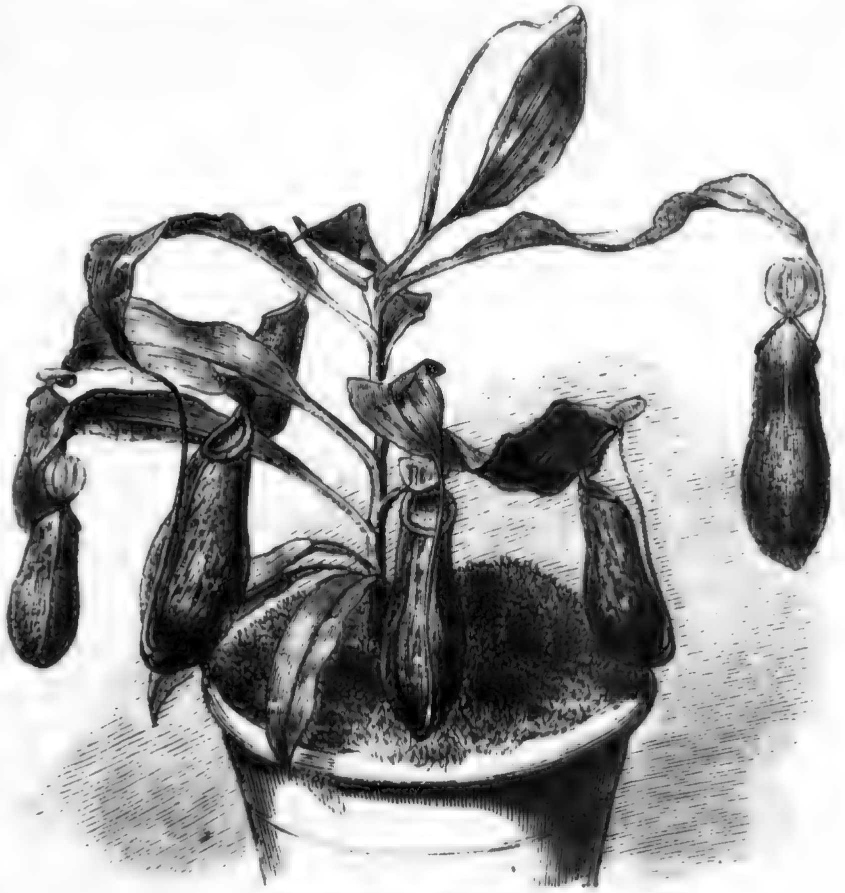
There has, however, been a still more ancient migration of plants, when the conditions of the earth were much different from what they are at present, and to this cause is attributed, among other peculiarities of plant distribution, the marked Alpine flora, which consists of Arctic plants driven south during the glacial period, but now left stranded on the tops of mountains, prevented from penetrating to the plains below, owing to the barriers which the climate presents in their way.



THE CEDAR OF LEBANON.

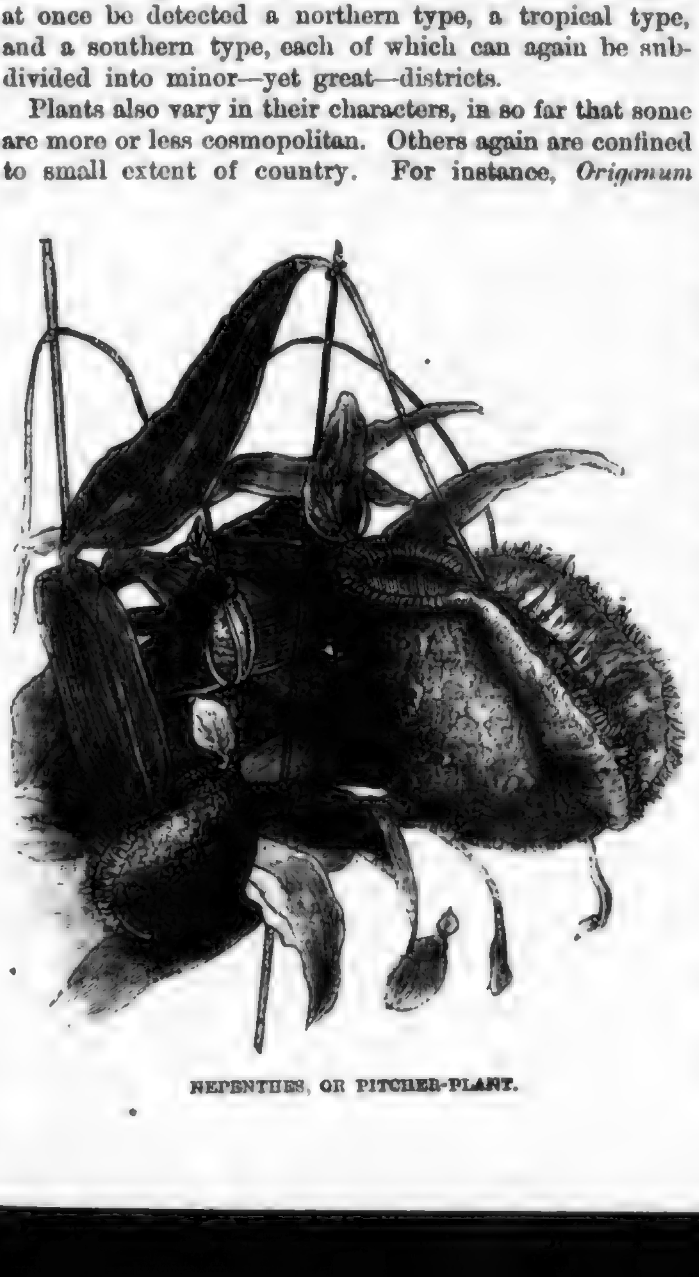
In books on botanical geography there will usually be found descriptions, more or less fanciful, of certain botanical regions from the equator north and south, or which occupy certain more or less circumscribed areas over the whole world.

Mr. Bentham, perhaps, puts the whole question in a proper light when he remarks that there are "regions of vegetation depending on physical and climatological considerations, which influence chiefly the areas of individual species or varieties, and botanical regions depending on community of origin or genera. By the combined effect of these two agents, whenever the uniform action of the one upon the other has been promoted by the continuance of geological repose and maintenance of impassable barriers, many species, genera, or even natural orders, have been gradually produced, or introduced, and maintained in certain territories, whilst they have never appeared, or have become extinguished, in others, so as to have given to every territory or district a special botanical character; and thus real regions have been formed, exceedingly unequal in size, definiteness of circumscription, and intensity of specialization (distinctness of character), but which it is very instructive to study and compare, and must therefore be named and described. We must also admit that every race has probably been the offspring of one parent or pair of parents, and consequently originated in one spot; but we must also insist that it may have been widely spread for years or ages, before it became formally differentiated — perhaps under conditions and in countries different from those which gave it birth — and that the idea of general centres of creation whence the flora of a region has gradually spread is a perfect delusion." There can, for example, at once be detected a northern type, a tropical type, and a southern type, each of which can again be subdivided into minor—yet great—districts.



NEPENTHES, OR PITCHER-PLANT.

Plants also vary in their characters, in so far that some are more or less cosmopolitan. Others again are confined to small extent of country. For instance, *Origanum Tournefortii* is found only on one rock in the small island of Amorgos, in the Greek Archipelago; *Disa grandiflora*, an orchid, is peculiar to Table Mountain at the Cape of Good Hope, as is also said to be another orchid, *Cymbidium tabulare*. The cinnamon, though cultivated in various countries, is generally believed not to grow wild out of the Island of Ceylon, nor coffee to be indigenous to any region save Abyssinia. *Araucaria excelsa* is limited to Norfolk Island, and the cedar of Lebanon is confined to one or two localities in Syria and Algiers. Even in a country there are local species, found however in other countries more widely distributed. Thus, *Oxytropis campestris* is confined in Britain to one spot in the Clova Mountains, in Scotland. *Cotoneaster vulgaris*, though scattered over Central, Southern, and Eastern Europe, and Central Asia, in Great Britain alone affects the limestone cliffs of Great Orme's Head, in Wales; and the otherwise widely distributed *Potentilla rupestris* is in Britain found only on the Breiddin Hills, in Montgomeryshire. Again, in the Seychelles, the species of pitcher-plant (*Nepenthes*) peculiar to that group is confined solely to one mountain summit of one of the islands, and it is well known that the giant trees of California (*Sequoia gigantea*) are nowhere found out of that State, and even there in only one or two very circumscribed localities.



NEPENTHES, OR PITCHER-PLANT.

To sum up the main facts arrived at from the study of a subject which is one of the greatest and most interesting in all botanical science—no species of flowering plant grows in every part of the world, though flowerless plants, like lichens, mosses, and ferns, are more cosmopolitan. A flowering plant may be found in the Arctic and temperate regions, and then, after missing a wide intervening region, appear in the southern temperate and Antarctic regions; but none range from pole to pole. It has been shown that there are only about eighteen species which may be said to extend over a space equal to something like half the earth. Those which extend over an area equal to about the third of the world do not exceed

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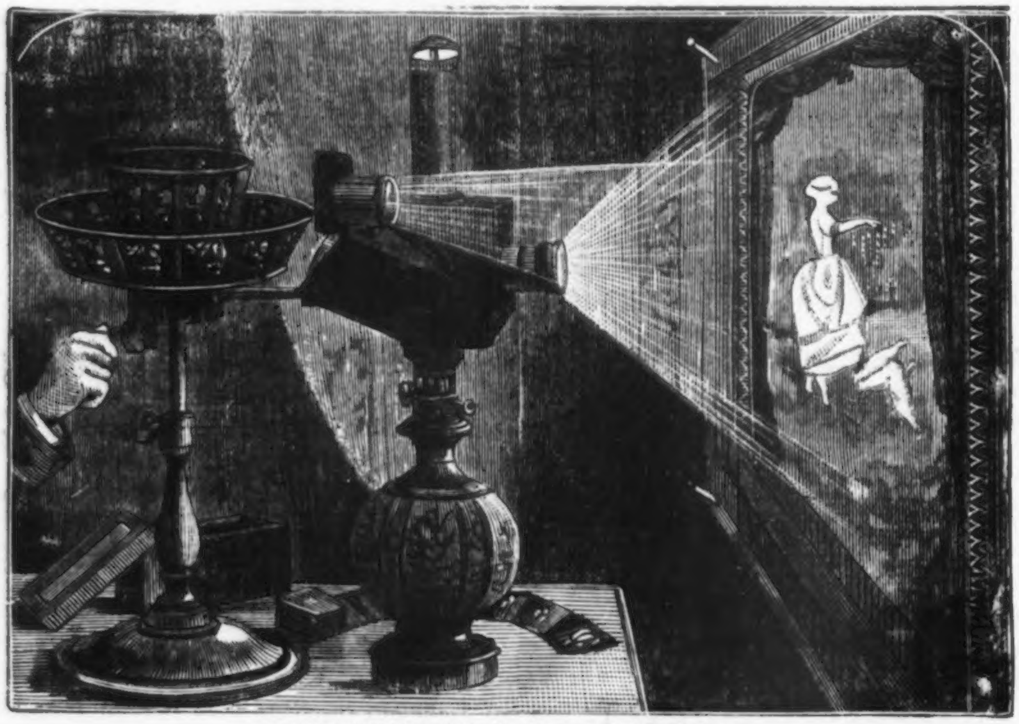
117, and of these the woody species have the narrowest range, and the majority are inhabitants of the temperate and frozen regions of the Northern Hemisphere. Another very remarkable fact is, that every species which at once exists on two continents is also found in the intermediate islands.

Botanical geography is, however, even yet only in its boyhood, for we are ignorant, among a thousand other salient points, of the causes which operate in preventing, or permitting, acclimatization, and of the origin of any one of our cereals and other cultivated plants. The science, to use the words of Schleiden, is still young, and "burdened with all the faults of youth, overflowing with the fullness of life, certain of a fair and powerful manhood, but still disorderly and obscure, gathering much at present unintelligible for use in riper years, and as yet dreaming more than thinking."

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

The Projection Praxinoscope.—The French scientific paper, *La Nature*, contains a description of an ingenious adaptation of the praxinoscope, by means of which the images are projected on a screen, and are visible to a large assembly. An idea of the arrangement and the effect produced is furnished in our illustration. By a modification of the "lampascope," M. Reynaud, the inventor, obtains by means of an ordinary lamp, at once the projection of the scene or background—by the object-glass which is seen at the side of the lantern—and of the subject, by another object-glass which is shown in front of and a little above the same lantern. For this, the positions or phases which form a subject are drawn and colored on glass, and are connected in a continuous band by means of any suitable material. One of these flexible bands is placed in the wide crown of the praxinoscope, which is pierced with openings corresponding to the phases of the subject. To understand the course of the luminous rays which go to form the image, it is necessary to bear in mind the condensing-lens, which, placed near the flame of the lamp, is not visible in the figure; then a plane mirror inclined forty-five degrees, which reflects the rays and causes to traverse the figures filling the openings of the crown. These rays, reflected once more by the facets of the prism of mirrors, finally enter the object-glass, which transforms the vertical central figure into a real image magnified on the screen. In making the two parts of the apparatus converge slightly, the animated subject is brought into the middle of the background, where it then appears to gambol. A hand-lever on the foot of the instrument allows a moderate and regular rotation to be communicated. This apparatus, with an ordinary moderator-lamp, supplies well-lighted pictures and curious effects. It enables any one to obtain animated projections, without requiring any special source of light, by simply utilizing the lamp in daily use.



A CURIOUS ADAPTATION OF THE PRAXINOSCOPE.

An article in the *American Naturalist* gives some account of certain tribes of Australian aborigines, who represent, perhaps, the lowest grade of humanity extant. They are disappearing fast before the white man, showing no power of adaptation. The men rarely stand above five and a half feet in height; they are generally miserably thin, and have the small calves characteristic of low races. The cranial capacity is small, and the bones of the face are large and rough. Many of the tribes knock out the two median front teeth in each jaw—a fashion they have no explanation for. Their life is spent in wandering about the tract occupied by each tribe, and their only houses are low shelters made of brush, covered with earth. A fire is made in front, and a barricade of brush is set up against the wind if the weather be chilly. Their only clothing (when any is worn at all) consists of a rope twisted of human hair, which is wound around their waists, and from which a few loops hang down. Ornaments of bone in nose and ears, and a grass necklace, complete the attire. Fire is obtained by rubbing sticks together, and the food of these people consists principally of snakes, lizards, freshwater mussels, birds and seeds, the latter ground to meal between two stones and baked in the ashes. So much sand becomes mixed with this that the teeth of adults are worn down to the gums. Scarcity of food often causes cannibalism. The women do all the work, and hunt and fish; the men do nothing if they can help it. Their manufactures—weapons and implements—all told, number only about a dozen forms, including a fishing-net from rush-fibres and two sizes of boomerang. They are very expert in tracking within their own district, through knowing intimately all the localities, but never go far from home, for fear of enemies. Their language is able to express only the simplest ideas, and they have the most limited range of conceptions known in the human race. While they have nothing comparable to our notion of a deity, yet their fears of the supernatural make them extremely timid in the dark, and some of their customs are inexplicable, except from a superstitious point of view.

In his valuable address at the recent opening of the biological laboratory at the Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore, Dr. H. Newell Martin made use of the following suggestive language: "When Morton, in 1846, demonstrated in the Massachusetts General Hospital that the inhalation of ether could produce complete insensibility to pain, he laid the foundation of our laboratory, and many others. . . . The discovery of anæsthetics has not only led to ten physiological experimenters for each one who would have worked without them, but by making it possible to introduce into the regular course of physiological teaching, demonstrations, etc., experiments on living animals, without shocking the moral sense of students or of the community at large, has contributed incalculably to the progress of physiology."

Reports continue to reach the East of volcanic activity in Alaska. The isolated rock of Bogostoff, in Behring Strait, some forty-five miles off Ilinlink harbor, has been increased, after six months of terrific eruption, into a large area, for which Mr. W. H. Dall proposes the name Grewingk Island. Since this began many other disturbances have occurred. Chernobour Island, at the mouth of Cook's Inlet, has been elevated, split open, and otherwise changed by an eruption which sent a tremendous tidal-wave to the shore, and obscured the daylight by its cloud of ashes. Two or three hitherto quiet volcanoes on Aliaska Peninsula have broken out, and small islands have been thrust up out of deep water.

Entomologists have been seeking to discover of what service antennæ are to insects. One experimenter reports that he does not believe the antennæ have anything to do with either taste or the power of direction, as has been alleged. He is inclined to diminish their importance as organs of feeling, and inclines to the belief that they are organs of a sense different from anything possessed or apprehended by us; a sense, moreover, appearing very differently in different insects. "In many instances the deprivation of them (antennæ) seems almost fatal; in others, again, it is scarcely noticed. It is a department of insect-study easy of investigation, and more ought to be learned about it without delay.

Among the luxuries of food with the Indians of the Upper Missouri are the horns of deer in the velvet. When a deer is brought in having the horns in that growing condition, the points are knocked off and munched raw, velvet and all, as a great delicacy. A trade has long existed between the people of Northern Europe and Asia and the Chinese (or traders buying for them) in the antlers of reindeer taken in the velvet. The Chinese, however, cook the horns in various ways, and season them sharply.

The National Museum has been enriched of late by large additions of natural history objects from various remote quarters. Mr. Pierre L. Jouy has made large collections in Japan, and is now working in Corea; Messrs. Murdoch and Middleton Smith have brought valuable material from Point Barrow, Alaska; and Leonhard Stejneger from the Kamtschatkan side of Behring's Sea; from Northern Labrador come great gatherings made by Lucien M. Turner, while Swan in British Columbia, Townsend in Northern California, Belding in Lower California, Nutting in Nicaragua, Zeledon in Costa Rica, and others elsewhere, are accumulating rare materials for future study.

ONE of the regular duties at the Naval Observatory is the constant correction of the standard mean-time clock, by observations of the sun, moon and major planets through the meridian transit instrument. Over 1,400 observations have been taken during the last six months by daily attention to the subject, applied each day to the standard clock for setting the correct time to the transmitting clock, by which time-signals are dispatched and chronometers rated.

THAT the common humble bees (or "bumble"-bees) make their homes in the abandoned nests of the field-mice, just under the sod, is well known; but lately they have been recorded as varying from this so far as to inhabit in one instance a deserted wren's nest under the roof of a porch twelve feet above the ground; a marten's nest among rocks, in another instance; and, in a third, a mouse's nest in the brace of a barn.

NUMBER 47 of *Science* contains a circumstantial account, with illustrations, of the history and habits of *Romalea microptera*, the red-and-black, small-winged grasshopper of the Southern States, which was little known to scientific men, but a familiar feature of field-life to all rice-growers.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

METALLURGISTS SHOULD NOTE THIS.—Iron is decidedly the most ill-tempered of metals, for it is very often a railing.

CAN the bashful young man, who blushes violently whenever he performs polite offices for the ladies, be called the pink of courtesy?

THE sensitive actor, who couldn't stay in the same room with a tea-urn on account of its hissing, has just been killed by a burst of applause.

A HEALTH journal says you ought to take three-quarters of an hour for dinner. It is well, also, to add a few vegetables and a piece of meat.

A RECEIPT is going the rounds of the press for tanning hides with salt and alum; but our schoolmaster taught us years ago that oil of birch was better.

A BACHELOR so greatly admired the way in which the housekeeper prepared coffee that he proposed and was accepted, only to find that the coffee was made by the servant-girl.

"WHERE our storms come from," read Mr. Broughne, in a scientific paper. "Well, I know where a good many come from," he mentally ejaculated, looking up and glancing at his wife.

"YES," said she, with tears in her eyes, "in his qualities of head and heart, dear George is always the same." Then, after a moment's lapse into dreamland, she added: "He is so soft-hearted, dear fellow!"

DR. F. (at the clinic to the students): "Gentlemen, I have to beg your pardon. I've made a slight mistake, and taken off the patient's well leg. However, I'll cure the other, which will make it all right." (Applause.)

"I PRESERVE my equilibrium under all circumstances," she was heard to say in a pause of the music to the tow-headed youth who was her escort. "Do you?" he answered, softly. "Mother cans hers." Then the music resumed.

MERCENARY.—"Clara, I love but thee alone. Indeed, I speak the truth!" He paused—the blush o'erspread her cheek. She let him draw her near; Scarce for emotion could she speak, Yet still she asked, in accents meek, "How much have you a year?"

A LITTLE boy asked his mother to talk to him and say something funny. "How can I?" she asked. "Don't you see I am busy baking these pies?" "Well, you might say," answered young hopeful, "'Charley, won't you have a pie?' That would be funny for you."

ANY apothecary can tell what you all who are sitting there are made of; you and I, and all of us, are made of carbon, nitrogen, lime and phosphorus, and seventy per cent. or rather more of water; but then, that doesn't tell us what we are, what a child is, or what a boy is—much less what a man is—least of all what supremely inexplicable thing woman is.

SANDY'S EYE FOR EFFECT.—In the garden of a well-known Scotch earl, whose head gardener was a methodical old Scotchman with an eye for effect, there were two summer-houses, resembling each other in dimensions and situation. In one of these the earl during his walks, observed a youth looking out of the window. On approaching the door his lordship found it locked, and also perceived his gardener's son looking out of the window of the corresponding building, which was in like manner locked. "Why are those lads confined?" asked the earl. "My lord," replied the gardener, "I caught that rascal"—pointing to the stranger—"stealing the fruit." "But your son—for what crime is he punished? Surely he is not a thief?" "Oh, no," replied the precise horticulturist. "I put him in, please your lordship, for the sake of symmetry."

WHEN is it particularly unlucky to have thirteen at table? When you have made preparations for only two.

WHAT does the letter *b* do for boys as they advance in years. As they grow older, it makes them bolder.

A MEDICAL student says he has never been enable to discover the bone of contention, and desires to know if it isn't the jaw-bone.

"YOUR behavior is most singular, sir," said a young lady to a gentleman who had just stolen a kiss. "If that is all,'" said he, "I will soon make it plural."

PROFESSOR (looking at his watch): "As we have a few minutes, I shall be glad to answer any question that any one may wish to ask." *Student:* "What time is it, please?"

"SMALL thanks to you," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this cause." "Ah," said the conscious witness, "but just think of what I didn't say!"

THEY were speaking of a certain lady who sings beautifully, and one of the party asked: "Is she a mezzo-soprano?" "No, I think she is a Swede," was the innocent reply.

A VERY easy and effectual preventive of seasickness has just been discovered by a medical gentleman, who has long been a sufferer from this distressing malady. It consists in simply—staying ashore.

AT a meeting of a certain town council an alderman complained of the absence of a brother councilor. "Sir," exclaimed another councilor, indignantly, "how dare you make that complaint behind his back?"

ONE clergyman rebuked another for smoking. The culprit replied that he used the weed in moderation. "What do you call moderation?" inquired the other. "Why, sir," said the offender, "one cigar at a time!"

A GENTLEMAN at a theatre said to his companion: "Who is that ugly creature who has just entered the box opposite?" "Why, sir, that is *my sister*." "No, no, sir," cried the other; "I mean that shocking monster with her." "That, sir, is *my wife*."

A BARBER who was a terrible gossip was one day about to commence operations on the beard and hair of a customer, and, by way of opening up a new vein of small talk, asked the usual preliminary question—"How shall I cut it?" "In silence!" was the unexpected reply.

"IN my time, miss," said a stern aunt, "the men looked at the women's faces instead of their ankles!" "Ah, but, my dear aunt," retorted the pretty young lady, "you see that the world has improved, and is more civilized than it used to be—it looks now more to the understanding."

MAKE A NOTE OF THIS, IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS.—"They say wine makes a man truthful," writes Josh Billings; "but, if yu hav got to git a man drunk before he kan tell the truth, I feel sorry for you and all yure relashuns when that man gits sober and settles down to steady bizzness agin."

THE ORIGIN OF FAIRS.—The origin of fairs, says the author of "Fairs Past and Present," like that of many other ancient institutions, is involved in much obscurity. The almost universal belief is that they were associated with religious observance; or, as Mr. Morley poetically puts it, the first fairs.

NOT long ago an English board-school inspector asked the members of a class: "What is the cause of the saltness of the ocean?" Flushed with the discovery which had flashed upon her mind, one little girl raised her hand. "You may tell," said the inspector. "Salt fish, sir!" exclaimed the pupil, triumphantly.

HOW SHE TOLD DAT AR.—"I don't believe you have the water of the right temperature. You must get a thermometer," said an Austin mother to the colored nurse. "Wat am dat?" "It is an instrument by which you can tell if the water is too hot or too cold." "I kin tell dat ar widout any instrument. Ef de chile turns blue, den de water am too cold, and, ef he turns red, den I knows dat de water am too hot."

A YOUNG clerk in a Parisian wholesale grocery-house sought to pass his examination for his year's service in the French army. The examiner, after several questions to test the young man's special attainments, asked him: "Where does coffee come from?" "Oh, sir," said he, blushingly, "I cannot reply to that question! That is one of our trade secrets. What would my employer say to me?"

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

SEND your address on a postal card for 100-page Book on the Liver. DR. SANFORD, 24 Duane Street, New York City.

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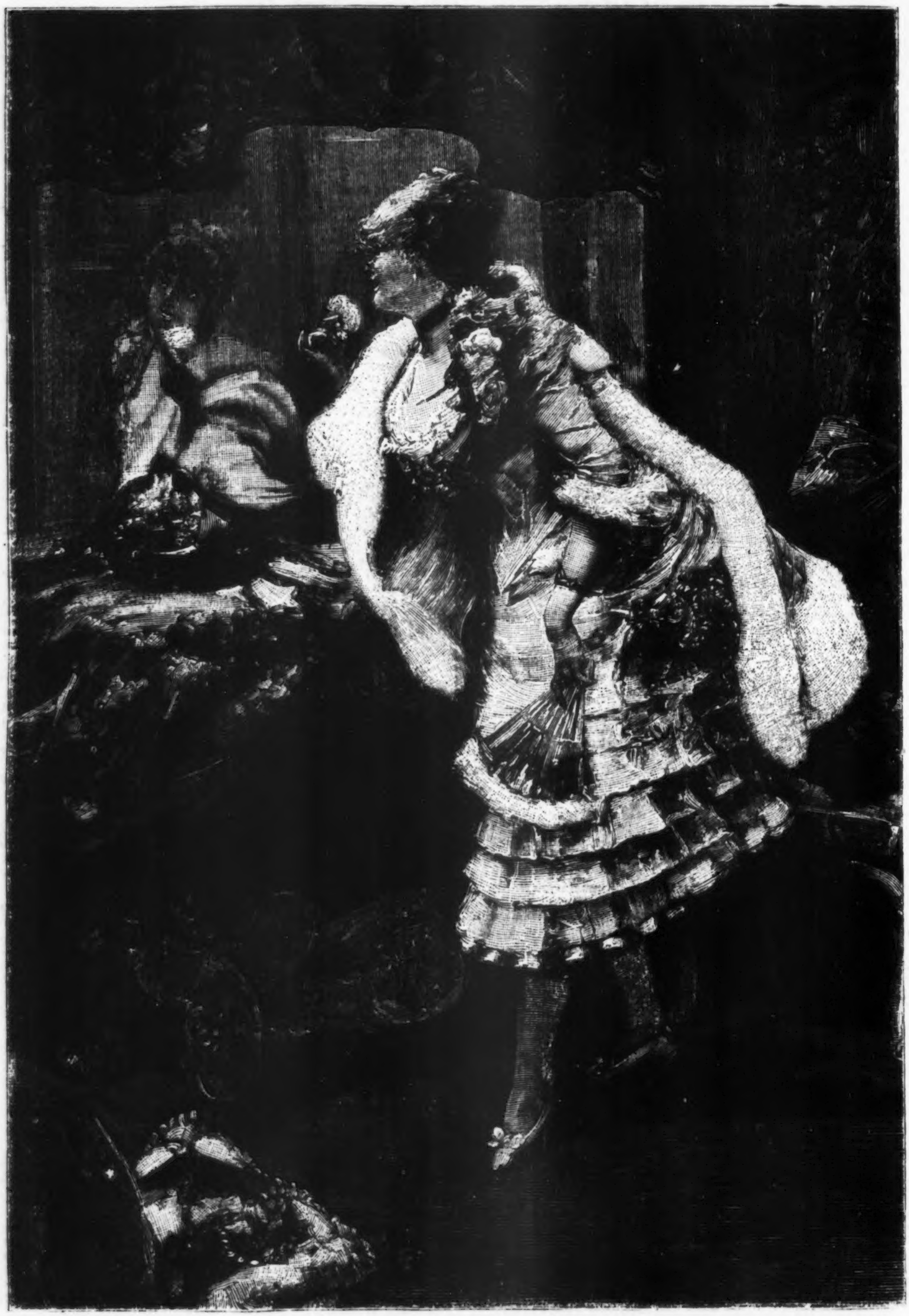

THE LAST TOUCH.—PAINTED BY GARRIDO.